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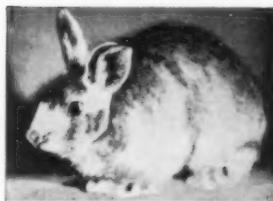
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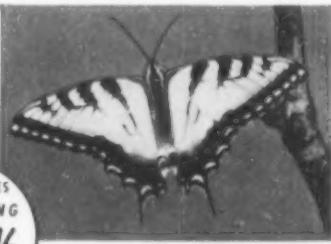
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EDITORIAL

The First Half Hundred Years Were The Hardest

CANADA is so young that Canadians of middle age can remember their nation's childhood. They were born into a country half the size and a quarter the strength of Canada today; no wonder they often talk as if Canada's growth were a personal achievement. This temptation besets corporate persons no less than individuals, especially on anniversaries, and Maclean's Magazine is no exception.

Looking through the files of our own first fifty years we note that during that period Maclean's has been in favor, by and large, of the good things that have happened to Canada. Our editorial ancestors, like ourselves, were firmly opposed to a number of bad things, most of which didn't happen after all. It takes only a short jump to equate approval with creation, disapproval with prevention, and reach the conclusion that we had a major share in molding Canada.

Actually, of course, the opposite is true. Canada did the molding. Our contribution could only have been to add another voice, another means of expression for the new awareness of nationhood.

Maybe we shouldn't admit it, but this magazine has no defined editorial policy. Its editors are men with many ideas in common who have never taken any formal steps to find out just what these ideas are. Once, years ago, a former editor wrote a few bold paragraphs setting forth the magazine's "creed," but nobody who works here now can remember what it was. Our editorial tune is played by ear.

But we were glad to observe in this backward glance that there is a tune, a certain underlying consistency all the stronger for not being planned or imposed. Out of the loose collaboration of

many congenial minds has emerged, over the years, a set of general principles. They are simple to the point of being platitudinous, but we note with some pride that the magazine has kept them through many changes of weather.

Everyone agrees, for instance, that the right to criticize the government is a good thing, a bulwark of democracy and so on. But we are still proud that during World War I, Ottawa officials evoked wartime powers to suppress an article by our founder, Colonel John Bayne Maclean, which charged a number of highly-placed politicians with inefficiency in the conduct of the war. We are prouder still that, although that particular order was obeyed because the law—however bad a law—had to be respected, the charges of inefficiency did not cease.

Freedom is another thing everybody favors, particularly if the freedom in peril is their own, or if the prospective victim of tyranny is popular or powerful or far away. Japanese-Canadians in World War II were none of these things. We are glad today that Maclean's was among the voices that denounced the shabby treatment they got, and the government's cowardice in condoning it.

Generally speaking, though, the emotion stirred by this survey of fifty years is not pride but a certain contentment. There is much in these old pages that looks quaint today and much that is obviously mistaken, but little that seems out of tune with the Canada of its time. Their faults and their virtues, their shrewdness and their blindness all appear now to be those of Canada. If we can present as clear and lively a picture of Canada in the second half of the century as our predecessors did in the first half, we shan't do badly.

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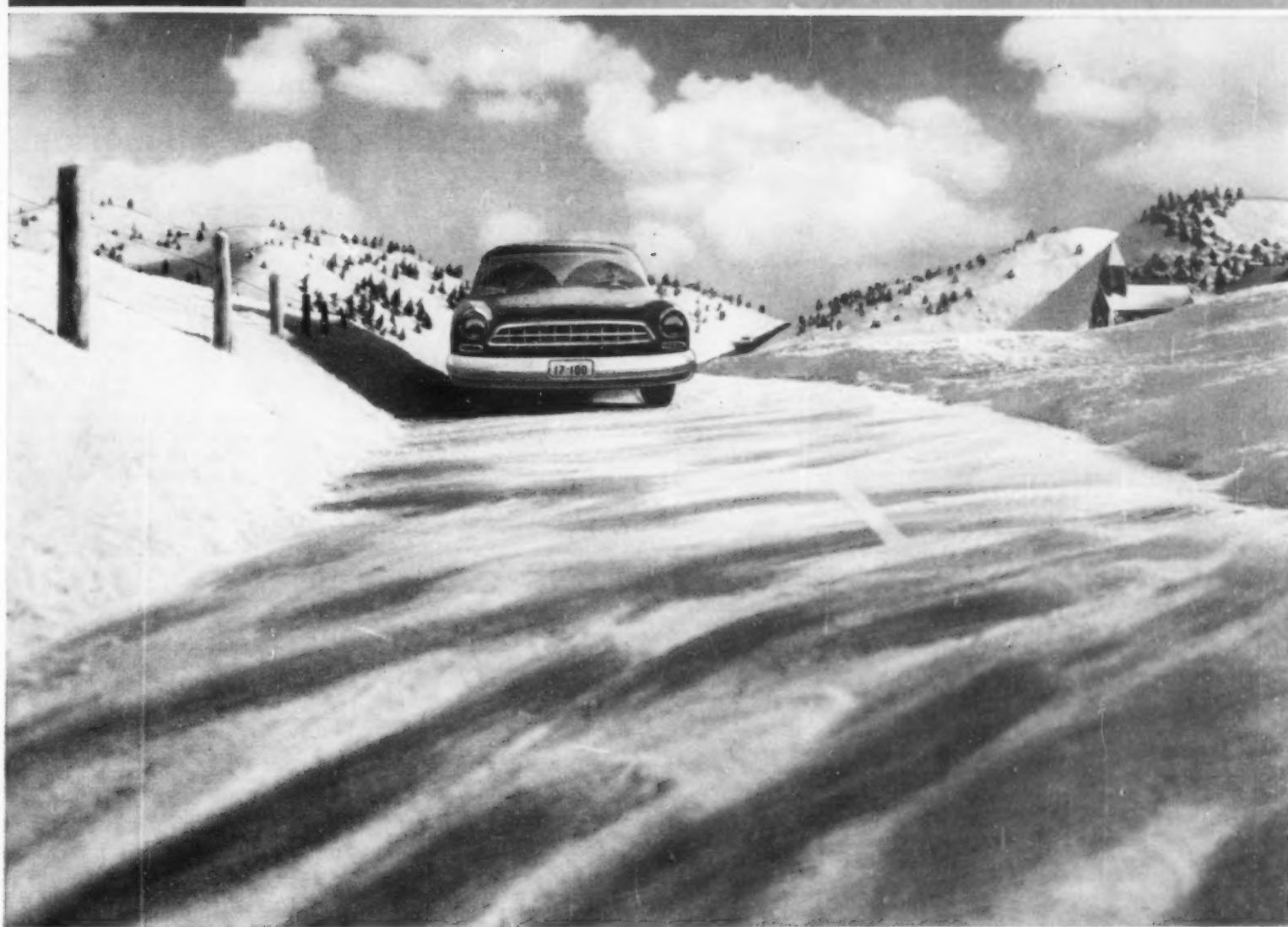
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Right: Beverley Baxter, M.P.



London Letter

By *Beverley Baxter*

This panel introduced the column in 1936. Below, Baxter as he is today.

Baxter Shares Some Memories

MACLEAN'S is celebrating its fiftieth anniversary and the editor has suggested that this letter should include some personal observations on the auspicious event. "It could be on any theme," he wrote, "related in any way, however tenuous, to your association with Canada and Maclean's or to your general observations about what has happened here and elsewhere in the last fifty years."

I like those words "however tenuous." They remind me of Richard Baxter, the saint whose handwriting was as bad as his sentiments were good. He was once asked to decipher a letter which he had written to a friend. Baxter looked at it and, after a pause, said, "When I wrote that letter only God and Richard Baxter knew what it meant. Now only God knows."

Nevertheless, I shall endeavor to carry out the editor's instructions, however tenuous the result.

Fifty years! At that age a man is no longer young yet is certainly not old. If some of the vitality of youth has gone there is the compensation of experience which is the benefit of the years. As it is with men, so it is with magazines.

For sentimental reasons I would like to be able to say that my initial publication as a writer was in the pages of Maclean's, but it would not be true. The first time I saw myself immortalized in printer's ink was in an article entitled How To Sell Furniture which appeared in the Canadian Furniture and Undertaker. They paid me seven dollars for it.

But how was one to bridge the gap between that modest publication and Maclean's? Every magazine is in essence a resistance movement. The editor regrets . . . One can almost hear his sobs as he puts the printed slip into the envelope.

However, one day I met Thomas B. Costain, then editor of Maclean's. He was a dreamy-eyed fellow with a soft voice and a whim of iron. I finished a short story and sent it to him. To my surprise he wrote me a letter. It said: "Send your story to the Atlantic Monthly in Boston. It is just the kind of thing they want."

Well, at least this was a new kind of brush-off. Therefore, the story was duly dispatched to Boston and just as duly was returned with the editor's regrets. What was to be done? Sadly I phoned Costain.

"They're crazy," he said. "Give it to me and I'll publish it in Maclean's." Right or wrong Costain had the first requisite of editorship, confidence in his own judgment. No wonder he has since acquired fame and fortune as a romantic historical novelist.

But how did Col. J. B. Maclean and his associates, Horace Hunter, H. V. Tyrrell and Floyd Chalmers hope to make a success of a Canadian magazine? Fifty years ago the Dominion was a scattered collection of communities concerned with the physical struggle of linking itself into some form of coherency. What did the west care about Toronto and what did Toronto care about the Maritimes? *Continued on page 95*

A Letter writer only a year, Bax was known to everyone

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Beverley Baxter, C.P. M.P.

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Photo tipped the post office which added the name and delivered the letter.



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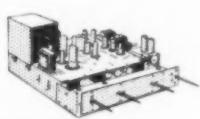
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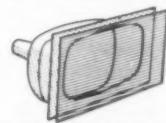
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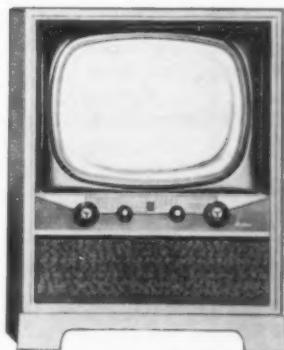


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Mackenzie King: "He would have made some newspaper a neat little society editor"

Our Terrible-Tempered Ancestors

ALL OTTAWA correspondents of Maclean's revere the memory of the first one, the late J. K. Munro. He it was who established the tradition that has held firm ever since — that the Ottawa correspondent reports the facts as he finds them, and that any opinions he may express are his own. If the magazine has other views it can expound them elsewhere.

Munro was feared and famous for his sharp tongue. Old-timers still quote with glee his description of the Liberal convention in Ottawa in 1919; it looked, said Munro, "as if Captain Kidd had sailed up the Rideau Canal and given his crew shore leave."

Though he worked for that arch-Tory newspaper, the old Toronto Telegram, Munro himself backed the young Progressive Party. Progressive Leader T. A. Crerar (now a Liberal senator) once told Col. John Bayne Maclean, the founder of this magazine, that 'J. K. Munro's brilliant national political reviews in Maclean's Magazine were responsible for his (Crerar's) selection for the leadership of the national Progres-

sive Party, with the premiership of Canada on the horizon.'

Col. Maclean himself was a Tory and proud of it. He was also personally friendly with Liberal leaders and winced to hear them personally attacked. J. K. Munro's vitriolic pieces from Ottawa distressed him sadly. In November 1921 he explained, in a signed article in his own magazine, that Munro was speaking for Munro and not for J. B. Maclean:

"The impression has been given across Canada," wrote the Colonel on the eve of the 1921 election, "from the platform and elsewhere by the Progressives, that because of Mr. Munro's articles Maclean's Magazine, and therefore myself, a Tory, was supporting that party. This article is written to correct this statement."

But first Col. Maclean explained how he had come to hire J. K. Munro in the first place.

"Some months before there had appeared in the Toronto Telegram one of the best reports of a meeting I had ever read. Only an expert on the subject could have written it. It was unusual *Continued on page 100*

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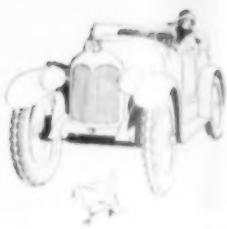
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John Bayne Maclean was dapper, diminutive, erect and neat. He was a son of the manse and his character was a blend of hard-headed business sense, stern conviction, lofty ideals and flaming prejudices. A self-made man, he fitted the age that his magazine reflected.

He knew exactly what kind of magazine he wanted: "an entertaining and constructive companion for the busy man or woman of affairs." To give it a flying start he bought up a small advertising agency house organ called *Business*, and remolded it to his own design. He called it first the *Business Magazine*, changed it almost immediately to the *Busy Man's Magazine* and then, when he was satisfied with it, named it after himself. His early editors found him a difficult man to satisfy. In the first decade he went through five of them. "We had a two hour conference at noon," one of them wrote sadly in his diary, "and the Colonel tore things up as usual. . . . I declare the man's a brute."

The Colonel's magazine started, a generation before its time, with the format, shape and content of the digest publications that swept to success in the late 1920s. It reprinted the cream of the month's best reading from leading publications all over the world and it looked very much like the *Reader's Digest* does today. But, with the second issue, original articles on Canadian themes began to creep in and within a decade the magazine had established the pattern it has followed ever since.

It was a pattern that allowed the widest possible latitude to its contributors. In the last fifty years, writers in Maclean's have attacked everything under the sun, from the length of women's skirts to the low salaries paid to schoolteachers, from the state

of Canadian architecture to the state of the Canadian soul. They have advocated everything from the domestication of caribou heads (Vilhjalmur Stefansson in 1919) to the reclamation of totem poles (A. Y. Jackson in 1926). They have praised the Socialists, Fascists, Liberals and Tories—and damned them all, often in the same issue. Some writers have been incurably optimistic, seeing silvery linings in the clouds of depression and war, others have been unregenerate cynics, despairing of the future of mankind. There have been some remarkably accurate prophecies in the magazine (which was reporting on atomic energy and television in the 1920s) and some remarkably inaccurate ones (such as H. G. Wells' prediction that the wars of the future would be fought on bicycles).

In covering the news of the day Maclean's has often been ahead of its time, and perhaps just as often behind it. Before World War I it ran a trenchant article advocating the same kind of "progressive education" that is still being advocated in 1955, and another describing the same kind of scientific kitchen that is found in the home magazines of today. It has given a hearing to those who opposed Hitler and Mosley; it has also given a hearing to those who opposed Gandhi and Churchill. Maclean's is what is known in the trade as a "popular" periodical, partly because it has published a host of unpopular opinions, ranging from the radicalism of a Woodsworth to the Toryism of a Baxter. For it has held to the creed that if a magazine is to be a proper reflection of its times—if it is to mirror the views, as well as the news of the day—then it must offer a hearing to men of varied convictions. From its very first issue, in which one writer took a swipe at life insurance companies and another praised the art of advertising to the skies, this difficult but ultimately rewarding policy has prevailed.

* * *

HAVE YOU A SILENT PIANO IN YOUR HOME?

Why not exchange it for a

GERHARD HEINTZMAN SELF-PLAYING PIANO

— which ANYBODY can play!

What a stupendous thing is the modern department store and how rapidly it has developed during the last few years! The investment of brains and capital in these gigantic enterprises is enormous. Limitless are the conveniences provided. Each working day the largest stores are visited by a vast throng of people, exceeding the population of a city of 100,000 inhabitants.

If you have been wearing cotton underwear because you dread that irritating tickling in ordinary woollen underwear, just try "CEETEE"





PURE WOOLLEN UNDERCLOTHING and you will never wear any other make . . .

It goes without saying that Mr. Westinghouse's great genius, foresight, activity and ability to overcome obstacles, have been the means of producing for him great wealth, but there are few to whom wealth in the abstract means less . . .

* * *

The word that best describes the first decade of Maclean's is "buoyancy." There was scarcely a trace of cynicism in the magazine articles of the day. It was an era of high optimism that amounted to exhilaration. It was a time of change, but to the comfortable society of 1905 most of the change seemed all to the good. The west was being rapidly filled with immigrants, the industrial revolution had populated the world with machines, God in his heaven was a businessman, and all was right with the world. You could learn to make money just as you could learn to read and the making of it was seen as a crusade and an adventure. Any boy could be prime minister and one boy who had succeeded was busy in parliament in 1905 claiming the ownership of the twentieth century for Canada. The continent was drunk with the romance of business. No magazine article was complete without a sprinkling of exclamation points.

The effervescence of the times can be seen in a few of the titles from a single issue of the new national magazine: Saving, The Key To Success; Hard Work Adds Years To Life; How Great Businessmen Keep Well; From Stationmaster to Prime Minister; The Romance of Great Businessmen; Perils In Retiring from Business. The magazine was hardly launched before Senator George Fulford of Toronto, "a remarkable man of business," died, and Augustus Bridle wrote his eulogistic obituary:

"He had looked out with a keen eye on civilization. He had noticed its obvious tendencies. He saw the people of this American continent beginning to crowd into the cities. He saw other people denying themselves light and ventilation. In brief, he saw that civilization was beginning to drive blood out of business, that paleness was an epidemic. Therefore, with consummate insight and the happiest possible phraseology, he coined the optimistic phrase: Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

The great businessmen of the day examined themselves in print and liked what they saw. Andrew Carnegie was quoted in a 1907 issue of Busy Man's: "Some people make a great mistake when they decry the acquisition of wealth. A man must get money before he can give it—isn't that self-evident?" John D. Rockefeller followed in 1910: "I remember when I was a boy how hard it was

for me to learn to swim. I had to sink and splash and struggle but I was the happiest of boys. If we do not struggle we will become weakened; to be strong we must struggle always. That is the only pathway to success . . ."

Laziness, one article insisted, was "a disease—a pathological condition." Mere honest men, another declared, weren't enough to govern the nation: "National construction work requires the biggest brains obtainable . . . rather than employing mere honest dullards it might pay Canada to hire Bill Miner or Jesse James even at the cost of letting them steal the gilt from the picture frames in the Senate." And when one writer cried out that "we are too much in love with material prosperity" and asked, in an article, "Shall Canada Go Money Mad?" another attacked him in these words:

"Money is a handmaid of virtue, and under its softening influence many a man has developed strange, beauteous, fragrant forms of character . . . Money is a great elevator, easier out of ignorance, coarseness and stupidity. Money is a wonderful sensitizer, giving a new delicacy and gentleness . . . Money is a great civilizer, a great socializer, a great educator, a great inventor—in fact a mighty, earthly saviour . . ."

* * *

LEARN SCIENTIFIC BUSINESS LETTER WRITING. Control your PEN and you can control A FORTUNE.

In order to grow younger as you grow older, practice mental magic. The body is a materialization of your mental images. See yourself in your mind's eye as beautiful, active, and vigorous as in the time of youth . . .

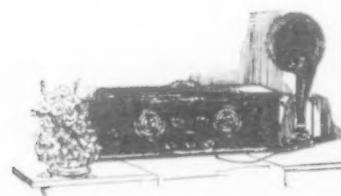
STRAIGHT LEGS: If yours are not so they will appear straight and trim if you wear our Pneumatic cushion forms.

Abundant experience has demonstrated the value of lower temperature baths not only to keep the skin active, but also to put the whole system in a condition to resist fatigue, exposure and disease-promoting influences in general . . .

STRONG ARMS! For 10 cents in stamps or coin I will send, as long as they last, one of my charts showing exercises that will quickly build up shoulders, arms, forearms and hands without any apparatus . . .

Proper dieting, sufficient exercise, rest and sleep, daily bathing and intelligent exposure to air and sunlight, the avoidance of stimulants and a cheerful frame of mind, will

continued on page 111



The years ahead

HUGH MacLENNAN speculates on WHAT KIND OF



ANYONE who tries to predict the future does well to remember how bad a prophet he has been in the past. There have been moments when I thought myself a pretty good Jeremiah. In 1933 after Hitler came to power I was sure there would be a war within the decade. But this was the only important future fact I saw clearly. That war loomed at my whole generation like a dreadful Beyond-This-Nothing. We told each other that when it came it would annihilate civilization as we knew it and would be followed by proletarian revolutions in all the belligerent countries. This we believed because of the books written by pacifists about the First World War. Had anyone told me in 1933, much less in 1939, that the Beyond-This-Nothing would be followed by a period of orderly, more or less conservative adjustment in the Western countries, and that postwar Canada would be more prosperous than it ever was before, I should have considered him crazy.

The way the events of the 1940s and 1950s have made fools of the prophets of the 1930s has taught me, perhaps wrongly, to have considerable respect for the old French adage, *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*. "Everything is going to be different after the war," we told ourselves even in 1945; but everything wasn't. I think therefore that anyone who tries to envision the future might just as well admit that the most he can do is guess and make an assessment of present trends. There is only one prediction I feel absolutely confident in making: in the year 2005 human nature is going to be much the same as it is now.

Ten years ago I believed I could foresee a little of Canada's future, even though the atomic bomb made everyone's future extremely doubtful. But if this newest Beyond-This-Nothing was kept in its proper place, I thought Canada was well on her way to becoming a unique kind of nation. During the war we

On these pages three well-known Canadian writers look
at our future from three different points of departure

END OF PEOPLE WE'LL BECOME

had managed our economic affairs with prudence and moderation, we had held our prices level in spite of the rising inflation in the United States. Most important of all, we had maintained our unity in spite of the most powerful compulsions to break it. I thought of the Canadian character in 1945 as something austere, wryly humorous, quietly passionate and more stable than that of the Americans. I believed that if we developed our resources and did away with the old spirit of subservient colonialism our most talented young people would stay here and turn Canada into a kind of nation the whole world would admire on its own merits, and not dismiss as a little brother of the United States.

Ten years have passed and I find myself scratching my head. Our resources are indeed being developed, the young men and women are staying home and the birth rate is rising. But the uniquely Canadian future I foresaw—where is it now?

Two developments occurred in Canada in the backwash of the war which, it seems to me, are bound to have irrevocable consequences for our future as a nation. The first was our decision to buy the whole American pattern of living without any important reservation. The second was our surrender to Mackenzie King's style of parliamentary government.

The moment we dropped our wartime controls we abandoned the disciplined moderation that had kept us stable through the war and had helped us feel spiritually independent of the Americans. Under the leadership of C. D. Howe — by far the most influential Canadian since Mackenzie King's death—we set out to develop the natural resources of our country and to do so in the same way the Americans had developed theirs. We committed ourselves to a course of absolute materialism, and we succeeded so well, we became so rich so fast that already we are dizzy with prosperity. *Continued on page 106*

On the
next page
FRED BODSWORTH
and
NORMAN J. BERRILL

discuss the
great
physical forces
working
for change
in Canada

The years ahead



FRED BODSWORTH speculates on
What science will do to us

Factories will run themselves,
we'll work only two hours a day,
nobody will be poor,
and we'll all live to be a hundred

IN THE past fifty years technological change has been greater than in all mankind's previous history. Will the next fifty see progress equally dramatic and revolutionary?

"We have merely scratched the surface," says Dr. W. H. Watson, head of the physics department at the University of Toronto. "Looking back fifty years from the year 2005 will be like looking back into medieval times from today. People aren't extreme or imaginative enough when they try to foresee living conditions of the future."

It is of course common knowledge that experts foresee widespread use of atom-generated electricity well before the year 2005; they see pushbutton factories that will practically run themselves, power derived from sunlight, planes that will carry passengers anywhere on earth in two hours or less. They predict that the simplification and mass production of helicopters will shift the traffic jam up in the air. Some doctors claim that in another fifty years most infectious diseases will have been conquered and people a hundred years old will be commonplace.

But developments like these are only the beginning. Technological change, startling though it is itself, will bring even more startling varieties of social and economic change. Increased production from automatic machines will reduce the work week to perhaps twenty hours—or failing that, the work year to six or eight months—within the next fifty years. Yet one man working twenty hours will be able to produce more than a worker produces in the forty-hour week of today. Since we have already reached a state in which by far the largest slice of the profits goes to the worker and the producer, wealth, which is fundamentally a measure of man's ability to produce, will be greater. The very rich and the very poor will be fewer. Industry's main problem will no longer be the maintenance of production levels—this will have become almost automatic; instead it will be the maintenance of purchasing power, and industry will

Continued on page 102

NORMAN J. BERRILL speculates on

What weather will do to us

In distant centuries it may be a subtropical Canada, with no ice or snow or—on the contrary—glaciers may drive all people south

WHEN we take the long view into the future, climatic change may put Canada at the top of the world in every sense, or it can spell its doom. The one certainty is that neither the climate nor the country will stay as it is. Our descendants can look forward to a Canada that may be as subtropical as Florida or as glacial as Greenland, although by that time the nations themselves may have lost their meaning and humanity may be on the march in ways beyond our vision.

Our present difficulty in knowing just where we stand and which way the wind is blowing is that the earth has been recently subjected to an ice age and just now is neither within it nor fully withdrawn. The balance is delicate and a small tip either way can produce startling consequences. Moreover, there is a long-term trend and short-term reverses, and there is a question whether one of the reverses will become the new trend. If we take the evidence of the past few thousand years then we are heading steadily toward a return of ice-age conditions, with grim forebodings for the present temperate belt of the northern hemisphere. On the other hand man himself, in consequence of the industrial revolution, is altering the earth's climate in a way that tends to counteract and reverse the natural climatic process.

Ten thousand years ago—which is a long time in terms of the life of a man, but is only three times the life span of a redwood tree and therefore is not so long after all—Canada and a considerable part of the northern United States lay under the ice cap, either beneath glaciers comparable to those of Greenland today, or else within the area of permafrost, bleak, cold and barren except for arctic tundra, mammoths and musk oxen.

Since then the northern ice cap has largely melted and the snow and ice transformed to water have raised the ocean level by more than one hundred feet, by several hundred feet in fact since the

Continued on page 82

HOW GOOD WERE THE PROPHETS OF THE PAST? SEE PAGE 89

A Treasury of MEMORABLE FICTION

Three famous stories from the Maclean's of the Twenties
newly illustrated by Oscar Cahen



"I like you, but I've just had a rather unpleasant afternoon. There was a man I care about. He told me out of a clear sky that he was as poor as a church mouse."

Arthur William Brown's Original Illustration
for F. Scott Fitzgerald's "Winter Dreams"

ALTHOUGH predominantly Canadian, Maclean's, as its editor wrote in 1926, "has never declined to publish the best work of international writers." Wells, Kipling, Chesterton, Waugh, Lardner, Cobb and London have appeared in the magazine, sometimes exclusively, sometimes simultaneously with foreign publication. From one decade, the editors have selected three particularly memorable stories, one English, one American, one Canadian; a Scott Fitzgerald story because it reflects the mood of the age ("youth's

glamour—its poignant, wistful moments are in this story"); Somerset Maugham's "delightful whimsical yarn," because it's the best English story we've published ("what are you to reply when a man who is a practical stranger informs you that he is the well-known bigamist?" the editors asked in 1924); and Robert Ayre's irresistible fable of "the odious envy of elevator men and its frightful consequences." Mr. Ayre, a Montreal art critic, used the same idea in Mr. Sycamore which later became a Broadway play.



The Ardent Bigamist

By W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

I LIKE Elsom. It is a seaside resort in the south of England, not very far from Brighton, and it has something of the late Georgian charm of that populous town without its bustle and its garishness. Here and there is an old house, solid and pretentious in no unpleasing fashion (like a decayed gentlewoman of good family whose discreet pride in her ancestry amuses rather than offends you), which was built in the reign of the First Gentleman in Europe and where a courtier of fallen fortunes may well have passed his declining years.

The main street has a lackadaisical air and the doctor's motorcar seems a trifle out of place. The housewives do their housekeeping in a leisurely fashion. They gossip amiably with the butcher as they watch him cut from his great joint of South Down a piece of the best-end neck, and they ask after the grocer's wife as he puts half a pound of tea and a packet of salt into their string bag. I do not know whether Elsom was ever fashionable; it certainly isn't now; but it's respectable and cheap.

It is two or three years since I last went to Elsom. It was November. I arrived in the afternoon and, when I had unpacked my things, went for a stroll on the Front. The sky was overcast and the calm sea was grey and cold. A few sea gulls flew close to the shore. Sailing boats, their masts taken down for the winter, were drawn up high on the shingly beach and the bathing ma-

chines stood side by side in a long, grey and tattered row. No one was sitting on the benches which the town council had put there, but a few people were trudging up and down for exercise.

I passed an old colonel with a red nose who stamped along in plus fours followed by a terrier, two elderly women in short skirts and stout shoes, and a plain girl in a Tam o' Shanter. I had never seen the Front so deserted. The lodging houses looked like bedraggled old maids waiting for lovers who would never return, and even the friendly Dolphin seemed wan and desolate. My heart sank. Life on a sudden seemed very drab. I returned to the hotel, drew the curtains of my sitting room, poked the fire, and with a book sought to dispel my depression.

But I was glad enough when it was time to dress for dinner. I went into the coffee room and found the few guests of the hotel already seated. I gave them a casual glance. There was one lady of middle age sitting by herself and there were two elderly gentlemen, golfers. *Continued on page 50*



A TREASURY OF

MEMORABLE FICTION



P. Tidmus and the Fish

By ROBERT AYRE

THREE WAS once a man who was lazy on Sundays. His name was P. Tidmus.

P. Tidmus was lazy on Sundays because they would not allow him to be lazy at any other time. On Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, and even Saturdays, from eight in the morning until six at night, he drove one of the elevators in a tall office building which shall be nameless here: ten stories up and ten stories down again, no sooner down than up again, and no sooner up than down.

The stenographers called him Old Dormouse; the office boys gave up trying to pull his leg and dubbed him Gloomy; but the bookkeepers and the managers addressed him respectfully as Mr. Tidmus. This was because he was courteous and grave and treated them as his equals.

He was established, even as the law of gravitation, and though he went up he was always certain to come down. He gave his thoughtful clients a comfortable sense of security, for there was something eternal and immutable about him. If Mr. Pell had quarreled with his wife over the scorched toast and was doubtful about the stability of his marital happiness, or if Mr. Quemble was afraid to take a step lest his brokerage business crumble about his shoulders, they had but to see P. Tidmus soberly swing open the brass doors of the lift and bow his sandy head in a good morning that took the coming day seriously and they would take heart and know that the earth was still steady on its foundations. If P. Tidmus was in his elevator all was right with the world.

"Good morning, Mr. Pell," P. Tidmus would say. "Is it hot enough for you?" That was in summer. In winter he would say, "Good morning, Mr. Pell. Is it cold enough for you?" Mr. Quemble's habit was "Good morning, Mr. Tidmus. How are you this morning?" "Very well, thank you, Mr. Quemble. But we elevator men have our ups and downs, you know. Ha, ha." That was P. Tidmus, his joke, and P. Tidmus never failed to appreciate it.

All day long P. Tidmus went up and down, up and down, opening and shutting the doors, letting in passengers and letting them out again. He had to be brisk and he had to keep his mind on his work, and he had no time to be lazy. In the evenings, when he wasn't watering the lawn or putting a hinge on the garden gate or playing whist with the Ducketts, he was sweating over the Success Correspondence Course in the Development of Personality. Mrs. Tidmus insisted that he Improve his Position.

But P. Tidmus was lazy on Sundays.

"I have a positive wild savage heathen of a husband," Mrs. P. Tidmus was wont to inform the congregation on the church steps. "I can't drag him out to church in the morning. He says once a day's enough and he's as stubborn as a mule. He'd rather lie up in bed and read the newspapers." She was too ashamed to admit that sometimes he sneaked off down to the river and went fishing in a hired boat.

The philosophy of P. Tidmus about churchgoing was that Sunday was a day of rest and that if the parson insisted on resting all week and working on Sunday he shouldn't expect everybody else to

commiserate him. So P. Tidmus lay abed Sunday mornings and vicariously reveled in the insouciance of Hollywood and the Côte d'Azur; and when the weather suited him, answered the alarm clock and went down to the river in his old clothes.

On the morning that proved to be the turning point in the life of P. Tidmus, he was alone on the river. He was drifting and dozing, scarcely holding the rod, and was conscious of nothing but a greenness of trees, a blueness of sky and a dizzy dancing of sungleams on the water. A sudden jerk on his line pulled him up and he realized, to his

surprise, that he had caught a fish. He wound his reel excitedly and nearly fell overboard when the fish plopped into the boat, all silver and slippery. The fish flipped and flopped and beat his tail on P. Tidmus' lunch box and made queer noises with his lipless mouth. P. Tidmus stared at him and scratched his sandy head. "Well I never!" said P. Tidmus. After a moment's staring he made a few timid feints at the fish and at last took it gingerly in his hands and awkwardly twisted out the hook. The fish winced.

"This is a nice trick

Continued on page 66



Winter Dreams

By F. SCOTT FITZGERALD



SOME OF the caddies were poor as sin and lived in one-room houses with a neurasthenic cow in the front yard, but Dexter Green's father owned the second-best grocery store in Dillard—the best one was The Hub, patronized by the wealthy people from Lake Erminie—and Dexter caddied only for pocket money.

In the fall when the days became crisp and grey and the long Minnesota winter shut down like the white lid of a box, Dexter's skis moved over the snow that hid the fairways of the golf course. At these times the country gave him a feeling of profound melancholy—it offended him that the links should lie in enforced fallowness, haunted by ragged sparrows for the long season. It was dreary, too, that on the tees where the gay colors fluttered in summer there were now only the desolate sandboxes knee-deep in crusted ice. When he crossed the hills the wind blew cold as misery, and if the sun was out he tramped with his eyes squinted up against the hard dimensionless glare.

In April the winter ceased abruptly. The snow ran down into Lake Erminie scarcely tarrying for the early golfers to brave the season with red and black balls. Without elation, without an interval of moist glory, the cold was gone.

Dexter knew that there was something dismal about this northern spring, just as he knew there was something gorgeous about the fall. Fall made him clench his hands and tremble and repeat idiotic sentences to himself and make brisk abrupt gestures of command to imaginary audiences and armies. October filled him with hope which November raised to a sort of ecstatic triumph, and in this mood the fleeting brilliant impressions of the summer at Lake Erminie were ready grist to his mill. He became golf champion and defeated Mr. T. A. Hedrick in a marvelous match played over a hundred times in the fairways of his imagination, a match each detail of which he changed about untiringly—sometimes winning with almost laughable ease, sometimes coming up magnificently from behind. Again, stepping from a Pierce-Arrow automobile, like Mr. Mortimer Jones, he strolled frigidly into the lounge of the Erminie Golf Club—or perhaps surrounded by an admiring crowd, he gave an exhibition of fancy diving from the springboard of the Erminie Club raft. Among those most impressed was Mr. Mortimer Jones.

And one day it came to pass that Mr. Jones, himself and not his ghost, came up to Dexter, almost with tears in his eyes and said that Dexter was the best caddie in the club and wouldn't he decide not to quit if Mr. Jones made it worth his while, because every other caddie in the club lost one ball a hole for him—regularly—

"No, sir," said Dexter, decisively, "I don't want to caddie any more." Then, after a pause, "I'm too old."

"You're not more than fourteen. Why did you decide just this morning that you wanted to quit? You promised that next week you'd go over the State tournament with me."

"I decided I was too old."

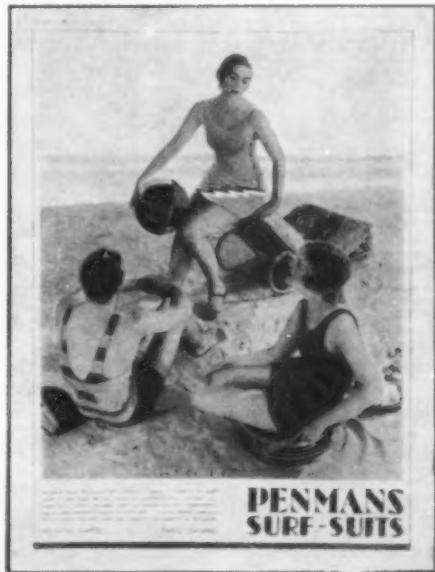
Dexter handed in his "A Class" badge, collected what money was due him *Continued on page 70*

A TREASURY OF MEMORABLE FICTION



A nostalgic Album of old-time Magazine Art

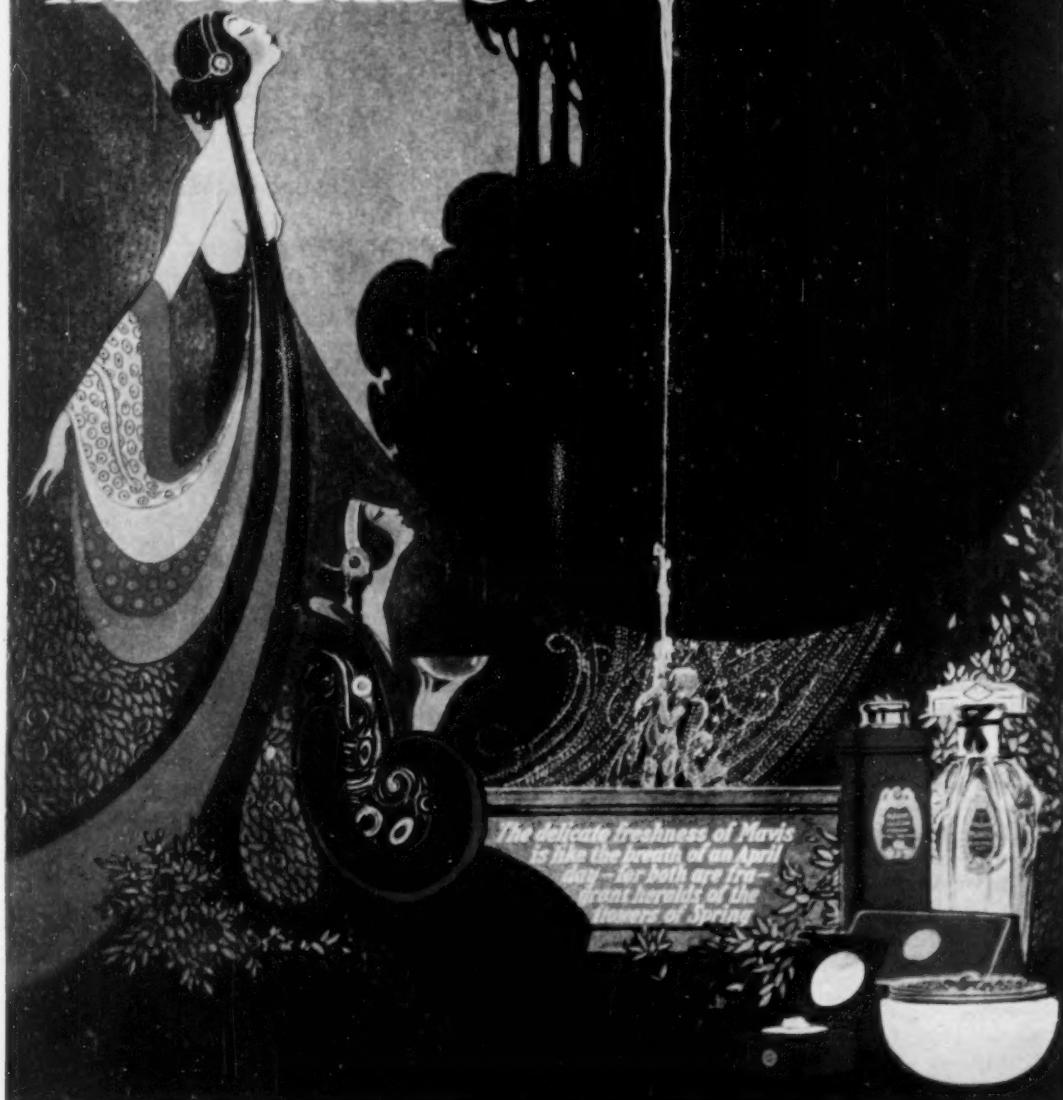
The social history of Canada before World War II is reflected in these ads and covers from the early Maclean's



PARIS VIVAUDOU NEW YORK

MAVIS

Irresistible!



Oriental luxury was a necessary ingredient of the cosmetic ads of the era. The romance of the East was popularized by such motion pictures as Theda Bara's Cleopatra, Rudolph Valentino's Sheik and Douglas Fairbanks' Thief of Bagdad.

A nostalgic Album *continued*

The Giddy Opulence of the Twenties

Women sought Cleopatra's secrets, plumbing became enshrined, and autos actually got comfortable in the jazzy days before the Great Crash

One car was no longer enough for the opulent era of the Twenties and Ford urged people to buy two.

Servants were still featured in ads — along with chic hostesses who wore fashionable silk pyjamas.

It was the age of romance with an Oriental flavor. It was the age of luxury with a jazz beat. It was the Golden Age—a vivid patch of sunlight flashing between the dark clouds of war and depression. Women woke each morning to cry: "Every day in every way I'm getting better and better." Men greeted each other with the phrase: "Ain't we got fun?" The windblown bob and the manly cloche hat heralded the success of the feminine revolt. Gin was made in bathtubs, and, thanks to the fancy new radios and the fancy new auto horns, the air was filled with music. The whole continent sang with Jolson, "I'm Sitting On Top of the World," while Valentine galloped across the silent screen. But in retrospect, the era and its advertisements seem as distant and unreal as the Sheik himself.



One kind of cold cream wasn't enough either. Women were told they needed one for day and one for night.



Last word in luxury was the Royal York, complete with organ. It opened a few months before the Crash.

"Even though reared in luxury, she was hardly prepared for this," ran the caption on this plumbing ad.

Comfort was a new word to auto buyers. Hard seats and rattling chassis soon became part of the past.



Radio in its early stages was more than a medium of entertainment—it was a symbol of gracious living.



Palmolive made a telling point in its ads by insisting that the oils in its soap came from exotic Egypt.



Oh, for a bathroom like this in our home!



With the difference—such little else matters. If you're interested in a bathroom, nothing like it can be had. Mueller's bath fixtures are the result of years of experience. And by the same token, nothing like them.

With the difference—such little else matters. If you're interested in a bathroom, nothing like it can be had. Mueller's bath fixtures are the result of years of experience. And by the same token, nothing like them.

MUELLER LIMITED

DETROIT

MUELLER

FACETS AND GENUINE MUELLER PIPE

MACLEAN MAGAZINE



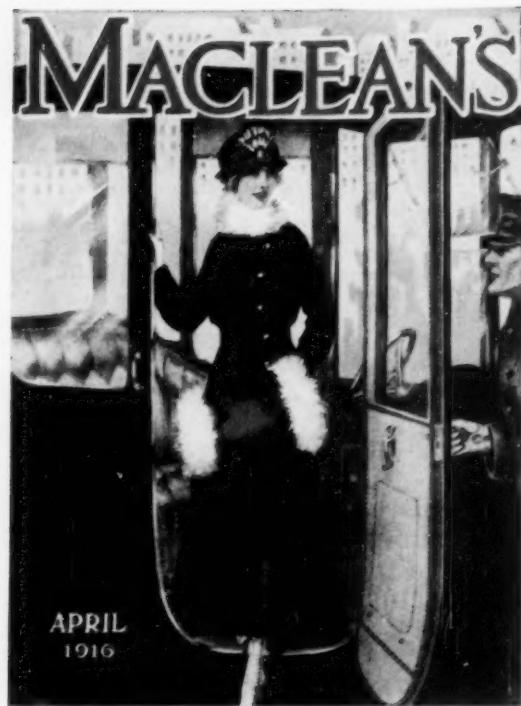
SEPTEMBER

MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY
TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG

1913

An aristocrat, her main task is to walk the dog.

A nostalgic Album *continued*



1916

A chauffeur is still needed to help with the car.



1918

Here, she's still sheltered by the protective male.

The Emancipation of the

She started as a demure and helpless creature who even took her maid to the beach.



1927
Male takes a back seat as she whacks a golf ball.



1929
Compare this with 1924. Has the woman no shame?



1931
Now she's flying airplanes and not only that . . .



Cover Girl

But look at how she's changed!

The twentieth century, to misquote Sir Wilfrid Laurier, has been the century of women; and Maclean's, through the medium of its cover girls, has faithfully mirrored the change in feminine status over the decades. Looking at the early version, strolling sedately through the parkland of 1913, and at some of the later

models—vamping men under the mistletoe, leering roguishly from under a painted parasol, flying airplanes and filling shells with explosive, a mere man can be pardoned for understanding only too well the wave of dismay and panic that swept the nation when, as Maclean's was launched, women began to insist on the vote.





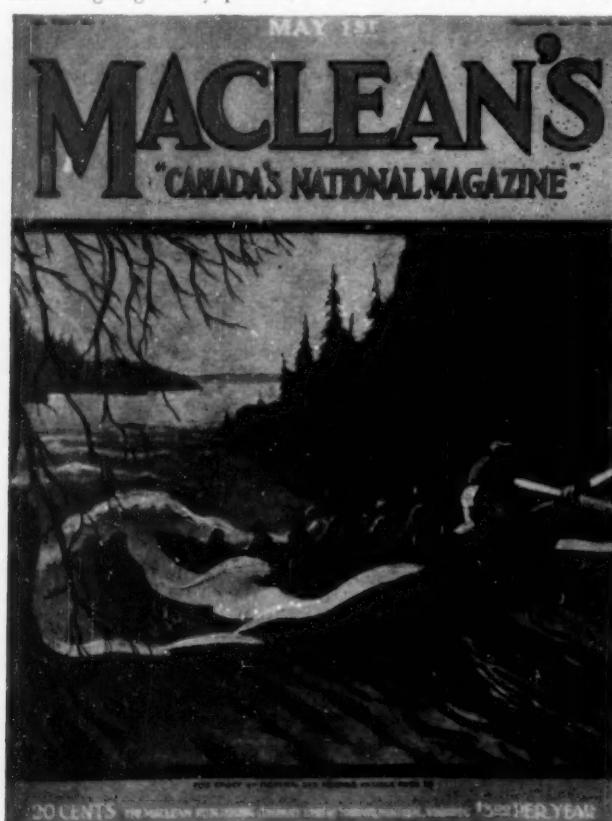
Amik, son-in-law of an Ojibway chief, took Heming on a hunting expedition. Slit-eyed lynx cap is mark of Indian hunter.



This strange optical illusion, with its seven mock suns, was painted by Heming just east of the Athabasca River in 1895.

The Bold Paintings of a Great Outdoor Artist

The famous York boat, loaded with seventy-five fur packs, each weighing ninety pounds, made a Maclean's cover in 1921.

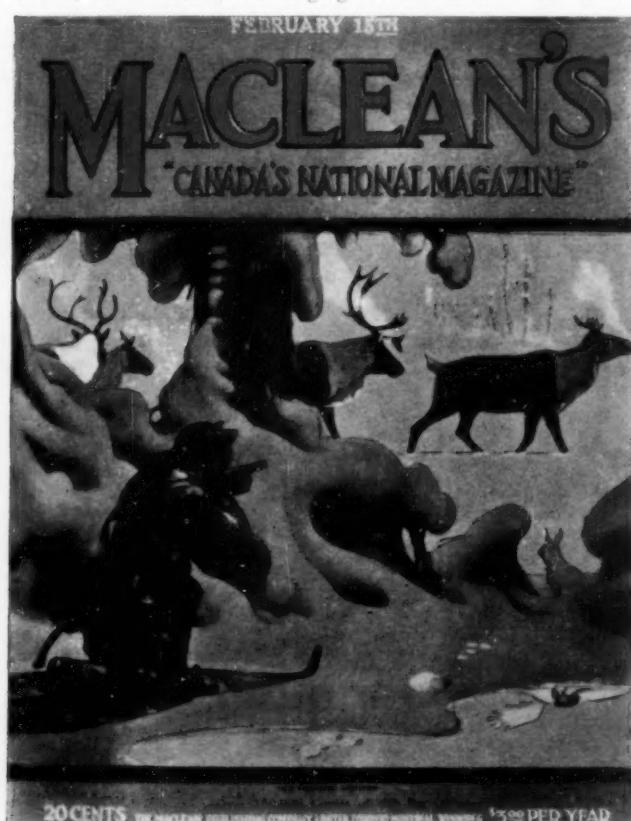


20 CENTS THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED 1300 PAPER MONEY '30 PER YEAR

The dramatic paintings of Arthur Heming distinguished the covers of Maclean's for years and gave Canadians a glimpse of their own frontier that was both bizarre and mysterious. His lynx-capped trappers and hunters drifted across silent snows like spectres from another world and the land itself, through the painter's eyes, appeared almost as a living thing. Heming was born in Paris, Ont., in 1870 and died in Hamilton

in 1940. He studied art abroad, then returned to make wilderness drawing and painting his specialty. He soon achieved "the color, romance and beauty of Canadian wildlife." Heming was the author of three books, illustrated by himself—*Spirit Lake*, *The Drama of the Forests* and *The Living Forest*. His paintings today hang in the Royal Ontario Museum. Much of his work first appeared in this magazine.

Caribou hunter was painted by Heming at same time that Stefansson, in Maclean's, was urging domestication of the herds.



20 CENTS THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED 1300 PAPER MONEY '30 PER YEAR



A Leacock Sampler

WITH the ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS by C. W. JEFFREYS



For thirty years Maclean's published
the work of one of the world's greatest and wisest humorists.
Here is a selection of Stephen Leacock's best

THE NAME OF STEPHEN LEACOCK first appeared in Maclean's in 1915. From then until 1946, shortly before his death, he was a perennial contributor. He wrote on every subject, from international politics to domestic strife in Mariposa. Almost always he achieved that blend of wit and common sense that marks a great humorist. Here is what he had to say about his own craft: "If you want to write, just go ahead and write. Write what you want, when you want to. If you want to write an epic poem, do that. If you want to write a story, write it. Don't take anybody's advice or criticism. When you have written half a dozen stories or poems send them all to the magazines.

They'll refuse them. They generally do. Never mind that. It means nothing. It's only like selling a cow. Keep on doing this for a few years. If at the end of that time nothing has happened it means that writing is not in your line . . . drop it and go in for something else—such as thinking or talking. As to reading, read what you *want* . . . for its own sake. If you want to read Browning, go to it. But if you prefer . . . Laura Jane Libby, then that's your size exactly. But whatever you do don't be discouraged. Quiet resolution is worth more than the mere flutter of talent." On the next pages the reader can see how carefully Leacock followed his own advice.

On Lecturing

FEW PEOPLE REALISE how arduous and how disagreeable public lecturing is. The public sees the lecturer step out onto the platform in his little white waistcoat and his long-tailed coat and with the false air of a conjurer about him, and they think him happy. After about ten minutes of his talk, they are tired of him. Most people tire of a lecture in ten minutes; clever people can do it in five. Sensible people never go to lectures at all . . .

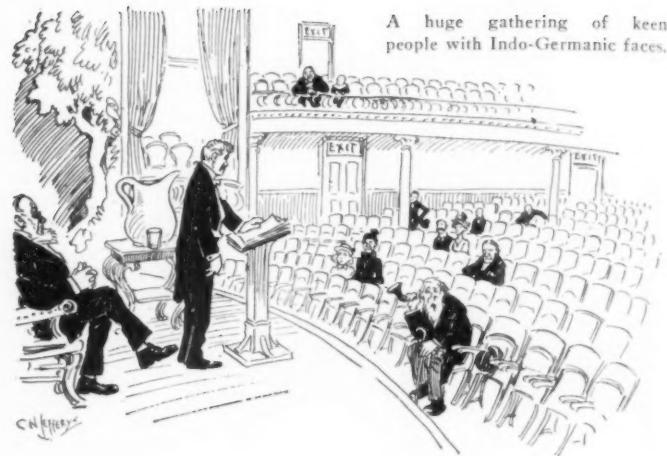
The city in which I live, and I suppose for the matter of that, all Canadian cities, is overrun with little societies, clubs and associations, always wanting to be addressed. So at least it is in appearance. In reality the societies are chiefly composed of presidents, secretaries and officials who want the conspicuousness of office, a few members who hope to succeed to office, and a large list of other members who won't come to the meetings. For such an association, the invited speaker carefully prepares his lecture on Indo-Germanic Factors in the Current of History.

. . . Then comes the fated night. There are seventeen people present. The lecturer refuses to count them. He refers to them afterwards as "about a hundred." To this group he reads his paper on Indo-Germanic Factors. It takes him two hours. When he is over the chairman invites discussion. There is no discussion . . .

But pass over the audience. Suppose there is a *real* audience, and suppose them all duly gathered together. Then it becomes the business of that evil-minded villain—facetiously referred to in the newspaper reports as the genial chairman—to put the lecturer to the bad . . . Some chairmen develop a great gift for it.

"Gentlemen," said the chairman of a society in a little village town in western Ontario to which I had come as a paid (a very humbly paid) lecturer, "we have with us tonight a gentleman" (here he made an attempt to read my name on a card, failed to read it, and put the card back in his pocket)—"a gentleman who is to lecture us on" (here he looked at the card again) "on Ancient—Ancient—I don't very well see what it is—Ancient—Britain? Thank you, on Ancient Britain. Now, this is the first of our series of lectures for this winter. The last series, as you all know, was not a success. In fact, we came out at the end of the year with a deficit. So this year we are starting a new line and we're trying the experiment of *cheaper talent*."

Here the chairman gracefully waved his hand toward me



A huge gathering of keen people with Indo-Germanic faces.

and there was a certain amount of applause . . .

Another time I arrived in a little town in eastern Ontario and found to my horror that I was billed to "appear" in a church. I was to give readings from my works and my books are supposed to be of a humorous character. A church hardly seemed the right place to get funny in. I explained my difficulty to the pastor of the church, a very solemn-looking man.

He nodded his head, slowly and gravely, as he grasped my difficulty. "I see," he said, "I see, but I think I can introduce you to our people in such a way as to make that all right."

When the time came he led me up on the pulpit platform of the church, just beside and below the pulpit itself, with a reading desk with a big Bible and a shaded light beside it. It was a big church, and the audience, sitting in half darkness, as is customary during a sermon, reached away back into the gloom. The place was packed full and absolutely silent.

Then the chairman spoke:

"Dear friends," he said, "I want you to understand that tonight it will be all right to laugh. Let me hear you laugh out heartily, laugh right out, just as much as ever you want to. Because"—and here his voice assumed the deep sepulchral tone of the preacher—"when we think of the noble object for which the Professor appears tonight, we may be assured that the Lord will forgive anyone who laughs at the Professor."

I am sorry to say, however, that none of the audience, even with the plenary absolution in advance, were inclined to take a chance upon it.

On Humor

UNTIL TWO WEEKS ago I might have taken my pen in hand to write about humor with the confident air of an acknowledged professional.

But that time is past. Such claim as I had has been taken from me. In fact, I stand unmasks. An English reviewer writing in a literary journal, the very name of which is enough to put contradiction to sleep, has said of my writing: "What is there, after all, in Professor Leacock's humor but a rather ingenious mixture of hyperbole and myosis?"

The man was right. How he stumbled upon this trade secret, I do not know. But I am willing to admit since the truth is out, that it has long been my custom in preparing an article of a humorous nature to go down to the cellar and mix up half a gallon of myosis with a pint of hyperbole. If I want to give the article a decidedly literary character, I find it well to put in about half a pint of paresis. The whole thing is amazingly simple.

But I only mention this by way of introduction and to dis-

pel any ideas that I am conceited enough to write about humor, with the professional authority of Ella Wheeler Wilcox on Love, or Eva Tanguay talking about Dancing.

All I dare claim is that I have as much sense of humor as other people. And, oddly enough, I notice that everybody else makes the same claim. Any man will admit, if need be, that his sight is not good or that he cannot swim, or shoots badly with a rifle, but to touch upon his sense of humor is to give him a mortal affront.

... But our sense of humor under civilization has been weakened... For me, as I suppose for most of us, it is a prime condition of humor that it must be without harm or malice, nor should it convey even incidentally any real picture of sorrow or suffering or death. There is a great deal in the humor of Scotland (I admit its general merit) which seems to me, not being a Scotchman, to sin in this respect. Take this familiar story (I quote it as something already known, and not for the sake of telling it).

A Scotchman had a sister-in-law—his wife's sister—with whom he could never agree. He always objected to going anywhere with her and, in spite of his wife's entreaty, always refused to do so. The wife was taken mortally ill, and as she lay dying, she whispered: "John, ye'll drive Janet with you to the funeral, will ye no?" The Scotchman, after an internal struggle, answered: "Margaret, I'll do it for ye, but it'll spoil my day."

Whatever humor there may be in this is lost for me by the actual and vivid picture that it conjures up—the dying wife, the darkened room and the last whispered request.

... In the whole domain of humor, we Canadians stand, as we do in all matters of art and aesthetics, as a middle term between what is British and what is American. We cannot fully participate in either. Indeed, our position is somewhat akin to that of the late Duke of Argyll, of whom it was said in Scotland that "his pride o' birth was sic' that he couldna' associate wi' men o' his ain' intellect, and his pride o' intellect was sic' that he couldna' associate wi' men o' his ain' birth."

In point of humor, as in all branches of literature, it would seem to me that we have little or nothing to call our own. There

is no distinctly Canadian way of being amusing, just as there is no Canadian way of telling a story or writing a song. It is possible to write humorous things *about* Canada, and it is possible to write humorous things *in* Canada (I try to do it myself), but there is, in my humble opinion (reached after forty-six years of effort), no Canadian humor.

We ought not to repine at this, nor at the larger fact that there is no Canadian literature. We cannot have everything at once. We are a new people, made of a variety of elements, strung out in a thin line as if from London to Siberia, not yet amalgamated into a national type. We have all the advantages of boundless future, on the material side, and in art and letters all that comes from an ability to draw upon both British and American sources. The price that we have to pay is that we must of necessity remain long in an imitative stage, consciously or unconsciously adopting the models set by others. The attempt to force an original note—as seen, for instance, in the typical French-Canadian story, with its everlasting *curé* made to order from a black cassock and bad French, and its impossible habitant, made with a ragged fur cap and rotten tobacco—is



Primitive humor. The dawn of the joke.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Mr. Leacock: A PROFILE BY R.T.L.

This thumbnail sketch was one of a famous series of discerning and often acid portraits of notable Canadians written for Maclean's by Charles Vining (R.T.L.)

Mr. Stephen Butler Leacock is an intellectual acrobat who lives in Montreal and is officially known as head of the Department of Economics at McGill University.

He has been a humorist by endowment, an economist by environment and a radio performer by mistake.

When he lectures on economics he is glad he is a humorist, and when now obliged to write something funny he is thankful to be a professor.

As an economist, he started with five hundred dollars a year from McGill and now receives about six thousand. As a humorist he has made up to seventy thousand or so a year, but has successfully avoided accumulation of undue wealth by applying both economics and humor to the stock market.

In his stock-market operations he is always bullish on distillery shares, his attitude being based on an exaggerated estimate of per capita consumption.

He believes that humorous and imaginative writing is far more difficult to do than scientific treatises, and has frequently been annoyed by admirers who suppose that he can dash off a bit of humor while taking a bath.

He has no use for typewriters, mechanical or feminine, and does all his writing by longhand in a series of unique hieroglyphics which become decipherable only through patience and experience.

Before proceeding to a lecture he often goes to the trouble of enquiring what the subject is supposed to be and then equips himself with a moth-eaten set of notes to

which he rarely pays any attention.

He occasionally pauses part way through a lecture to remind the students that he has now given them all their fees entitle them to and is delivering the remainder entirely from the goodness of his heart.

He is not wholly unaware that he is one of the few colorful personalities this country, and it may be properly suspected that he is not as absent-minded as he sometimes appears to be.

He is not absent-minded at all when people owe him money.

He has a depth of human understanding which none of his mannerisms can conceal and a courage which makes no mention of the sorrows in his own life.

He tries to believe that things might be worse.

From Maclean's, Aug. 1, 1934.

tiresome beyond words.

. . . Few people would realize that it is much harder to write one of Owen Seaman's "funny" poems in *Punch* than to write one of the Archbishop of Canterbury's sermons. Mark Twain's *Huckleberry Finn* is a greater work than Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*, and Charles Dickens' creation of Mr. Pickwick did more for the elevation of the human race—I say it in all seriousness—than Cardinal Newman's *Lead Kindly Light Amid the Encircling Gloom*. Newman only cried out for light in the gloom of a sad world. Dickens gave it.

But the deep background that lies behind and beyond what we call humor is revealed only to the few, who, by instinct or by effort, have given thought to it. The world's humor, in its best and greatest sense, is perhaps the highest product of our civilization. One thinks here not of the mere spasmodic effects of the comic artist or the black-faced expert of the vaudeville

show, but of the really great humor which, once or twice in a generation at best, illuminates and elevates our literature. It is no longer dependant upon the mere trick and quibble of words, or the old and meaningless incongruities in things that strike us as "funny." Its basis lies in the deeper contrasts offered by life itself: the strange incongruity between our aspirations and our achievements, the eager and fretful anxieties of today that fade into nothingness tomorrow, the burning pain and the sharp sorrow that are softened in the gentle retrospect of time, till as we look back on the course that has been traversed, we pass in view the panorama of our lives, as people in old age may recall, with mingled tears and smiles, the angry quarrels of their childhood. And here, in its larger aspect, humor is blended with pathos till the two are one, and represent as they have in every age, the mingled heritage of tears and laughter that is our lot on earth.

On Prohibition



I AM SORRY to have to tell you this, that now we have prohibition [in London] it is becoming increasingly difficult to get a drink. In fact sometimes, especially in the very early morning, it is most inconvenient and almost impossible. The public houses being closed it is necessary to go into a drugstore—just as it is with us in Canada—and lean up against the counter and make a gurgling sigh like apoplexy. One often sees these apoplexy cases lined up four deep.

But the people are finding substitutes, just as they do with us. There is a tremendous run on patent medicines, perfume, glue and nitric acid. It has been found that Shears' soap contains alcohol and one sees people everywhere eating cakes of it. The use of opium in the House of Lords is greatly increased.

But I don't want you to think that if you come over here to see me your private life will be in any way impaired or curtailed. I am glad to say that I have plenty of rich connections whose cellars are very amply stocked. The Duke of Blank is said to have five thousand cases of Scotch whisky and I have managed to get a card of introduction to his butler.

In fact you will find that, just as in Canada and the United States, the benefit of prohibition is intended to fall on the poorer classes.

There is no desire to interfere with the rich.

The Members of the House of Lords all stood up on their seats and yelled "Rah! Rah! Rah! Who's Bone Dry? WE ARE!"

On The Press

YESTERDAY MORNING I was interviewed by the London Press eighteen times. I am not saying this in any spirit of elation or boastfulness. I am simply stating it as a fact: interviewed eighteen times, by sixteen men and four women.

But as I feel the results of these interviews were not all that I could have wished I think it well to make some public explanation of what happened. The truth is that we do this thing so differently over in Canada that I was for the time being entirely thrown off my bearings. The questions I had every right to expect after many years of Canadian and American

interviews, entirely failed to appear.

I am thinking here especially of the kind of interview I have given out in Youngstown, Ohio, and Okotoks, Alberta, and Peterborough, Ontario. In all these places—for example in Okotoks, Alberta—the reporter asks as his first question, "What is your impression of Okotoks?" In London they don't. They seem indifferent to the fate of their city. Perhaps it is only English pride. For all I know they may have been burning to know this just as the Okotoks, Alberta, people are and were too proud to ask. In any case I will insert here the answer which

I had already written out in my pocket (one copy for each paper, the way we do it in Okotoks) and which reads:

London strikes me as emphatically a city with a future. Standing as she does in the heart of a rich agricultural district with railroad connection in all directions and resting as she must on a bed of coal and oil, I prophesy that she will one day be a great city.

The advantage of this is that it enables the reporter to get just the right kind of heading:

PROPHESIES BRIGHT FUTURE FOR LONDON

Had that been used my name would have stood higher here than it does today; unless the London people are very different from the people in Okotoks, which I doubt. As it is they don't know whether their future is bright or dark as mud. But it's not my fault. Reporters never asked me.

But what I deplore still more, and I think with reason, is the total omission of the familiar interrogation: "What is your impression of our women?" That's where our Canadian reporter hits the nail every time. That is the point at which we always nudge him in the ribs and buy him a cigar and at which youth and age join in a sly jest together. Here again the sub-heading comes in so nicely:

THINKS OKOTOKS WOMEN CHARMING

And they are. They are everywhere. But I hate to think that I had to keep my impressions of London women unused in my pocket, while a young man asked me whether I thought modern literature owes more to observation and less to inspiration than some other kind of literature.

Now that's exactly the kind of question, the last one, that the London reporters seemed to harp on. They seem hipped about literature; and their questions are too difficult. One asked me



Professor Leacock has applied for membership in the S.P.C.H. — the "H" for Humorists — after being interviewed eighteen times in one morning in England, where he is now lecturing. Mr. Jefferys makes it look as if his application should be rushed.

yesterday whether the American drama was structurally inferior to the French. I don't call that fair. I told him I didn't know; that I used to know the answer to it when I was at college but that I had forgotten it and that anyway I was too well off now to need to remember it.

I don't want to speak in anger. But I say it frankly, the atmosphere of these young men is not healthy and I don't want to see them any more.

On Mariposa

IF YOU DO not know Mariposa, my dear reader, the loss is yours, and the fault lies at your own door. For it means that you have failed to see it by not having the eyes to see. There is no doubt that if you live in Ontario at all you have driven, numberless times, in your motor through the wide streets of the beautiful town; that you have drawn up outside of the Continental Hotel, and have drunk two percent beer, foaming over the bar; you have admired, or at least have had the opportunity to admire, the striking architecture of the Carnegie Library (opened 1902; the gift of A. Carnegie, J. Melville, Mayor); you have seen the imposing front of the new YMCA building (ANNO DOMINI MCMXIX), even if your urbane indolence has prevented you from inspecting the inside of it and viewing the swimming tank,

which is said to be the largest of its size in North America, and is deep enough to drown any man under eight feet high.

If you have not seen these things the fault, I repeat, is all your own. It means that you have crawled wearily away in your motor after eating dinner at the Continental and have started back on your journey to the sordid city with the reflection, "How absolutely alike all these little towns are." You have perhaps applied to it the brutal and degrading epithet "one-horse"; and you may have said to your companions, "How awful it would be to live in a town like that all winter!" Such a man as you could hardly realize that in the winter time—when the Mariposa Shakespeare Society is in full swing (meeting once every five weeks), when the Chess Club (over Hillis's store in the



JEFF THORPE,
BARBER-CAPITALIST.



SMITH, THE GOOD-HEARTED
HOTEL PROPRIETOR.



SLYDE, ONE OF THE
VILLAINS OF THE PIECE.



MACARTNEY, THE
CURMUDGEON LAWYER.



GILLIS, THE HARD-DRINKING
BANK MESSENGER.

THE FACES OF THE BURGHERS OF MARIPOSA AS IMAGINED BY C. W. JEFFERYS

Oddfellows' Block) is a blaze of light every third Saturday evening, and when the Mariposa Opera House presents, every month or so such features as *Muggs Landing*, the *Marks Brothers in East Lynne*, and things admitted even on the hand-bills to be big New York attractions—that, in short, in point of intellectual life the winter time is the season in Mariposa, just as June is the season in London, or March on the Riviera.

... The spring time when it comes in Mariposa comes as the fitting and appropriate reward of the peculiar optimism that has carried its inhabitants through the rigors of winter. There never were such people as the Mariposans for persisting in the belief that the winter is not really cold, and that it is at any given moment about to "break".

... In March, though the ice on the lake beside the town is two feet thick, the winter is declared to be "on its last legs," and there is an organizing meeting of the Mariposa Tennis Club which gives a touch of summer itself to the season. April blows

wild with great gusts of flying snow that come whirling down from the Hudson Bay. But the Mariposans sneer at it. Already they are planting beans under the snow and patching up hen houses with an eagerness which means that the brief winter is over all too quickly and spring may be upon them, unprepared, at any moment.

Then all of a sudden comes the First of May and the winter is understood to be over. On which there is an immediate and peculiar change of opinion, a sort of right-about-face. All the people declare that it was the longest and hardest winter that they ever remember; that such a winter was never seen before; that their health is shattered by the severity of it; that the fall crops are destroyed; that the lambs are dead and that the fruit trees will never bear again. The farmers, it is freely claimed, are ruined—a fact admitted by all the farmers themselves.

Still at any rate it is spring time. This is a fact, provable by the calendar. It is the First of May, and May is spring.

On The Monarchy

A LOYAL BRITISH subject like myself in dealing with the government of England should necessarily begin with a discussion of the monarchy. I have never had the pleasure of meeting the King—except once on the GTR platform in Orillia, Ontario, when he was the Duke of York and I was one of the welcoming delegates of the Town Council. No doubt he would recall it in a minute.

But in England the King is surrounded by formality and circumstance. On many mornings I waited round the gates of Buckingham Palace but I found it quite impossible to meet the King in the quiet sociable way in which one met him in Orillia. The English, it seems, love to make the kingship a subject of great pomp and official etiquette. In Canada it is quite different. Perhaps we understand kings and princes better than the English do. At any rate we treat them in a far more human heart-to-heart fashion than is the English custom and they respond to it at once.

I remember when King George—he was, as I say, Duke of York then—came up to Orillia, Ontario, how we all met him in a delegation on the platform. Bob Curran—Bob was mayor of the town that year—went up to him and shook hands with him and

invited him to come right on up to the Orillia House where we had a room reserved for him. Charlie Janes and Mel Tudhope and the other boys who were on the Town Council gathered round the royal prince and shook hands and told him that he simply must stay over. George Rapley, the bank manager, said that if he wanted a cheque cashed or anything of that sort to come right into the Royal Bank and he would do it for him. The Prince had two aides-de-camp with him and a secretary, but Bob Curran said to bring them uptown too, and it would be all right. We had planned to have an oyster supper for the Prince at Jim Smith's hotel and then take him either to the YMCA poolroom or else over to the tea social in the church basement.

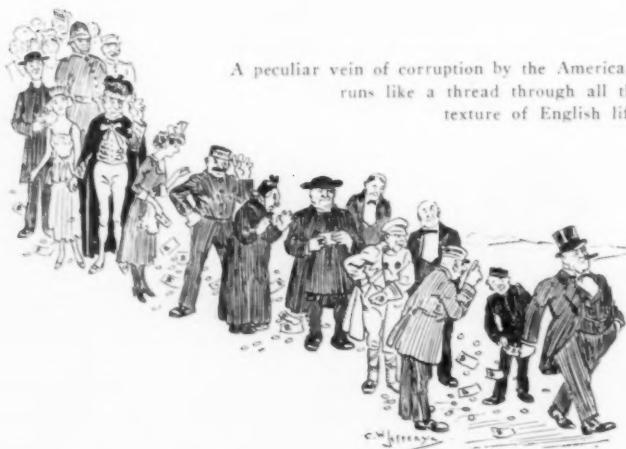
Unluckily, the Prince couldn't stay. It turned out that he had to get right back into his train and go on to Peterborough, Ontario, where they would have a brass band to meet him, which naturally he didn't want to miss.

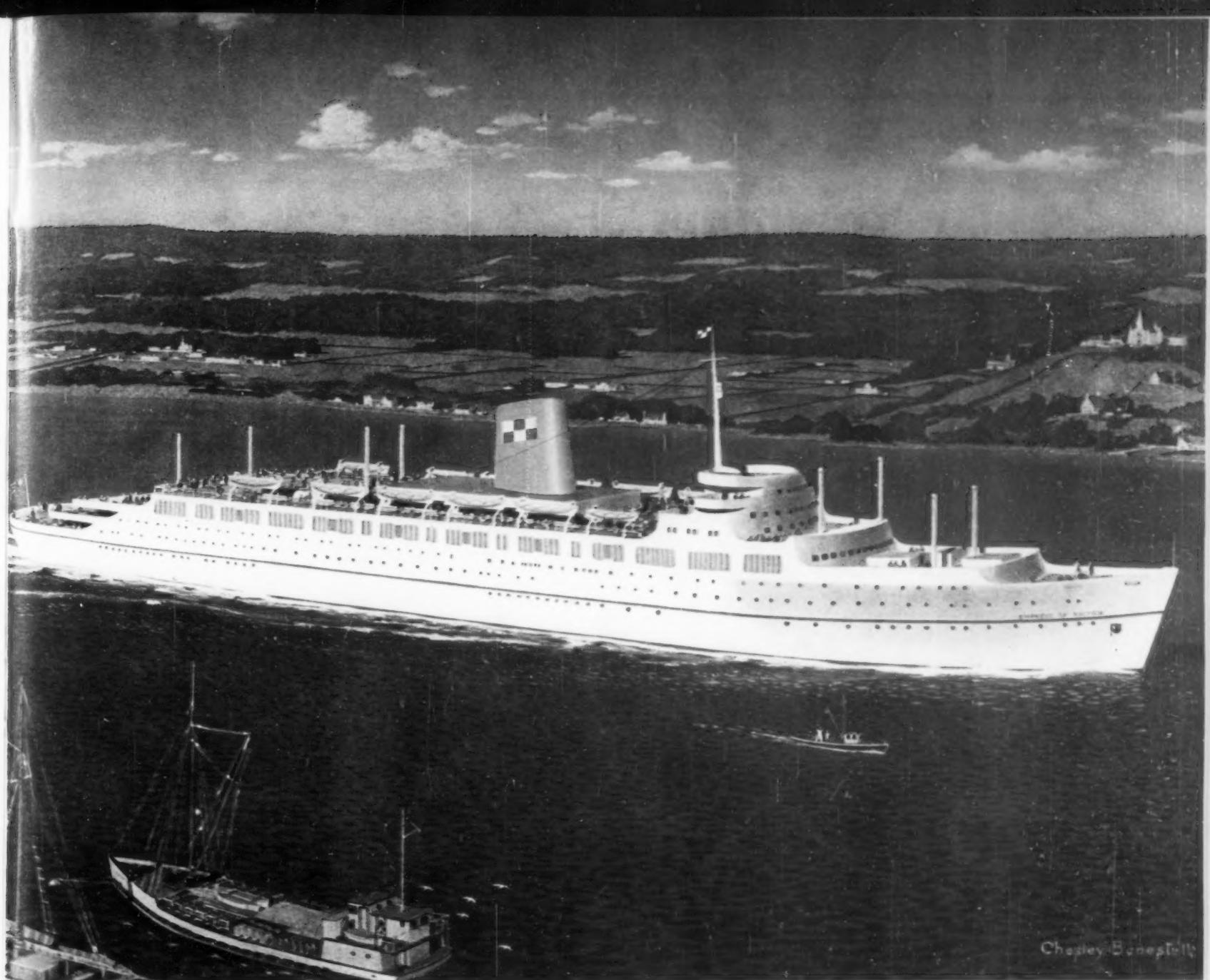
But the point is that it was a real welcome. And you could see that the Prince appreciated it. There was a warmth and a meaning to it that the Prince understood at once. It was a pity that he couldn't have stayed over and had time to see the carriage factory and the new sewerage plant. We all told the Prince he must come back and he said that if he could he most certainly would. When the Prince's train pulled out of the station and we all went back uptown together (it was before Prohibition came to Ontario) you could feel that the institution of royalty was quite solid in Orillia for a generation.

... Let us turn to the House of Commons: for no description of England would be complete without at least some mention of this interesting body. The House of Commons is commodiously situated beside the River Thames: the principal features of the House are the large lunchroom on the western side and the tearoom on the terrace on the eastern. A series of smaller luncheon-rooms extend (apparently) all round about the premises, while a commodious bar offers a ready access to the members at all hours of the day. While any members are in the bar a light is kept burning in the tall clock tower at one corner of the building, but when the bar is closed the light is turned off, by whichever of the Scotch members leaves last.

On great nights, when the House of Commons is sitting

CONTINUED OVER PAGE





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A LEACOCK SAMPLER

and is about to do something important such as ratifying a Home Rule Bill or cheering, or welcoming a new lady member, it is not possible to enter by merely bribing the policeman with five shillings; it takes a pound. The English people complain bitterly of the rich Americans who have in this way corrupted the London public. Before they were corrupted they would do anything for sixpence.

This peculiar vein of corruption by the Americans runs like a thread, I may say, through all the texture of English life. Among those who have been principally exposed to it are the servants — especially butlers and chauffeurs, hotel porters, bell-boys, railway porters and guards, all taxi-drivers, pew-openers, curates, bishops, and a large part of the peerage.

The terrible ravages that have been made by the Americans on English

morality are witnessed on every hand. Whole classes of society are hopelessly damaged. I have it on the evidence of the English themselves and there seems to be no doubt of the fact. Till the Americans came to England the people were an honest law-abiding race, respecting their superiors and despising those below them. They had never been corrupted by money and their employers extended to them in this regard their tenderest solicitude. Then the Americans came. Servants ceased to be what they were; butlers were hopelessly damaged; hotel porters became a wreck; taxi-drivers turned out thieves; curates could no longer be trusted to handle money; peers sold their daughters at a million dollars apiece or three for two. In fact the whole kingdom began to deteriorate till it got where it is now.

On how to Succeed

ACCORDING to all the legends and storybooks, the principal factor in success is perseverance. Personally, I think there is nothing in it. If anything, the truth lies the other way.

There is an old motto that runs: "If at first you don't succeed, try, again." This is nonsense. It ought to read: "If at first you don't succeed, quit, quit, at once."

If you can't do a thing, more or less, the first time you try, you will never do it. Try something else while there is yet time.

"If at first you don't succeed, quit, quit, at once."



On being Serious

IT IS a well-known fact that throughout his later life Mark Twain was constantly harassed and distressed by the fact that people refused to take him in earnest. Like all persons of a so-called humorous temperament, his true interest lay in the underlying realities of life and not in the lights and shadows that flicked across its surface. Hence from time to time he was moved to violent outbursts of feeling, to fierce denunciations of wrong and to expressions of passionate sympathy with the oppressed. All of these the public, who thought of him only as the author of *Tom Sawyer* and *The Innocents Abroad*, insisted on treating as first-class jokes. When he said that he sympathised with the Filipinos, the remark was regarded as screamingly funny. When, in a passion of indignation at European cruelty in China, at the time of the "Boxer" troubles, Twain exclaimed, "I am a Boxer," everybody roared. Men repeated to one another

over their newspapers, "I see Mark says he's a Boxer!" and then held their sides to prevent bursting. When he wrote a beautiful and sympathetic account of the martyrdom of Joan of Arc, people shook their heads— "Mark's going a little too far," they said; they admitted that it was funny, gloriously funny, but doubted that any man had a right to poke fun at religion. Mark Twain lived and died misunderstood, regretting wistfully that he had not been born a Presbyterian minister or something real.

What happens to a great man in any line of activity, may well happen to the small ones.

In any degree, I have found it so. I have so often been fortunate in pleasing the humorous fancy of an indulgent public as a writer of mere meaningless foolishness, that it is becoming difficult for me to persuade any readers that I am capable of trying to think seriously.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 48



He'll think of you with every light

Give a Ronson

For "the light of your life," a lighter he'll always remember you by . . . the Ronson Viking, the exclusive and superbly detailed gas lighter with the new jet flame. This is one gift you know he'll use and appreciate all year, everytime he lights his cigarette or pipe. He'll be delighted with the Viking's exclusive new features—he'll be flattered at your choice of a Ronson, world's greatest lighter. And a Viking is only one of more than 50 Ronson lighters you can choose at better stores everywhere. Prices from \$5.50*.

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Cartridge.



Quick, easy, odourless
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just turn it upside down.



For the cigarette
smoker too . . . fits
comfortably in the hand



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give quicker starts
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and here's why:

BUTTRESS-TOP insulator design

Provides a longer path of resistance to electrical leakage than any other make of spark plug. Under unusual dirt or moisture conditions, this buttress-top design greatly reduces "shorting" or "flashover".

Exclusive COPPER-GLASS seal!

In AC Spark Plug manufacture, the centre electrode is sealed in the insulator by a patented copper-glass seal. This seal is gas-tight and the mechanical bond is more than equal to any condition of use. The seal is resistant to heat, shock and vibration far beyond normal plug life.

Exclusive HOT TIP feature!

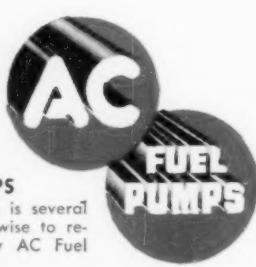
Not only did AC develop the modern ceramic insulator that outmoded porcelain—AC engineers found a way to form this material into long, thin, recessed insulator tips. These tips heat up faster to burn away combustion by-products that would foul ordinary plugs. They're rapid-cooling too, to prevent pre-ignition or motor "ping".



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Change to a new AC filter
Every 4,000 to 6,000 miles.



AC FUEL PUMPS
If your fuel pump is several
seasons old, it is wise to re-
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A LEACOCK SAMPLER



"Sir Robert Borden read the first page of your memorandum with such pleasure that he afterwards read it aloud to his cabinet, who greeted it with bursts of uncontrollable laughter."

This I found to be the case when, a month or two ago, I submitted to the Government of Canada an offer to make ten million dollars for them as a Christmas present, by calling in our silver currency and substituting nickel for it. I embodied the proposal in a memorandum that in point of language was as serious as political economy and as sober as Toronto on Saturday night.

But the thing went wrong.

The answer that I received from the members of the government, courteous and friendly as they were, showed me that somehow they had taken it up wrongly.

"Sir Robert Borden"—so wrote the secretary of the Premier—"has been immensely amused by your delightful burlesque on the theory of silver money. He expressly desires me to state that he read the first page of your memorandum with such pleasure that he afterwards read it aloud to his cabinet who greeted it with bursts of uncontrollable laughter. They even proposed, at a later opportunity, to read the rest of it."

These may not have been the exact words of the letter. But they reproduce the substance of it as far as one may violate the confidence of an official communication.

In the same way, a letter from the finance department informed me that Sir Thomas White had no sooner read my proposal for coining nickel money in place of silver, than he fell into a paroxysm of laughter that threatened to pass into hysteria. He was only saved from an actual syncope by reaching for the public accounts and adding up figures three columns at a time—his one form of mental relaxation.

My memorandum I suppose, might easily have passed into political oblivion but for the singular acumen

of the editor of this magazine who had no sooner read my memorandum over six times than he said, "I believe there is something in this."

He has, therefore, invited me to reproduce the substance of the memorandum for this magazine. To my regret he tells me that he cannot reproduce the document in its original form. It was, he said, too full. I am, therefore, compelled to omit all the first part—some fifty pages called, "A Brief Disquisition on the Origins and Development of the Use of Certain Articles or Commodities, as a Media or Medii, of Exchange." I regret very much the necessity of suppressing this. It went back to ancient times and came down slowly and reluctantly as every scholarly history does to our own day. It began with the words "The earliest form of money known in ancient times was the goat." I fear that this sentence may have been what misled Sir Robert Borden. Perhaps he read no further. Yet it only states a well known economic fact...

But I admit I should have done better to leave out the goat altogether. And I only made things worse by going on: "The goat was at best indifferent money. Lacking, as he was, in divisibility, in homogeneity and in durability, incapable of receiving and retaining a stamp or punch on both the upper and the reverse sides, the goat, as money, failed to command esteem."

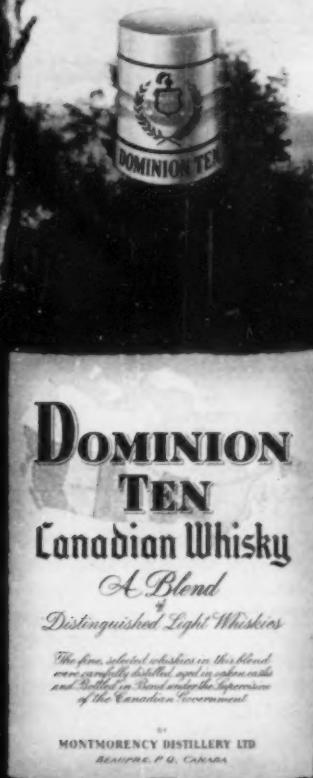
On looking that over, I think I can see just how it was that my memorandum lacked conviction. It would have been better, like most other state documents, without the introduction...

CONTINUED ON PAGE 42

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DOMINION
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various bottle sizes

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Vaseline TRADE MARK HAIR TONIC

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A LEACOCK SAMPLER



... ever so many people with exactly this way of thinking.

On Politics

TO AVOID all error as to my point of view, let me say that I am a Liberal Conservative, or, if you will, a Conservative Liberal with a strong dash of sympathy with the Socialist idea, a friend of labor, and a believer

in progressive radicalism. I do not desire office but would take a seat in the Senate at five minutes' notice.

I believe there are ever so many people with exactly this way of thinking.

On Women

I WAS sitting the other day in what is called the Peacock Alley of one of our leading hotels, drinking tea with another thing like myself, a man. At the next table were a group of Superior Beings in silk, talking. I couldn't help overhearing what they said—at least, not when I held my head a little sideways.

They were speaking of the War.

"There wouldn't have been any war," said one, "if women were allowed to vote."

"No, indeed," chorused all the others.

The woman who had spoken looked about her defiantly. She wore spectacles and was of the type that we men used to call, in days when we still retained a little courage, an Awful Woman.

"When women have the vote," she went on, "there will be no more war. The women will forbid it."

She gazed about her angrily. She evidently wanted to be heard. My friend and I hid ourselves behind a little fern and trembled.

But we listened. We were hoping that the Awful Woman would explain how war would be ended. She didn't. She went on to explain instead that when women have the vote there will be no more poverty, no disease, no germs, no cigarette smoking, and nothing to drink but water.

It seemed a gloomy world.

"Come," whispered my friend,

"this is no place for us. Let us go to the bar."

"No," I said. "Leave me. I am going to write an article on the Woman Question. The time has come when it has got to be taken up and solved."

... The great majority of women have no means of support of their own. This is true also of men. But the men can acquire means of support. They can hire themselves out and work. Better still, by the industrious process of intrigue rightly called busyness, or business, they may presently get hold of enough of other people's things to live without working. Or again, men can, with a fair prospect of success, enter the criminal class, either in its lower ranks as a house breaker, or in its upper ranks through politics. Take it all in all a man has a certain chance to get along in life.

A woman on the other hand has little or none. The world's work is open to her, but she cannot do it. She lacks the physical strength for laying bricks or digging coal. If put to work on a steel beam a hundred feet above the ground, she would fall off. For the pursuit of business her head is all wrong. Figures confuse her. She lacks sustained attention and in point of morals the average woman is, even for business, too crooked.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 44



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55-12

A LEACOCK SAMPLER

This last point is one that will merit a little emphasis. Men are able to set up a code of rules or a standard, often quite an artificial one, and stick to it. They can "play the game." Women are incapable of this.

. . . So it is in business. Men are able to maintain a sort of rough-and-ready code which prescribes the particular amount of cheating that a man may do under the rules. This is called business honesty, and many men adhere to it with a doglike tenacity, growing old in it, till it is stamped on their grizzled faces, visibly. They can feel it inside them like a virtue. So much will they cheat and no more. Hence men are able to trust one another knowing the exact degree of dishonesty they are entitled to expect.

With women it is entirely different. They bring to business an unimpaired vision. They see it as it is. It would be impossible to trust them. They refuse to play fair.

In ancient times women had their place, which was in the home. The rise of machinery and the modern city changed all this. Women's place became more and more difficult.

. . . Then there rose up in our own time, or within call of it, a deliverer. It was the Awful Woman with the Spectacles, and the doctrine that she preached was Woman's Rights. She came as a new thing, a hatchet in her hand, breaking glass. But in reality she was no new thing at all, and has her lineal descent in history from age to age. The Romans knew her as a sybil and shuddered at her. The Middle Ages called her a witch and burnt her. The ancient law of England named her a scold and ducked

her in a pond. But the men of the modern age, living indoors and losing something of their ruder fibre, grew afraid of her. The Awful Woman—meddlesome, vociferous, intrusive—came into her own.

Her softer sisters followed her. She became the leader of her sex. "Things are all wrong," she screamed, "with the *status of women*." Therein she was quite right. "The remedy for it all," she howled, "is to make women free," to give women the vote. When women are 'free' everything will be all right." Therein the woman with the spectacles was, and is, utterly wrong.

The women's vote, when they get it, will leave women much as they were before.

. . . When the vote is reached the woman question will not be solved but only begun. In and of itself, a vote is nothing. It neither warms the skin nor fills the stomach. Very often the privilege of a vote confers nothing but the right to express one's opinion as to which of two crooks is the crookeder.

. . . I have noticed that my clerical friends, on the rare occasions when they are privileged to preach to me, have a way of closing their sermons by "leaving their congregations with a thought." It is a good scheme. It keeps the congregation, let us hope, in a state of trembling eagerness for the next installment.

With the readers of this article I do the same. I leave them with the thought that perhaps in the modern age it is not the increased freedom of women that is needed but the increased recognition of their dependence. Let the reader remain agonized over that till I write something else.

On Teaching School

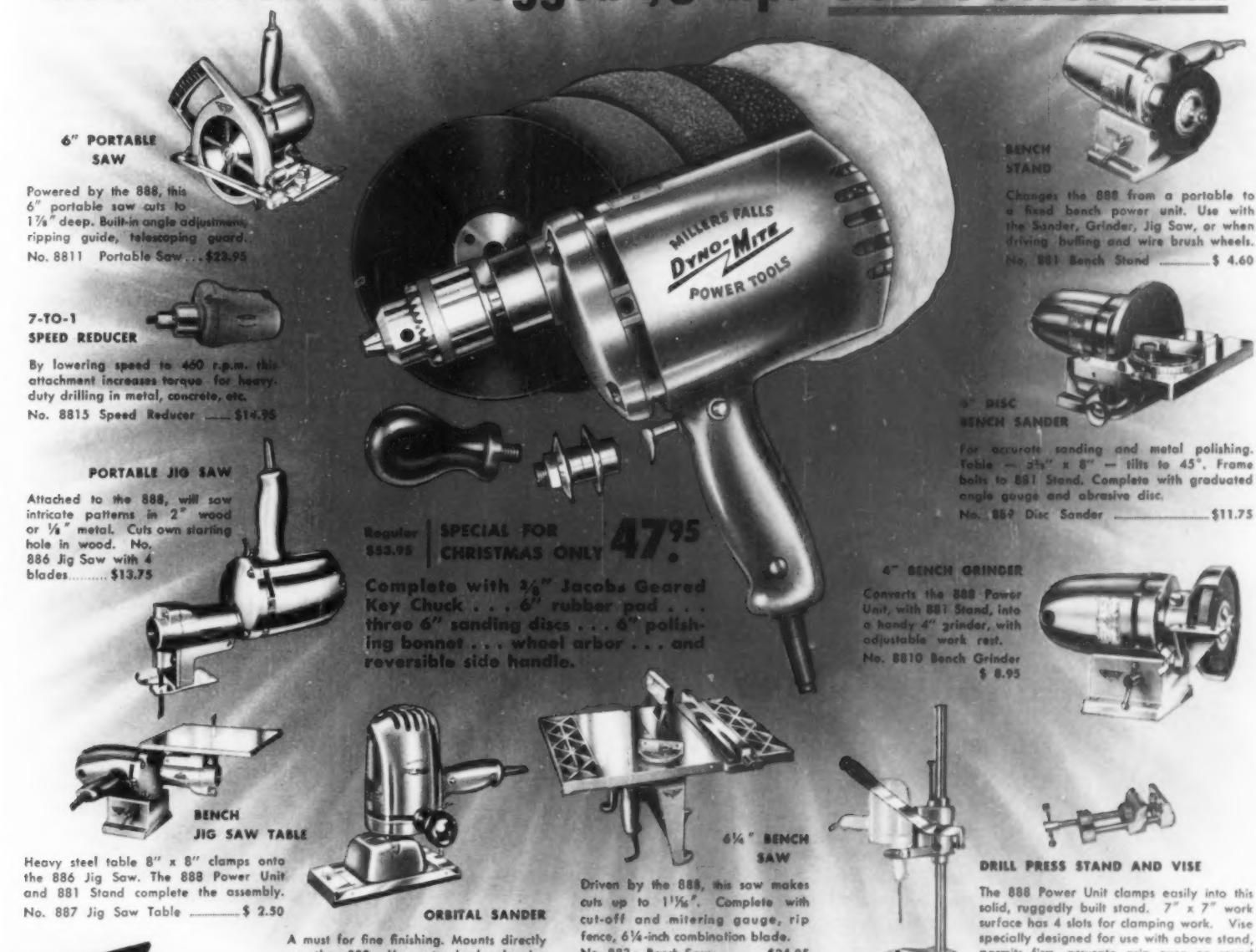
IN MY opinion (which is a very valuable one, so valuable that I am being well paid by this magazine merely to state it) the whole status of the schoolmaster in this country is wrong. His position is unsatisfactory. His salary is too low and should be raised. It is also too high and should be lowered. His place in the community should be dignified and elevated. He also ought to be given three months' notice and be dismissed. The work that the schoolmaster is doing is inestimable in its consequences. He is laying the foundation of the careers of the men who are to lead the next generation. He is also knocking the best stuff out of a great number of them.

There is a certain broad and general statement which may be made covering the lot of them. The pay of all the younger ones is far too high. The pay of all the older ones is far too low. Nearly all of them are teachers

not because they want to be but because they can't help it. Very few of them—hardly any of them—understand their job or can do it properly. Most of them—in the opinion of those who employ them—could be replaced without loss at a week's notice. None of them retire full of wealth and honor; and when they die, as most of them do, in harness, the school bell jangles out a harsh requiem over the departed teacher and the trustees fill his place at a five-minutes meeting. Meanwhile the public voice and the public press is filled with the laudation of the captains of industry, of the kings of finance, of boy wizards who steal a fortune before they are twenty-five and of grand old men who carry it away grinning with them after death—to wherever grand old men go. These and such are shining marks from which the public approbation glints as from a heliograph from hill to

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A LEACOCK SAMPLER

hill. The poor teacher in his whole life earns no greater publicity than his obituary notice at twenty-five cents for one insertion. And one is enough.

... I wish that I had time to organize a school, and that some good fairy would stand the expense of it till it got started. I mean, of course, a *real* fairy like Carnegie or Rockefeller, not the imitation one in the picture books. I would undertake to show to the world what a real school would be and, more surprising still, what a harvest of profit could be made from it.

For the buildings and apparatus I would care not a straw. I wouldn't mind if the gymnasium contained a patent vaulting horse and a pneumatic chest exerciser or whether it just had wooden sides like a horse stable. These things don't matter at all.

But I would engage, regardless of cost, the services of a set of men that would make every other school look like—look like what it is. I would select the senior masters with some care and at the same salaries as if I were choosing presidents of railway companies and managers of banks. Let me try to give the reader an idea of what the staff of a first-rate school would look like. The list would read something after this fashion:

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[Beautifully situated in the Ozark mountains, or the Adirondacks, or the Laurentians, or any place fifty miles from a moving picture.]

THE STAFF

Headmaster: Mr. Woodrow Wilson
 Treasurer and
 Bursar: Pierpont Morgan, Esq.
 Instructor in
 French: Mons. Poincaré
 Russian
 Teacher: Nicholas Romanoff
 Military
 Instructor: T. Roosevelt
 English: Sir James Barrie, Mr. R. Kipling
 Piano: I. G. Paderewski
 Other Music: Al Jolson
 Deportment: Sir Wilfrid Laurier
 Miss Jane Addams
 Matron: W. Jennings Bryan
 Chaplain: Reverend W. Sunday

There! that looks pretty complete. I have not filled in the customary office of janitor and messenger. I admit that I might fill that myself.

On Roughing it

THE SEASON is now opening when all those who have a manly streak in them like to get out in the bush and "rough it" for a week or two of hunting or fishing. For myself, I never

feel that the autumn has been well spent unless I can get out after the moose. And when I go—I like to go right into the bush and "rough it"—get clear away from civilization, out in the open, and take fatigue and hardship just as it comes.

So this year I am making all my plans to get away for a couple of weeks of moose hunting along with my brother George and my friend Tom Crass. We generally go together because we are all of us men who like the rough stuff and are tough enough to stand the hardship of living in the open. The place we go to is right in the heart of the primitive Canadian forest, among big timber, broken with lakes as still as glass, just the very ground for moose.

We have a kind of lodge up there. It's just a rough place that we put up, the three of us, the year before last—built out of tamarack logs faced with a broad axe. The flies, while we were building it, were something awful. Two of the men we sent in there to build it were so badly bitten that we had to bring them out a hundred miles to a hospital. None of us saw the place while we were building it—we were all busy at the time—but the teamsters who took in our stuff said it was the worst season for the black flies that they ever remembered.

Still we hung to it, in spite of the flies, and stuck at it until we got it built. It is, as I say, only a plain place but good enough to rough in. We have one big room with a stone fireplace and bedrooms around the sides, with a wide veranda, properly screened, all along the front. In the back part we have quarters where our man sleeps. We had an icehouse knocked up and water laid on in pipes from a stream. So that on the whole the place has a kind of rough comfort about it—good enough for fellows hunting moose all day.

The place, nowadays, is not hard to get at. The government has just built a colonization highway quite all right for motors, that happens to go within a hundred yards of our lodge.

We can get the railway for a hundred miles, and then the highway for forty, and the last hundred yards we can walk. This season we are going to go the whole way from the city in George's car with our kit with us. Tom says that as far as he is concerned he'd much sooner go into the bush over a rough trail in a buckboard, and for my own part a team of oxen would be more the kind of thing that I'd wish. However, the car is there, so we might as well use the thing, especially as the provincial government has built the fool highway right into the wilderness.

By taking the big car also we cannot only carry all the hunting outfit that we need but we can also, if we like, shove in a couple of small trunks with a few clothes. This may be necessary as it seems that somebody has gone and slapped a great big frame hotel right there in the

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A LEACOCK SAMPLER

wilderness not half a mile from the place we go to.

The hotel we find a regular nuisance. It gave us the advantage of electric light for our lodge (a thing that none of us care about), but it means more fuss about clothes. Clothes, of course, don't really matter when a fellow is roughing it in the bush, but Tom says that we might find

it necessary to go over to the hotel in the evenings to borrow coal oil or a side of bacon or any rough stuff that we need; and there is such a lot of dressing up at these fool hotels now that if we do go over for bacon or anything in the evening Tom says we might as well just slip on our evening clothes and then we could chuck them off the minute we get back. George thinks it might not be a bad idea—just as a way of saving all our energy

for getting after the moose—to dine each evening at the hotel itself.

George's idea is that we could come in each night with our moose—such and such a number as the case might be—either bringing them with us or burying them where they die—change our things, slide over to the hotel and get dinner and then beat it back into the bush by moonlight and fetch in the moose. It seems they have a regular two dollar table d'hôte

dinner at the hotel—just rough stuff, of course, but after all, as we all admit, we don't propose to go out into the wilds to pamper ourselves with high feeding; a plain hotel meal in a home-like style at \$2 a plate is better than cooking up a lot of rich stuff over a campfire.

... One thing we're all agreed upon in the arrangement of our hunting trip, is in not taking along anything to drink. Drinking spoils a trip of that sort. We all remember how in the old days we'd go out into a camp in the bush (I mean before there used to be any highway or any hotel) and carry in rye whiskey in demijohns (\$2 a gallon it was) and sit around the campfire drinking it in the evenings.

But there is nothing in it. We all agree the law being what it is, it is better to stick to it. It makes a fellow feel better. So we shall carry nothing in. I don't say that one might not have a flask of something in one's pocket in the car; but only as a precaution against accident or cold. And when we get to our lodge we all feel that we are a darn sight better without it. If we *should* need anything—though it isn't likely—there are still three cases of old Scotch whiskey, kicking around the lodge somewhere; I think they are kicking around in a little cement cellar with a locked door that we had made so as to use it for butter or anything of that sort. Anyway, there are three, possibly four, or maybe five, cases of Scotch there and if we should for any reason want it, there it is. But we are hardly likely to touch it—unless we hit a cold snap, or a wet spell, or if we strike hot dry weather. Tom says he thinks there are a couple of cases of champagne still in the cellar; some stuff that one of us must have shot in there just before prohibition came in but we'll hardly use it. When a man is out moose hunting from dawn to dusk he hasn't much use for champagne, not till he gets home anyway...

There's only one trouble about our plans for our fall camp that bothers us just a little. The moose are getting damn scarce about that place. There used, so they say, to be any quantity of them. There's an old settler up there that our man buys all our cream from who says that he remembers when the moose were so thick that they would come up and drink whiskey out of his dipper. But somehow they seem to have quit the place. Last year we sent our man out again and again looking for them and he never saw any. Three years ago a boy that works at the hotel said he saw a moose in the cow pasture back of the hotel and there were the tracks of a moose seen last year at the place not ten miles from the hotel where it had come to drink. But apart from these two exceptions the moose hunting has been poor.

Still, what does it matter? What we want is the *life*, the rough life just as I have described it. If any moose comes to our lodge we'll shoot him, or



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tell the butler to. But if not—well, we've got along without for ten years. I don't suppose we shall worry.

On Modern Business

FOUR businessmen were stranded, shipwrecked and penniless, upon an island in the South Seas. It was a beautiful island. Breadfruit grew on every tree, coconuts dangled at the tops of palms, while beds of oysters lay near the shore.

But for the businessmen it was useless. They had no "funds" to develop the island; with an advance of funds they could have gathered breadfruit and made bread. But without funds! Why, they couldn't! They must stay hungry.

"Don't you think," said the weakest among them—a frail man (he had never been able to raise more than a million dollars; he'd no strength)—"Don't you think," he said to the biggest man, "you could climb that palm tree and throw down coconuts?"

"And who will underwrite me?" asked the other.

There it was! They were blocked and helpless; couldn't even get an advance to wade into the sea for oysters.

So they sat there on the rocks—starving, dejected, their hair growing long. They couldn't even shave; there was no barber union.

On the fourth day the frail man, who was obviously sinking, said: "If I die I want you to bury me over there on that little hill overlooking the sea."

"We can't bury you, Eddie," they said. "We've no burial fund."

They fell asleep on the sands. But the next morning when they woke up an Angel was standing beside them. They knew he was an Angel although he wore a morning coat and a top hat, and had grey striped trousers with spats above his boots.

"Are you an angel?" they asked.

"Pretty much," he answered. "That is to say, I am a director of the Bank of England, but for you just now it is almost the same thing."

"Funds, funds!" they exclaimed. "Can you advance us funds?"

"Certainly," said the Angel. "I came for that. I think I see a fountain pen in your waistcoat pocket there. Thank you . . . and that ten-cent scribbler . . . Much obliged. Now then, up you get! Light a fire, go and collect those oysters, go and pick some breadfruit, chase that wild goat and I'll arrange an advance of funds while you're doing it."

As they sat around the fire at supper the Angel explained it all out of the scribbler.

"I have capitalized your island at two million dollars (that's half a million each) and I have opened a current drawing account for each of

you of a hundred thousand, with loans as required . . ."

What activity next day! Climb the coconut tree? Why, of course. The man was underwritten. Oysters? They wrote out an oyster policy and waded right in up to their necks.

What a change the next week or so brought! There they sat at lunch in their comfortable Banyan Club House overlooking the sea (annual dues, \$1000 a year)—sat at lunch eating

grilled oysters with coconut cocktails . . .

"To think," said the little man Eddie, "that only a week ago I wanted to die!"

So that's the allegory and of course the island is meant to be Canada, and the shipwrecked men its population. But perhaps you almost guessed that, anyway.

It's almost a pity to mention the sequel. A little later, four laboring

men tried to land on the island. The others undertook to fight them off with shotguns. That started civilization. But the pity was that if they had only had the Angel with them, he would have told them to let the laborers land and to multiply all the figures in the book by two, and add a little extra, because in developing a country blessed by ample resources twice four is ten. ★

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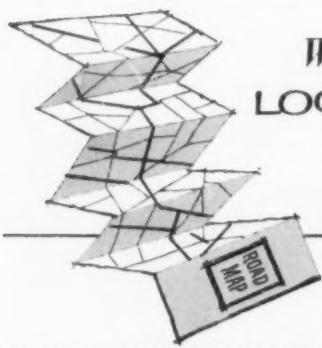


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PARTS AND ACCESSORIES DIVISION, FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

The Ardent Bigamist

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

probably, with red faces and baldish heads, who ate their food in moody silence. The only other persons in the room were a group of three who sat in the bow window and they immediately attracted my surprised attention.

The party consisted of an old gentleman and two ladies, one of whom was old and probably his wife, while the other was younger and possibly his daughter. It was the old lady who first excited my interest. She wore a voluminous dress of black silk and a black lace cap; on her wrists were heavy gold bangles and around her neck a substantial gold chain from which hung a large gold locket; at her neck was a large gold brooch. I did not know that anyone still wore jewelry of that sort. Often, passing secondhand jewelers and pawnbrokers, I had lingered for a moment to look at these strangely old-fashioned articles, so solid, costly and hideous, and thought, with a smile in which there was a tinge of sadness, of the women long since dead who had worn them.

The younger woman had her back turned to me and at first I could see only that she had a slim and youthful figure. She had a great deal of brown hair which seemed to be elaborately arranged. She wore a grey dress. The three of them were chatting in low tones and presently she turned her head so that I saw her profile. It was astonishingly beautiful. The nose was straight and delicate, the line of the cheek was exquisitely modelled; I saw then that she wore her hair after the fashion of Queen Alexandra.

The dinner proceeded to its close and the party got up. The old lady sailed out of the room, looking neither to the right nor to the left, and the young one followed her. Then I saw with a shock that she was old. Her gown was simple enough, the skirt was longer than was at that time worn, and there was something slightly old-fashioned in the cut. I daresay the waist was more clearly indicated than we are used to now, but it was a girl's frock. She was tall, like a heroine of Tennyson's, slight, with long legs and a graceful carriage. I had seen the nose before; it was the nose of a Greek goddess, her mouth was beautiful, and her eyes were large and blue. Her skin was, of course, a little tight on the bones and there were wrinkles on her forehead and about her eyes, but in youth she must have had a lovely complexion.

When I passed through the hall, curious to know who these singular people were, I glanced at the visitors' book. I saw written in an angular feminine hand, the writing that was taught to young ladies in modish schools forty years or so ago, the names: Mr. and Mrs. Edwin St. Clair and Miss Porchester. Their permanent address was given as 68 Leinster Square, Bayswater, London. These must be the names and this the address of the persons who had so much intrigued me. I asked the manageress who Mr. St. Clair was and she told me that she believed he was something in the city.

I went into the billiard room and knocked the balls about for a little while and then on my way upstairs passed through the lounge. The two red-faced gentlemen were reading the evening paper and the elderly lady was dozing over a novel. The party of three sat in a corner. Mrs. St. Clair was knitting, Miss Porchester was busy at embroidery, and Mr. St. Clair was

reading aloud in a discreet but resonant tone. As I passed I discovered that he was reading Bleak House.

I READ and wrote most of the next day, but in the afternoon I went for a walk and on my way home I sat down for a little on one of those convenient benches on the sea front. It was not quite so cold as on the preceding day and the air was pleasant. For want of anything better to do, I watched a figure advancing toward me from a distance. It was a man and as he came nearer I saw that it was a shabby little man.

He wore a thin black greatcoat and a somewhat battered bowler hat. He walked with his hands in his pockets and looked cold. He gave me a glance as he passed by, went on a few steps, hesitated, stopped, and turned back. When he came up once more to the bench on which I sat, he took a hand out of his pocket and touched his hat. I noticed that he wore shabby black gloves, and I surmised that he was a widower in straitened circumstances. Or he might have been a mute recovering like myself from influenza.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, "but could you oblige me with a match?"

"Certainly."

He sat down beside me and while I took the matchbox from my pocket he hunted in his for cigarettes. He took out a small packet of Goldflakes and his face fell.

"Dear, dear, how very annoying, I haven't got a cigarette left."

"Let me offer you one," I replied, smiling.

I took out my case and he helped himself.

"Gold?" he asked, giving the case a tap as I closed it. "Gold? That's a thing I never could keep. I've had three. All stolen."

His eyes rested in a melancholy way on his boots which were sadly in need of repair. He was a wizened little man with a long thin nose and pale blue eyes. His skin was sallow and he was not a little lined. I could not tell what his age was; he might have been five and thirty or he might have been sixty. There was nothing remarkable about him except his insignificance. But, though evidently poor, he was neat and clean. He was respectable and he clung to respectability. No, I did not think he was a mute. I thought he was a solicitor's clerk, who had lately buried his wife and had been sent to Elsom by an indulgent employer to get over the first shock of his grief.

"Are you making a long stay, sir?" he asked me.

"Ten days or a fortnight."

"Is this your first visit to Elsom, sir?"

"I have been here before."

"I know it well, sir. I flatter myself that there are very few seaside resorts that I have not been to at one time or another. Elsom is hard to beat, sir. You get a very nice class of people here. There's nothing noisy or vulgar about Elsom, if you understand what I mean. Elsom has very pleasant recollections for me, sir. I knew Elsom well in bygone days. I was married in St. Martin's Church, sir."

"Really," I said feebly.

"It was a very happy marriage, sir."

"I'm very glad to hear it," I returned.

"Nine months that one lasted," he said reflectively. Surely the remark was a trifle singular. I had not looked forward with any enthusiasm to the probability which I so clearly foresaw that he would favor me with an account of his matrimonial experiences, but now I waited if not with eagerness at least with curiosity for a further observation. He made none. He sighed a little.

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At last I broke the silence.
 "There don't seem to be very many people about," I remarked.

"I like it so. I'm not one for crowds. As I was saying just now, I reckon I've spent a good many years at one seaside resort after the other, but I never come in the season. It's the winter I like."

"Don't you find it a little melancholy?"

He turned toward me and placed his black-gloved hand for an instant on my arm.

"It is melancholy. And because it's melancholy a little ray of sunshine is very welcome."

The remark seemed to me perfectly idiotic and I did not answer. He withdrew his hand from my arm and got up. "Well, I mustn't keep you, sir. Pleased to have made your acquaintance."

He took off his dingy hat very politely and strolled away.

IT WAS beginning now to grow chilly and I thought I would return to the Dolphin. As I reached its broad steps a landau drove up, drawn by two scraggy horses, and from it stepped Mr. St. Clair. He wore a hat that looked like the unhappy result of a union between a bowler and a top hat. He gave his hand to his wife and then to his niece. The porter carried in after them rugs and cushions. As Mr. St. Clair paid the driver, I heard him tell him to come at the usual time next day and I understood that the St. Clairs took a drive every afternoon in a landau. It would not have surprised me to learn that none of them had been in a motor car.

The manageress told me that they kept very much to themselves and sought no acquaintance among the other persons staying at the hotel. I rode my imagination on a loose rein. I watched them eat three meals a day. I watched Mr. and Mrs. St. Clair sit at the top of the hotel steps during the morning. He read The Times and she knitted. I suppose Mrs. St. Clair had never read a paper in her life, for they never took anything but The Times and Mr. St. Clair, of course, took it with him every day to the city. At about twelve Miss Porchester joined them.

"Have you enjoyed your walk, Eleanor?" asked Mrs. St. Clair.

"It was very nice, Aunt Gertrude," answered Miss Porchester.

And I understood that just as Mrs. St. Clair took "her drive" every afternoon, Miss Porchester took "her walk" every morning.

"When you have come to the end of your row, my dear," said Mr. St. Clair, with a glance at his wife's knitting, "we might go for a constitutional before luncheon."

"That will be very nice," answered Mrs. St. Clair. She folded up her work and gave it to Miss Porchester.

"If you're going upstairs, Eleanor, will you take my work?"

"Certainly, Aunt Gertrude."

"I daresay you're a little tired after your walk, my dear."

"I shall have a little rest before luncheon."

Miss Porchester went into the hotel and Mr. and Mrs. St. Clair walked slowly along the sea front, side by side, to a certain point, and then walked slowly back.

When I met any one of them on the stairs I bowed and received an unsmiling, polite bow in return, and in the morning I ventured upon a good day, but there the matter ended. It looked as though I should never have a chance to speak to any of them. But presently I thought that Mr. St. Clair gave me now and then a glance, and thinking he had heard my name, I thought, perhaps vainly, that he looked at me with curiosity. And a day or two

(Advertisement)

after that, I was sitting in my room when the porter came in with a message.

"Mr. St. Clair presents his compliments and could you oblige him with the loan of Whitaker's Almanac?"

I was astonished.

"Why on earth should he think that I have a Whitaker's Almanac?"

"Well, sir, the manageress told him you wrote." I could not see the connection.

"Tell Mr. St. Clair that I'm very sorry that I haven't got a Whitaker's Almanac, but if I had I would very gladly lend it to him."

Here was my opportunity. I was by now filled with eagerness to know these fantastic persons more closely. Now and then in the heart of Asia I have come upon a lonely tribe living in a little village among an alien population. No one knows how they came there or why they settled in that spot. They live their own lives, speak their own language, and have no communication with neighbors.

No one knows whether they are the descendants of a band that was left behind when their nation swept in a vast horde across the continent of Asia or whether they are the dying remnant of some great people that in that spot once held empire. They are a mystery. They have no future and their past has no history. This odd little family seemed to me to have something of the same character.

They were of an era that is dead and gone. They reminded me of persons in one of those leisurely, old-fashioned novels that one's father read. They belonged to the Eighties and they had not moved since then. How extraordinary it was that they could have lived through the last forty years as though the world had stood still!

They took me back to my childhood and I recollect people who are long since dead. I wonder if it is only distance which gives me the impression that they were more peculiar than anyone is now. When a person was described then as "quite a character," by heaven, it meant something.

So that evening after dinner I went into the lounge and boldly addressed Mr. St. Clair.

"I'm sorry I haven't got a Whitaker's Almanac," I said, "but if I have any other book that can be of service to you I shall be delighted to lend it to you."

Mr. St. Clair was obviously startled. The two ladies kept their eyes on their work. There was an embarrassed hush.

"It does not matter at all, but I was given to understand by the manageress that you were a novelist."

I racked my brain. There was evidently some connection between my profession and Whitaker's Almanac which escaped me.

"In days gone by Mr. Trollope used often to dine with us in Leinster Square and I remember him saying that the two most useful books to a novelist were the Bible and Whitaker's Almanac."

"I see that Thackeray once stayed in this hotel," I remarked, anxious not to let the conversation drop.

"I never very much cared for Mr. Thackeray, though I knew several people who knew him. You remember, my dear"—this was to his wife—"he used to dine with the Granville Saunders. He was too cynical for me. My niece has not read *Vanity Fair* to this day."

Miss Porchester blushed slightly at this reference to herself. At that moment a waiter brought in the coffee and Mrs. St. Clair turned to her husband.

"Perhaps, my dear, this gentleman

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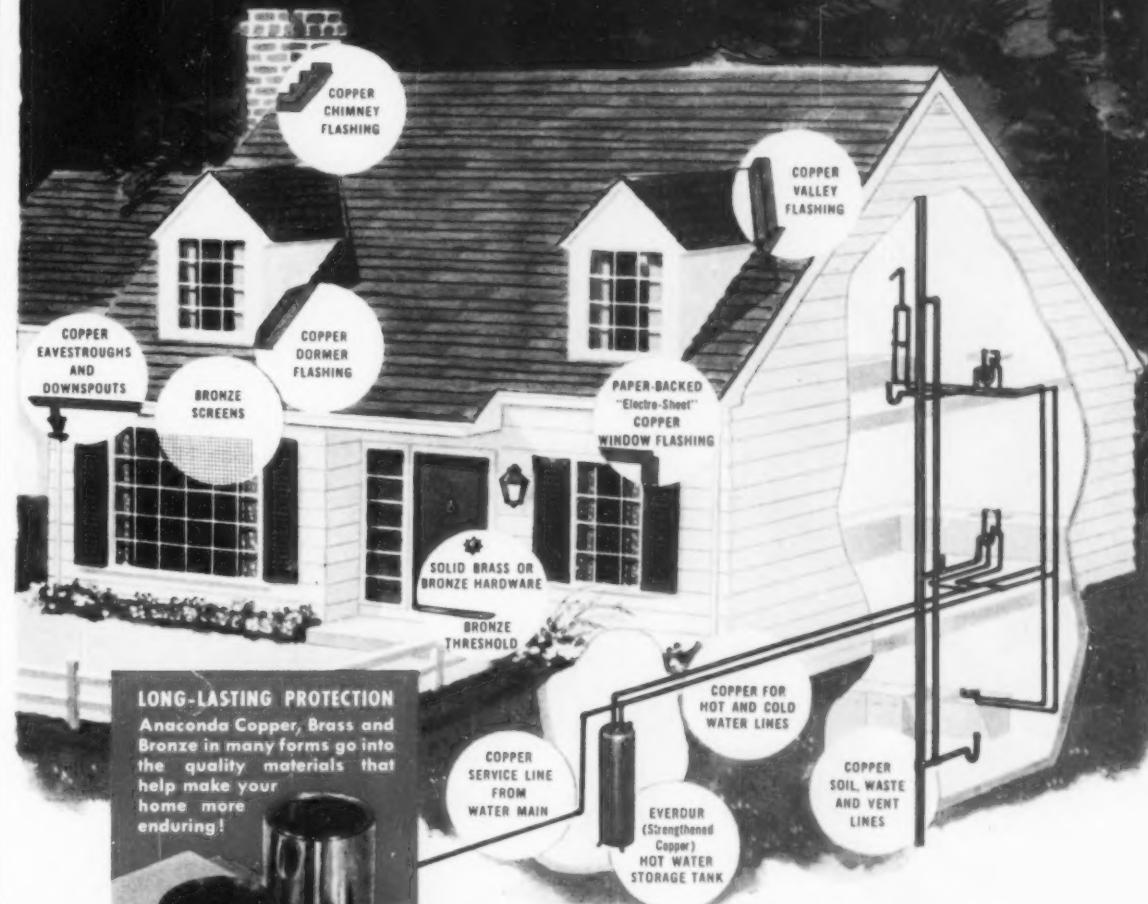
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would do us the pleasure to have his coffee with us."

Although I was not directly addressed, I answered promptly.

"Thank you very much."

I sat down.

"Mr. Trollope was always my favorite novelist," said Mr. St. Clair. "He was so essentially a gentleman. I admire Charles Dickens. But Charles Dickens could never draw a gentleman. I am given to understand that young people nowadays find Mr. Trollope a little slow. My niece, Miss Porchester, actually prefers the novels of Mr.

William Black."

"I'm afraid I've never read any," I said.

"Ah, I see that you are like me; you are not up to date. My niece once persuaded me to read a novel by a Miss Rhoda Broughton, but I could not manage more than a hundred pages of it."

"I did not say I liked it, Uncle Edwin," said Miss Porchester, defending herself, with another blush. "I told you it was rather fast, but everybody was talking about it."

"I'm quite sure it is not the sort of

book your Aunt Gertrude would have wished you to read, Eleanor."

"I remember Miss Broughton saying to me once that when she was young, people said her books were fast and when she was old they said they were slow, and it was very hard since she had written exactly the same sort of book for forty years."

"Oh, did you know Miss Broughton?" asked Miss Porchester, addressing me for the first time. "How very interesting! And did you know Ouida?"

"My dear Eleanor, what will you say next? I'm quite sure you've never

read anything by Ouida."

"Indeed I have, Uncle Edwin. I've read *Under Two Flags* and I liked it very much."

"You amaze and shock me. I don't know what girls are coming to nowadays."

"You always said that when I was thirty you gave me complete liberty to read anything I liked."

"There is a difference, my dear Eleanor, between liberty and license," said Mr. St. Clair, smiling a little in order not to make his reproof offensive, but with a certain gravity.

I do not know if in recounting this conversation I have managed to convey the impression it gave me of a charming and old-fashioned air. I could have listened all night to them discussing the depravity of an age which was young in the Eighteen-Eighties. I would have given a good deal for a glimpse of their large and gloomy house in Leinster Square. I should have recognized that suite covered in red brocade which stood stiffly about the drawing room used only for parties, and the cabinets filled with Dresden china would have brought me back my childhood. In the dining room, where they habitually sat, there was a Turkey carpet on the floor and a vast mahogany sideboard groaning with silver. On the walls were the pictures which had excited the admiration of Mrs. Humphrey Ward and her Uncle Matthew in the Academy of eighteen-eighty.

NEXT morning I was strolling through a pretty lane at the back of Elsom and I passed Miss Porchester who was taking "her walk." I should have liked to go a little way with her, but I felt certain that it would embarrass this maiden of fifty to saunter alone with a man even of my respectable years. She bowed as she passed me and blushed. Oddly enough, a few yards behind her I came upon the funny shabby little man in black gloves with whom I had spoken for a few minutes on the Front. He touched his bowler hat.

"Excuse me, sir, but could you oblige me with a match?" he said.

"Certainly," I retorted, "but I'm afraid I have no cigarettes on me."

"Allow me to offer you one of mine," he said, taking out the little paper case. It was empty. "Dear, dear, I haven't got one either. What a curious coincidence!"

He went on and I had the idea that he was hastening his steps a little. I was beginning to have my doubts about him and I hoped he was not going to bother Miss Porchester. For a moment I thought of walking back, but I did not. He was a civil little man and I did not believe he would make a nuisance of himself to a single lady.

I saw him again that very afternoon. I was sitting on the Front. He walked toward me with little, halting steps. There was something of a wind and he looked like a dried leaf being driven before it. This time he did hesitate, but sat down beside me.

"We meet again, sir. The world is a small place. If it will not inconvenience you, perhaps you will allow me to rest a few minutes. I am a little tired."

"This is a public bench and you have just as much right to sit on it as I."

I did not wait for him to ask me for a match, but at once offered him a cigarette.

"How very kind of you, sir! I have to limit myself to so many cigarettes a day but I enjoy those I smoke. As one grows older the pleasures of life diminish but my experience is that one enjoys more those that remain."

"That is a very consoling thought."

"Excuse me, sir, but am I right in

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thinking that you are the well-known author?"

"I am an author," I replied. "But what made you think it?"

"I have seen your portrait in the illustrated papers. I suppose you don't recognize me."

I looked at him again, a weedy, little man in neat, but shabby black clothes, with a long nose and watery blue eyes.

"I'm afraid I don't."

"I daresay I've changed," he sighed. "There was a time when my photograph was in every paper in the United Kingdom. Of course, those press photographs never do you justice. I give you my word, sir, that if I hadn't seen my name underneath I should never have guessed that some of them were meant for me."

He was silent for a while. The tide was out and beyond the shingle of the beach was a strip of yellow mud. The breakwaters were half buried in it like the backbones of prehistoric beasts.

"It must be a wonderfully interesting thing to be an author, sir. I've often thought I had quite a turn for writing myself. At one time and another I've done a rare lot of reading. I haven't kept up with it much lately. For one thing my eyes are not so good as they used to be. I believe I could write a book if I tried."

"They say anybody can write one," I answered.

"Not a novel, you know. I'm not much of a one for novels; I prefer histories and that like. But memoirs—if anybody was to make it worth my while I wouldn't mind writing my memoirs."

"It's very fashionable just now."

"There are not many people who've had the experience I've had in one way and another. I did write to one of the Sunday papers about it some little while back, but they never answered my letter."

He gave me a long appraising look. He had too respectable an air to be about to ask me for half a crown.

"Of course you don't know who I am, sir, do you?"

"I honestly don't."

He seemed to ponder for a moment, then he smoothed down his black gloves on his fingers, looked for a moment at a hole in one of them, and then turned to me not without self-consciousness.

"I am the celebrated Mortimer Ellis," he said.

"Oh?"

I did not know what other ejaculation to make, for to the best of my belief I had never heard the name before. I saw a look of disappointment come over his face, and I was a trifle embarrassed.

"Mortimer Ellis," he repeated. "You're not going to tell me you don't know."

"I'm afraid I must. I'm very often out of England."

I wondered to what he owed his celebrity. I passed over in my mind various possibilities. He could never have been an athlete which alone in England gives a man real fame, but he might have been a faith healer or a champion billiard player. There is, of course, no one so obscure as a cabinet minister out of office and he might have been president of the board of trade in a defunct administration. But he had none of the look of a politician.

"That's fame for you," he said bitterly. "Why, for weeks I was the most talked about man in England. Look at me. You must have seen my photograph in the papers. Mortimer Ellis."

"I'm sorry," I said, shaking my head.

He paused a moment to give his disclosure effectiveness.

"I am the well-known bigamist."

Now what are you to reply when a

person who is practically a stranger to you informs you that he is a well-known bigamist? I will confess that I have sometimes had the vanity to think that I was not as a rule at a loss for a retort, but here I found myself speechless.

"I've had eleven wives, sir," he went on.

"Most people find one about as much as they can manage."

"Ah, that's want of practice. When you've had eleven there's very little you don't know about women."

"But why did you stop at eleven?"

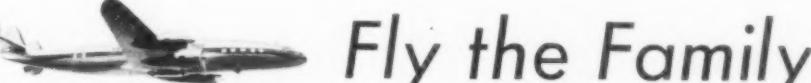
"There now, I knew you'd say that. The moment I set eyes on you I said to myself, he's got a clever face. You know, sir, that's the thing that always grizzles me. Eleven does seem a funny number, doesn't it? There's something unfinished about it. Now, three anyone might have, and seven's all right, and they say nine's lucky, there's nothing wrong with ten. But eleven! That's the one thing I regret. I shouldn't have minded anything if I could have brought it up to the Round Dozen."

He unbuttoned his coat and from an

inside pocket produced a bulging and very greasy pocket book. From this he took a large bundle of newspaper cuttings; they were worn and creased and dirty. But he spread out two or three.

"Now just you look at those photographs. I ask you, are they like me? It's an outrage. Why, you'd think I was a criminal to look at them."

The cuttings were of imposing length. In the opinion of sub-editors, Mortimer Ellis had obviously been a news item of some value. One was headed, A Much Married Man; another, Heartless Ruffian Brought to Book; a third,



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Contemptible Scoundrel Meets his Waterloo.

"Not what you would call a good press," I murmured.

"I never pay any attention to what the newspapers say," he answered, with a shrug of his thin shoulders. "I've known too many journalists myself for that. No, it's the judge I blame. He treated me very badly and it did him no good, mind you; he died within the year."

I ran my eyes down the report I held.

"I see he gave you five years."

"Disgraceful, I call it, and see what

it says." He pointed to a place with his forefinger. "Three of his victims pleaded for mercy to be shown to him." That shows what they thought of me. And after that he gave me five years. And just look what he called me, a heartless scoundrel—me, the best-hearted man that ever lived—a pest of society and a danger to the public. Said he wished he had the power to give me the cat. I don't so much mind his giving me five years, though you'll never get me to say it wasn't excessive, but I ask you, had he the right to talk to me like that? No, he hadn't, and I'll

never forgive him, not if I live to be a hundred."

The bigamist's cheeks flushed and his watery eyes were filled for a moment with fire. It was a sore subject with him.

"May I read them?" I asked him.

"That's what I gave them to you for, I want you to read them, sir. And if you can read them without saying I'm a much wronged man, well, you're not the man I took you for."

AS I glanced through one cutting after another I saw why Mortimer

Ellis had so wide an acquaintance with the seaside resorts of England. They were his hunting ground. His method was to go somewhere after the season was well over and take apartments in one of the empty lodgings. Apparently it did not take him long to make acquaintance with some woman or other, widow or spinster, and I noticed that their ages at the time were between thirty-five and fifty.

They stated in the witness box that they had met him first on the sea front. He generally proposed marriage to them within a fortnight of this and they were married shortly after. He induced them in one way or another to entrust him with their savings and after a few months, on the pretext that he had to go to London on business, he left them and never returned. Only one had ever seen him again till obliged to give evidence, they saw him in the dock. They were women of a certain respectability; one was the daughter of a doctor and another of a clergyman, there were spinsters; there was a lodgings keeper; there was the widow of a commercial traveler; and there was a retired dressmaker.

For the most part, their fortunes ranged from five hundred to a thousand pounds, but whatever they were the misguided women were stripped of every penny. Some of them told really pitiful stories of the destitution to which they had been reduced. But they all acknowledged that he had been a good husband to them. Not only had three actually pleaded for mercy to be shown him, but one said in the witness box that, if he was willing to come, she was ready to take him back. He noticed that I was reading this incident.

"And she'd have worked for me," he said, "there's no doubt about that. But I said, better let bygones be bygones. No one likes a cut off the best-end of the neck better than I do, but I'm not much of a one for cold roast mutton, I will confess."

It was only by an accident that Mortimer Ellis did not marry his twelfth wife and so achieve the Round Dozen which I understood appealed to his love of symmetry. For he was engaged to be married to a Miss Hubbard—"two thousand pounds she had, if she had a penny, in war loan," he confided to me—and the banns had been read, when one of his former wives saw him, made inquiries, and communicated with the police. He was arrested on the very day before his twelfth wedding.

"She was a bad one, she was," he told me. "She deceived me something cruel."

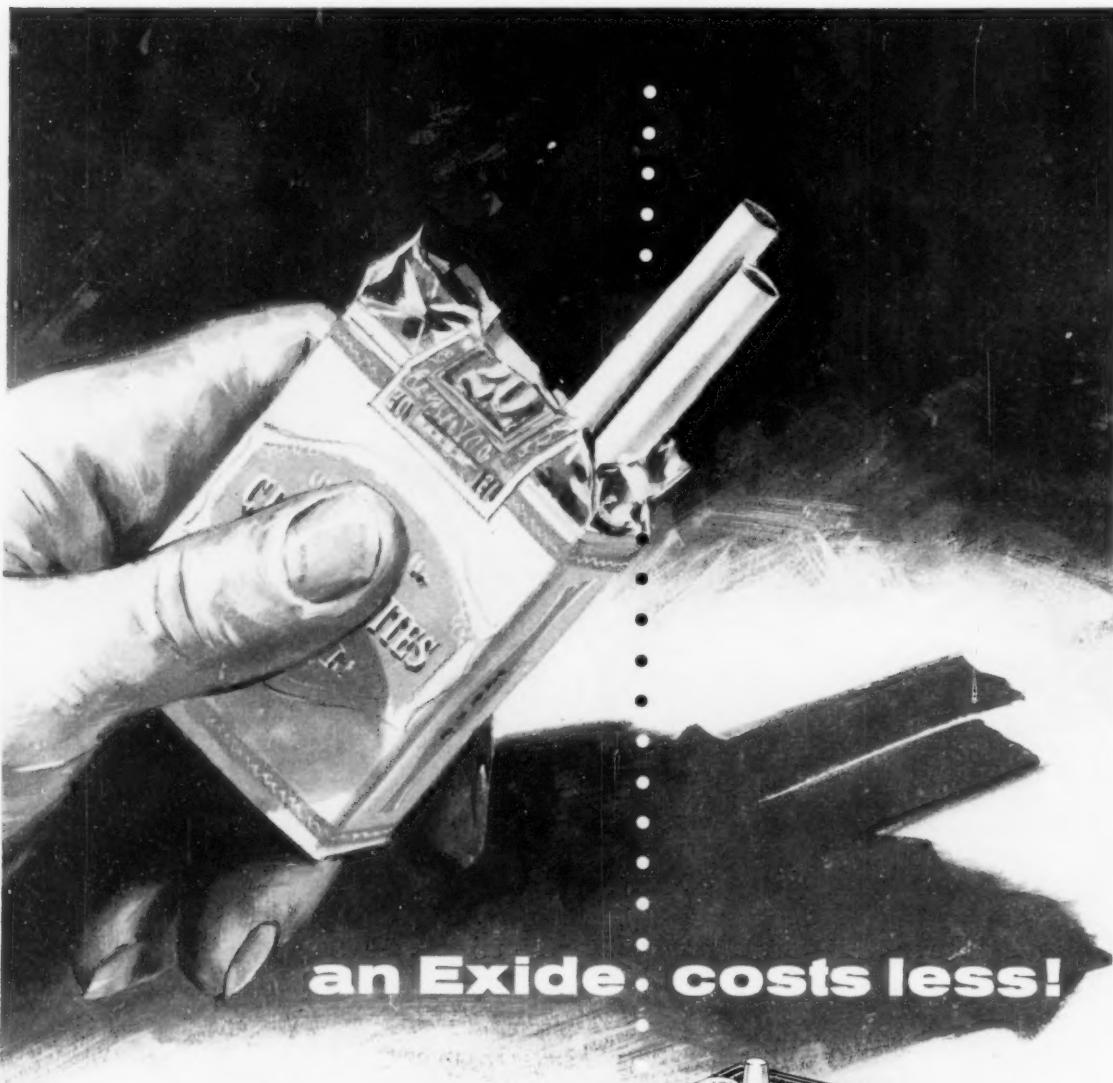
"How did she do that?"

"Well, I met her at Eastbourne, one December it was, on the pier, and she told me in course of conversation that she'd been in the millinery business and had retired. She said she'd made a tidy bit of money. She wouldn't say exactly how much it was, but she gave me to understand it was something like fifteen hundred pounds. And when I married her, would you believe it, she hadn't got three hundred. And that's the one who gave me away. And mind you, I never blamed her. I never showed her that I was disappointed even; I just went away without a word."

"But not without the three hundred pounds, I take it."

"Oh, come, sir, you must be reasonable," he returned in an injured tone. "You can't expect three hundred pounds to last forever and I'd been married to her four months before she confessed the truth."

"Forgive my asking," I said, "and pray don't think my question suggests a disparaging view of your personal attractions, but—why did they marry you?"



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"Because I asked them," he answered, evidently very much surprised at my inquiry.

"But did you never have any relatives?"

"Very seldom. Not more than four or five in the whole course of my career. Of course, I didn't propose till I was pretty sure of my ground and I don't say I didn't draw a blank sometimes. You can't expect to click every time, if you know what I mean, and I've often wasted several weeks making up to a woman before I saw there was nothing doing."

I surrendered myself for a time to my reflections.

But I noticed presently that a broad smile spread over the mobile features of my friend.

"I understand what you mean," he said. "It's my appearance that puzzles you. You don't know what it is they see in me. That's what comes of reading novels and going to the pictures. You think what women want is the cowboy type, or the romance-of-old-Spain touch, flashing eyes, an olive skin, and a beautiful dancer. You make me laugh."

"I'm glad," I said.

"Are you a married man, sir?"

"I am. But I only have one wife."

"You can't judge by that. You can't generalize from a single instance, if you know what I mean. Now, I ask you, what would you know about dogs if you'd never had anything but one bull terrier?"

The question was rhetorical and I felt sure did not require an answer. He paused for an effective moment and went on.

"You're wrong, sir. You're quite wrong. They may take a fancy to a good-looking young fellow, but they don't want to marry him. They don't really care about looks."

"Douglas Jerrold, who was as ugly as he was witty, used to say that if he was given ten minutes start with a woman he could cut out the handsomest man in the room.

"They don't want wit. They don't want a man to be funny; they think he's not serious. They don't want a man who's too handsome; they think he's not serious either. That's what they want, they want a man who's serious. Safety first. And then—attention. I may not be handsome and I may not be amusing, but believe me I've got what every woman wants. And the proof is I've made every one of my wives happy."

"It certainly is much to your credit that three of them pleaded for mercy to be shown to you and that one was willing to take you back."

"You don't know what an anxiety that was to me all the time I was in prison. I thought she'd be waiting for me at the gate when I was released and I said to the governor, 'For God's sake, sir, smuggle me out so that no one can see me.'"

He smoothed his gloves again over his hands and his eyes once more fell upon the hole in the first finger.

"That's what comes of living in lodgings, sir. How's a man to keep himself neat and tidy without a woman?"

Picture Window

Its owner enjoys a superior outlook,
And since passersby on the outside
no doubt look
Inside with the keenest attention, it
gives
All a chance to find out how the
other half lives.

P. J. BLACKWELL

an to look after him? I've been married too often to be able to get along without a wife. There are men who don't like being married. I can't understand them. The fact is, you can't do a thing really well unless you've got your heart in it, and I like being a married man. It's no difficulty to me to do the little things that women like and that some men can't be bothered with. As I was saying just now, it's attention a woman wants. I never went out of the house without giving my wife a kiss and I never came in without giving her another. And it was seldom I came

in without bringing her some chocolates or a few flowers. I never grudged the expense."

"After all, it was her money you were spending," I interposed.

"And what if it was? It's not the money that you've paid for a present that signifies; it's the spirit you give it. That's what counts with women. No, I'm not one to boast, but I will say this for myself. I am a good husband."

I looked desultorily at the reports of the trial which I still held.

"I'll tell what surprises me," I said. "All these women were very re-

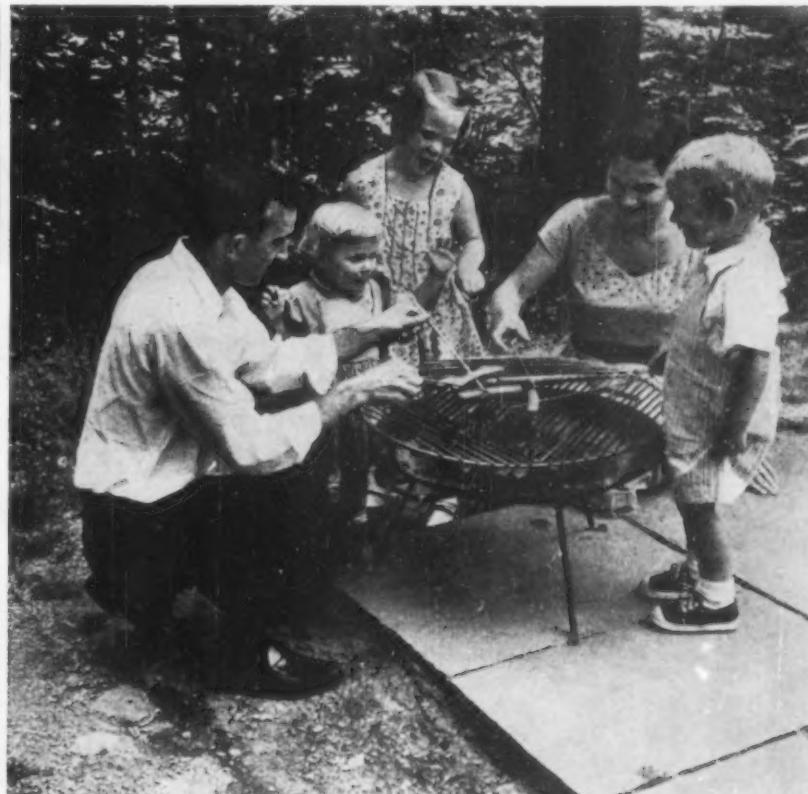
spectable, of a certain age, quiet, decent persons. And yet they married you without any inquiry after the shortest possible acquaintance."

He put his hand impressively on my arm.

"Ah, that's what you don't understand, sir. Women have a craving to be married. It doesn't matter how young they are or how old they are, if they're short or tall, dark or fair, they've all got one thing in common: they want to be married. And mind you, I married them in church. No woman feels really safe unless she's married in

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considerably less than a helter-skelter, hit-or-miss collection of policies might cost you. So if your neighborhood Travelers man should phone and ask to see you, won't you and your wife sit down with him?

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church. You say I'm no beauty; well, I never thought I was, but if I had one leg and a hump on my back I could find any number of women who'd jump at the chance of marrying me.

"It's not the man they care about, it's marriage. It's a mania with them. It's a disease. Why, there's hardly one of them who wouldn't have accepted me the second time I saw her only I like to make sure of my ground before I commit myself. When it all came out there was a rare to-do because I'd married eleven times. Eleven times? Why, it's nothing, it's not even a Round Dozen. I could have married thirty times if I'd wanted to. I give you my word, sir, when I consider my opportunities, I'm astounded by my moderation."

"You told me you were very fond of reading history."

"Yes, Warren Hastings said that, didn't he? It struck me at the time I read it. It seemed to fit me like a glove."

"And you never found these constant courtships a trifle monotonous?"

"Well, sir, I think I've got a logical mind, and it always gave me a rare lot of pleasure to see how the same effects followed on the same causes, if you know what I mean. Now, for instance, with a woman who'd never been married before I always passed myself off as a widower. It worked like a charm. You see, a spinster likes a man who knows a thing or two. But with a widow I always said I was a bachelor: a widow's afraid a man who's been married before knows too much."

I GAVE him back his cuttings; he folded them up neatly and replaced them in his greasy pocketbook.

"You know, sir, I always think I've been misjudged. Just see what they say about me: a pest of society, unscrupulous villain, contemptible scoundrel. Now just look at me. I ask you, do I look that sort of man? You know me, you're a judge of character, I've told you all about myself; do you think me a bad man?"

"My acquaintance with you is very slight," I answered with what I thought considerable tact.

"I wonder if the judge, I wonder if the jury, I wonder if the public, ever thought about my side of the question. The public booed me when I was taken into court and the police had to protect me from their violence. Did any of them think what I'd done for these women?"

"You took their money."

"Of course I took their money. I had to live the same as anybody has to live. But what did I give them in exchange for their money?"

This was another rhetorical question and though he expected an answer, I held my tongue. Indeed, I did not know the answer. His voice was raised and he spoke with emphasis. I could see that he was deadly serious.

"I'll tell you what I gave them in exchange for their money. Romance. Look at this place." He made a wide, circular gesture that embraced the sea and the horizon. "There are a hundred places in England like this. Look at that sea and that sky; look at these lodgings; look at that pier and the Front. Doesn't it make your heart sink? It's dead as mutton. It's all very well for you who come down here for a week or two because you're run down. But think of all those women who live here from one year's end to another. They haven't a chance. They hardly know anyone, they've just got enough money to live on and that's all. I wonder if you know how terrible their lives are. Their lives are just like the Front—a long, straight, cemented walk that goes on and on from one seaside



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resort to another. Even in the season there's nothing for them. They're out of it. They might as well be dead. And then I come along. Mind you, I never made advances to a woman who wouldn't have gladly acknowledged to thirty-five. And I give them love. Why, many of them had never known what it was to sit on a bench in the dark with a man's arm round their waist. I bring them change and excitement. I give them a new pride in themselves. They were on the shelf and I come along quite quietly and I deliberately take them down. A little ray of sunshine in those drab lives, that's what I was. No wonder they jumped at me to go back to them. The only one who gave me away was the milliner; she said she was a widow; my private opinion is that she'd never been married at all! You say I did the dirty on them; why, I brought happiness and glamour into eleven lives that never thought they had even a dog's chance of it again. You say I'm a villain and a scoundrel, you're wrong. I'm a philanthropist. Five years, they gave me; they should have given me the medal of the Royal Humane Society."

He took out his empty packet of Goldflakes and looked at it with a melancholy shake of the head. When I handed him my cigarette case, he helped himself without a word. I watched the spectacle of a good man struggling with his emotion.

"And what did I get out of it? I ask you," he continued presently. "Board and lodging and enough to buy cigarettes. But I never was able to save, and the proof is that now, when I'm not so young as I was, I haven't got half a crown in my pocket." He gave me a sidelong glance. "It's a great comedown for me to find myself in this position. I've always paid my way and I've never asked a friend for a loan in all my life. I was wondering, sir, if you could oblige me with a trifle. It's humiliating to me to have to suggest it, but the fact is, if you could oblige me with a pound it would mean a great deal to me."

Well, I had certainly had a pound's worth of entertainment out of the bigamist and I dived for my pocket-book.

"I shall be very glad," I said.

He looked at the notes I took out.

"I suppose you couldn't make it two, sir?"

"I think I could."

I handed him a couple of pound notes and he gave a little sigh as he took them.

"You don't know what it means to a man who's used to the comforts of home life not to know where to turn for a night's lodging."

"But there is one thing I should like you to tell me," I said. "I shouldn't like you to think me cynical, but I had an idea that women on the whole take the maxim, it is more blessed to give than to receive, as applicable exclusively to our sex. How did you persuade these respectable, and no doubt thrifty, women to entrust you so confidently with all their savings?"

An amused smile spread over his undistinguished features.

"Well, sir, you know what Shakespeare said about ambition o'erleaping itself. That's the explanation. Tell a woman you'll double her capital in six months if she'll give it to you to handle and she won't be able to give you the money quick enough. Greed, that's what it is. Just greed."

IT WAS a sharp sensation, stimulating to the appetite (like hot sauce with ice cream) to go from this diverting ruffian to the respectability, all lavender bags and crinolines, of the St. Clairs and Miss Porchester. I spent



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every evening with them now. No sooner had the ladies left him than Mr. St. Clair sent his compliments to my table and asked me to drink a glass of port with him. When he had finished it, we went into the lounge and drank coffee. Mr. St. Clair enjoyed his glass of old brandy. The hour I thus spent with them was so exquisitely boring that it had for me a singular fascination. They were told by the manageress that I had written plays.

"We used often to go to the theatre when Sir Henry Irving was at the Lyceum," said Mr. St. Clair. "I once had the pleasure of meeting him. I was taken to supper at the Garrick Club by Sir Everard Millais and I was introduced to Mr. Irving as he then was."

"Tell him what he said to you, Edwin," said Mrs. St. Clair.

Mr. St. Clair struck a dramatic attitude and gave not at all a bad imitation of Henry Irving.

"You have the actor's face, Mr. St. Clair," he said to me. "If you ever think of going on the stage, come to me and I will give you a part." Mr. St. Clair resumed his natural manner. "It was enough to turn a young man's head."

"But it didn't turn yours," I said.

"I will not deny that if I had been otherwise situated I might have allowed myself to be tempted. But I had my family to think of. It would have broken my father's heart if I had not gone into the business."

"What is that?" I asked.

"I am a tea merchant, sir. My firm is the oldest in the City of London. I have spent forty years of my life in combating to the best of my ability the desire of my fellow countrymen to drink Ceylon tea instead of the China tea which was universally drunk in my youth."

I thought it charmingly characteristic of him to spend a lifetime in persuading the public to buy something they didn't want rather than something they did.

"But in his younger days my husband did a lot of amateur acting and he was thought very clever," said Mrs. St. Clair.

"Shakespeare, you know, and sometimes The School for Scandal. I would never consent to act trash. But that is a thing of the past. I had a gift, perhaps it was a pity to waste it, but it's too late now. When we have a dinner party I sometimes let the ladies persuade me to recite the great soliloquies of Hamlet. But that is all I do."

"Oh! Oh! Oh! I thought with shuddering fascination of those dinner parties and wondered whether I should ever be asked to one of them. Mrs. St. Clair gave me a little smile, half shocked, half prim.

"My husband was very Bohemian as a young man," she said.

"I sowed my wild oats. I knew quite a lot of painters and writers, Wilkie Collins, for instance, and even men who wrote for the papers. Watts painted a portrait of my wife, and I bought a picture of Millais. I knew a number of the Pre-Raphaelites."

"Have you a Rossetti?" I asked.

"No, I admired Rossetti's talent, but I could not approve of his private life. I never bought one of his pictures and he never dined at my house."

My brain was reeling when Miss Porchester, looking at her watch, said: "Are you not going to read to us tonight, Uncle Edwin?"

I withdrew.

It was while I was drinking a glass of port with Mr. St. Clair one evening that he told me the sad story of Miss Porchester. She was engaged to be married to a nephew of Mrs. St. Clair, a barrister, when it was discovered that he had had an intrigue

with the daughter of his laundress. "It was a terrible thing," said Mr. St. Clair. "A terrible thing. But of course my niece took the only possible course. She returned him his ring, his letters and his photograph, and said that she could never marry him. She implored him to marry the young person he had wronged and said she would be a sister to her. It broke her heart. She has never cared for anyone since."

"And did he marry the young person?"

Mr. St. Clair shook his head and sighed.

"No, we were greatly mistaken in him. It has been a sore grief to my dear wife to think that a nephew of hers should behave in such a dishonorable manner. Some time later we heard that he was engaged to a young lady in a very good position with ten thousand pounds of her own. I considered it my duty to write to her father and put the facts before him. He answered my letter in a most insolent fashion. He said he would much rather his son-in-law had a mistress before marriage than after."

"What happened then?"

"They were married and now my wife's nephew is one of His Majesty's Judges of the High Court, and his wife is My Lady. But we've never consented to have anything to do with them. When my wife's nephew was knighted my niece suggested that we should ask them to dinner, but my wife said that she should never darken our doors and I upheld her."

"And the laundress's daughter?"

"She married in her own class of life and has a public house at Canterbury. My niece, who has a little money of her own, did everything for her and is godmother to her eldest child."

Poor Miss Porchester. She had sacrificed herself on the altar of mid-Victorian morality and I am afraid the consciousness that she had behaved beautifully was the only benefit that she had got from it.

"Miss Porchester is a woman of striking appearance," I said. "When she was younger she must have been perfectly lovely. I wonder she never married somebody else."

Miss Porchester was considered a great beauty. Alma-Tadema admired her so much that he asked her to sit as a model for one of his pictures, but of course we couldn't very well allow that." Mr. St. Clair's tone conveyed that the suggestion had deeply outraged his sense of decency. "No, Miss Porchester never cared for anyone but her cousin. She never speaks of him and it is now thirty years since they parted, but I am convinced that she loves him still. She is a true woman, my dear sir, one life, one love, and though perhaps I regret that she has been deprived of the joys of marriage and motherhood I am bound to admire her fidelity."

But the heart of woman is incalculable and rash is the man who thinks she will remain in one stay. You have known Eleanor since, five and forty years ago, her mother having fallen into a decline and died, you brought her to your comfortable and even luxurious house in Leinster Square; but what, when it comes down to brass tacks, Uncle Edwin, do you really know of Eleanor?

IT WAS but two days after Mr. St. Clair had confided to me the touching story which explained why Miss Porchester had remained a spinster that, coming back to the hotel in the afternoon after a game of golf, the manageress came up to me in an agitated manner.

"Mr. St. Clair's compliments and will you go up to number twenty-seven the moment you come in," turn to page 65



HOEDOWN...1955 Style!

Apart from the electric lights and the P.A. system for the caller, the country square dance hasn't changed much in the last fifty years. Young people are still dancing to "swing your partners" and "dos-si-dos" and "allemande left to the corners all."

What makes 1955 different from 1905 is the amount of leisure farm people have now. There's more time for square dancing, for ball games and picnics, 4-H club work and long trips by car on the week-end. And in the country, people have never lost the art of making their own good times.

Farming is a more relaxed way of life these days because most of the heavy work is done by fast, time-saving machines. There are machines to do the milking, machines to lift loads,

grind feed and spread fertilizer. Machines like the combine allow one man to do the work of a dozen—faster and more efficiently.

Massey-Harris-Ferguson machines are helping the farmer to increase his output and reduce man-hours at the same time. They're giving him time to *enjoy* his prosperity, to share more widely in the goods and services of the city. This, in turn, creates business activity from which *all* Canadians benefit.

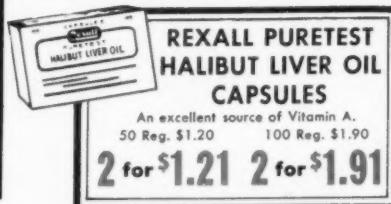
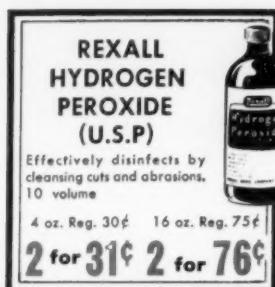
MASSEY-HARRIS-FERGUSON
LIMITED

Toronto • Canada

Every item in this sale is regular

REXALL

TWICE AS MUCH FOR ONLY A PENNY MORE



Adrienne All-Purpose Cream	Cleanses and lubricates. 3½ oz. Reg. \$1.10.....	2 for \$1.11
Rexall Rexillana Cough Syrup	Sothes dryness and tickling. 4 oz. Reg. 65¢.....	2 for 66¢
Rexall Puretest Tincture of Iodine	2½% (without iod) 2 oz. Reg. 35¢.....	2 for 36¢
Tiny Tot A-Sa-Rex Tablets	Kiddies' headache relief. 50 1 grain tablets. Reg. 50¢.....	2 for 51¢
Mi-31 Tooth Paste	For sparkling white teeth. Large size. Reg. 59¢.....	2 for 60¢
Gardenia Liquid Skin Softener	Keeps skin soft, smooth, attractive. Reg. 85¢.....	2 for 86¢
Bobby Comb	5 inch. Assorted colours. Reg. 10¢.....	2 for 11¢

FOUR SPECIAL BONUS BUYS



REXALL PLASTIC QUIK BANDS
Handy for emergencies. Metal box of 47. Flexible waterproof bandages—stay on even in water. Plain, flesh coloured. **75¢ Value Now 53¢**



ELKAY'S AEROSOL AIR REFRESHER
Quickly sweetens the air in any room. Push-button deodorizer. Eliminates tobacco odours. 11 oz. **\$1.49 Value Now 98¢**



REXALL LAVENDER SHAVE CREAM AEROSOL
This popular cream now in handy push-button dispenser for quicker shaves. Mentholated. 10 oz. **\$1.39 Value Now 89¢**



VICTORIA 2-HEAT HOT WATER BOTTLE
Smooth finest high quality red rubber. Moulded in one piece for longer life. New 2-heat feature. 2 quart size. **\$3.50 Value Now \$2.19**

VITAMIN VALUES

<input type="checkbox"/> Rexall Puretest Cod Liver Oil. Plain, 16 oz. Reg. \$1.85	2 for \$1.86
<input type="checkbox"/> Rexall Puretest Cod Liver Oil Compound Tablets. 100 Reg. \$1.75	2 for \$1.76
<input type="checkbox"/> Rexall Puretest Wheat Germ Oil Capsules 50 Reg. \$1.25	2 for \$1.26
<input type="checkbox"/> Rexall Puretest Yeast and Iron Tablets. Bottle of 100. Reg. \$1.00	2 for \$1.01
<input type="checkbox"/> Rexall Multi-Vitamin Formula 10 Tonic Liquid. 16 oz. Reg. \$2.95	2 for \$2.96
<input type="checkbox"/> Rexall Cod Liver Compound with Creosote. Helpful in treating stomach coughs due to colds. 16 oz. Reg. \$1.25	2 for \$1.26
<input type="checkbox"/> Rexall Tastless Extract of Cod Liver Compound with Vitamin D. Tonic and builder. 16 oz. Reg. \$1.25	2 for \$1.26
<input type="checkbox"/> Rexall Vitamin B Compound Tablets. 100 Reg. \$2.75	2 for \$2.76
<input type="checkbox"/> Rexall Puretest Multiple Vitamin Capsules. Contain 8 Vitamins—a good daily supplement. 50 Reg. \$2.35	2 for \$2.36
<input type="checkbox"/> Rexall Puretest Vitamins and Minerals Capsules. An easy, inexpensive diet supplement. 50 Reg. \$1.98	2 for \$1.99
	100 Reg. \$3.49
	2 for \$3.50

MEDICINE CHEST BUYS

<input type="checkbox"/> Rexall Firstaid Burn Ointment. Antiseptic and soothing for burns and scalds. 1½ oz. Reg. 75¢	2 for 76¢
<input type="checkbox"/> Rexall One Minute Headache Powders. Fast effective headache relief. 24 in tablet form Reg. 35¢	2 for 36¢
<input type="checkbox"/> Rexall Zinc Ointment. Quickly sooths cuts, wounds, sores, skin rash. 1½ oz. tin. Reg. 35¢	2 for 36¢
<input type="checkbox"/> Rexall Klenzo Liquid Antiseptic. Pleasant-tasting mouth wash, gargle breath deodorant, astringent. 8 oz. Reg. 60¢	2 for 61¢
<input type="checkbox"/> Monogram Clinical Thermometer. A household necessity, 1-minute type in sturdy bakelite case with clip. Made in England. Guaranteed accurate. Reg. \$1.50	2 for \$1.51
<input type="checkbox"/> Rexall Pro-Cap Adhesive Plaster. Plain 1" x 5 yds. Reg. 19¢	2 for 50¢
<input type="checkbox"/> Rexall Pro-Cap Adhesive Plaster. Waterproof. Triple cut in 1", 1½" and 2" widths. Reg. 85¢	2 for 86¢
<input type="checkbox"/> Rexall Quik Snips. Small plastic bandages. Waterproof, flexible. Package of 36. Reg. 50¢	2 for 51¢
<input type="checkbox"/> Rexall Eyeo. with eye cup. Soothing, cooling and cleansing eye lotion. Reduces irritation caused by wind, dust, bright sun. 7½ oz. Reg. 75¢	2 for 76¢
<input type="checkbox"/> Rexall Cotton Squares. Handy 2" x 2" size. Package of 10. Reg. 35¢	2 for 36¢
<input type="checkbox"/> Rexall Iodized Throat Gargle. Effective, antiseptic and astringent. 3 oz. Reg. 40¢	2 for 41¢

You can depend on any



The items listed are regular guaranteed Rexall products, freshly stocked by Rexall Druggists for the 1¢ Sale. Only through the increased volume resulting from the 1¢ Sale can they offer you such quality at such tremendous savings. This is only a partial list of items on this Rexall 1¢ Sale. All Rexall products are guaranteed to give satisfaction or your money back. Right reserved to limit quantities. SALE DATES: OCTOBER 19, 20, 21, 22.

guaranteed Rexall merchandise

SALE

AT OVER 1500 REXALL STORES IN CANADA



SALE DAYS

WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 19
THURSDAY OCTOBER 20
FRIDAY OCTOBER 21
SATURDAY OCTOBER 22

Use this ad as your shopping list and order in advance if you wish. Your Rexall Druggist will gladly lay away your order, to be picked up any time during the Rexall 16 Sale.

REXALL A-SA-REX TABLETS

Bring quick relief from headaches, cold discomforts and minor pains.
100 Reg. 65¢ 200 Reg. \$1.19

2 for 66¢ 2 for \$1.20

SAVE ON THESE FAMILY REMEDIES

- Rexall Cold Capsules.** Quickly relieve cold symptoms, discomforts. 25 Reg. 75¢ **2 for 76¢**
- Rexall Aga-Rex Compound.** Contains three effective laxative ingredients to combat constipation. 16 oz. Reg. \$1.20 **2 for \$1.51**
- Rexall Cherrystone Cough Syrup.** Quickly and effectively eases coughs due to colds. 8 oz. Reg. \$1.00 **2 for \$1.01**

- Rexall Lin-A-Septic Liniment.** Effective healing and soothing liquid rub for athletes foot, bruises, sprains and all minor aches and pains. 4 oz. Reg. 75¢ **2 for 76¢**

- Rexall Nerve Tonic with Vitamin B.** Valuable in treating nervous irritability, loss of appetite due to thiamine deficiency. 16 oz. Reg. \$1.50 **2 for \$1.51**

- Rexall Nose and Throat Relief with Ephedrine (Aqueous).** Relieves congestion of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat. 1 oz. Reg. 60¢ **2 for 61¢**
- Rexall Analgesic Balm.** Safe effective relief for headaches, cold and neuralgia. 1½ oz. Reg. 75¢ **2 for 76¢**

- Rexall Liquid Chest Rub.** Relieves surface congestion and minor soreness caused by colds. 2 oz. Reg. 79¢ **2 for 80¢**

- Sani-Ped Corn Solvent.** Painless removes corns, callouses. ½ oz. Reg. 40¢ **2 for 41¢**

- Rexall Bisma-Rex Gel.** Pleasantly-flavoured easy-to-take liquid leaves a soothing protective coating on irritated stomach membranes. 8 oz. Reg. \$1.25 **2 for \$1.26**

- Rexall Healing Salve.** For cuts, wounds, sores, skin rash. 1½ oz. tin. Reg. 35¢ **2 for 36¢**

- Rexall Hista-Rex Compound Capsules** 20 Reg. \$1.00 **2 for \$1.01**

- Rexall Quinine Bromide Compound Capsules.** 24 Reg. 40¢ **2 for 41¢**

- Rexall Readeant Mouth Wash.** Mild and refreshing. 16 oz. Reg. \$1.25 **2 for \$1.26**

- Rexall White-X Liniment.** Gives quick soothing relief from muscular aches and pains. 8 oz. Reg. 75¢ **2 for 76¢**

- Rexall Ordurines.** For children and adults. The original chocolate flavoured laxative. Gentle and effective action. 24 Reg. 45¢ **2 for 46¢**

- Rexall Puretest Epsom Salt.** Purity and quality guaranteed. 8 oz. Reg. 25¢ **2 for 26¢**

- Rexall Puretest Toilet Lanolin.** Soothing for chapped or tender skin. Ideal for babies. 2 oz. tube. Reg. 75¢ **2 for 76¢**

- Rexall Puretest Mineral Oil, Heavy American.** 16 oz. Reg. 85¢ **2 for 86¢**

- Rexall Puretest Camphorated Oil.** For sprains, bruises, rheumatic pains or chest colds. 4 oz. Reg. 50¢ **2 for 51¢**

- Rexall Puretest Castor Oil.** Extra fine quality. 4 oz. Reg. 55¢ **2 for 56¢**

- Rexall Puretest Oil of Wintergreen.** 4 oz. Reg. 75¢ **2 for 76¢**

- Rexall L.P.C. Nose Drops.** Give quick relief. 1 oz. Reg. 85¢ **2 for 86¢**

- Rexall P.K.Z.** For relief of simple diarrhoea, dysentery. 4 oz. Reg. 60¢ **2 for 61¢**

STATIONERY SAVINGS

- Rexall Linen Finish Envelopes.** Stock up during Sale. 20 Reg. 15¢ **2 for 16¢**

- Delay No. 10 Commercial Envelopes.** Package of 20. Reg. 25¢ **2 for 26¢**

- Stratford Note Pad.** Linen laid paper. Reg. 15¢ **2 for 16¢**

- Stratford Foldover Pad.** Linen finish. Reg. 35¢ **2 for 36¢**

- Lord Baltimore Letter Pad.** Linen finish. Reg. 45¢ **2 for 46¢**

- Christmas Greeting Cards.** New designs. 12. Reg. \$1.00 box **2 boxes for \$1.01**

- Christmas Greeting Cards.** Buy now and save. 20. Reg. \$1.50 box, 2 boxes for \$1.51

- Note Paper.** Stock up and save on this quality paper. Glazed porcelain, spiral laid, vellum finish. 24 sheets and envelopes. Reg. 75¢ **2 for 76¢**

- Note Paper.** 72 flat sheets, 36 envelopes. Cello wrapped. Reg. \$1.50 **2 for \$1.51**

- Note Paper.** Golden Vellum. 20 sheets and envelopes. Reg. \$1.00 **2 for \$1.01**

- Symphony Tint Ink Box.** Box of 24 sheets and 24 envelopes with two bottles of matching ink. Reg. \$1.25 **2 for \$1.26**

- Thank You Notes.** Box of 12 folded sheets and 12 envelopes. Reg. 60¢ **2 for 61¢**



ADRIENNE BEAUTY BUYS



- 1. **Adrienne Hand Lotion.** Use it regularly to keep hands soft and smooth. Not sticky or greasy. 4 oz. bottle. Reg. 85¢ **2 for 86¢**
- 2. **Adrienne Face Powder.** Smooth and flattering. Three shades to suit your skin tone. Reg. \$1.10 **2 for \$1.11**
- 3. **Adrienne Cologne—Decanter Bottle.** Delightfully refreshing cologne in an attractive handy easy-to-apply bottle. Reg. \$1.75 **2 for \$1.76**

STOCK UP ON THESE BEAUTY VALUES

- Floral Soap.** 4 cakes. 2 Gardenia, 2 Jasmine. Gift box. Reg. \$1.00 **2 boxes for \$1.01**
- Eau de Cologne.** Blue Hyacinthe or My Night liquid colognes. Reg. \$1.85 **2 for \$1.86**
- Gardenia and "365" Eau de Cologne.** Liquid. Reg. 85¢ **2 for 86¢**
- Langlois Lavender Talcum Powder.** In white and men's shade. Reg. 60¢ **2 for 61¢**
- "365" Old English Lavender Bath Cologne.** 7 oz. Reg. 85¢ **2 for 86¢**
- Langlois Cream of Almonds.** Soothes and lubricates dry rough skin. Reg. 55¢ **2 for 56¢**
- Gardenia Vanishing Cream.** Gently penetrates, softens and lubricates dry roughened or chapped skin. An excellent make-up and powder base. Reg. 85¢ **2 for 86¢**
- Silque Hand Lotion.** Reg. 85¢ **2 for 86¢**
- Purse Size Solid Cologne.** Blue Hyacinthe or Gardenia. Reg. \$1.25 **2 for \$1.26**
- Lorie Hair Oil.** 3 oz. Reg. 50¢ **2 for 51¢**
- Langlois Lavender Bath Powder.** With puff. Reg. \$1.75 **2 for \$1.76**
- Lorie French Balm.** Reg. 75¢ **2 for 76¢**
- Bath Powder.** Blue Hyacinthe or Adrienne Garden Spice. Reg. \$1.75 **2 for \$1.76**
- Silque Shampoo Liquid.** Reg. 85¢ **2 for 86¢**
- Dainty Deodorant Cologne.** In plastic squeeze bottle. 3 oz. Reg. \$1.00 **2 for \$1.01**
- Silque Deodorant Cream.** Effective long-lasting deodorant. Reg. 55¢ **2 for 56¢**
- Gardenia Face Powder.** Reg. 85¢ **2 for 86¢**
- Blue Hyacinthe Face Powder.** 3 shades. Reg. \$1.00 **2 for \$1.01**
- Perfumes.** Blue Hyacinthe, Gardenia or Lilac. 1 dram. Reg. 50¢ **2 for 51¢**
- Perfumes.** Blue Hyacinthe, Gardenia or Lilac. ½ dram. Reg. \$1.00 **2 for \$1.01**

- "Babs" Bobby Pins.** Rubber-tipped. Black or brown. 24 on card. Reg. 10¢ **2 for 11¢**
- Powder Puff** 2 ¼" diameter. Soft velour, cello-wrapped. Reg. 15¢ **2 for 16¢**
- Permedge Razor Blades** Double edged for plenty of slick shaves. Pkg. of 20. Reg. 69¢ **2 for 70¢**
- Leather Billfold** Genuine leather, in a range of assorted designs and styles. Reg. \$2.50. **2 for \$2.51**
- Rexall Blue Lined Envelopes** Ideal for home or office use. Pkg. of 23. Reg. 15¢ **2 for 16¢**
- Rexall Lead Pencils** For office, home or school. Canadian graphite, HB. Reg. 60¢ **2 for 67¢**

DENTAL NEEDS

- Klenzo Tooth Paste.** Brightens your teeth. Large tube. Reg. 59¢ **2 for 60¢**
- Rexall Dental Fix Powder.** Holds dental plates firmly. 3 oz. Reg. 69¢ **2 for 70¢**
- Mi-31 Tooth Powder with Sodium Perborate.** Works wonders on smoke-stained teeth. Reg. 55¢ **2 for 56¢**
- Rexall Dental Plate Brush.** 4 rows of Nylon bristles. Reg. 60¢ **2 for 61¢**
- Rexall Child's Tooth Brush.** 3 rows of Nylon bristles. Tufted end. Cellophane wrapped. Reg. 15¢ **2 for 16¢**
- Rexall Tooth Brush.** 3 rows of Nylon bristles. In carton. Reg. 35¢ **2 for 36¢**
- Rexall Tooth Brush.** 3 rows of Nylon bristles. Long head with tufted end or convex shape, jewel-type handle. In oval plastic tube. Reg. 50¢ **2 for 51¢**
- Rexall Tooth Brush.** 4 rows of Nylon bristles. Fine soft texture, assorted coloured handles. Reg. 50¢ **2 for 51¢**

HOUSEHOLD HELPS

- Rexall Effervescent Saccharin Tablets** (Sweet 'n' Ets). Non-fattening sweetener replaces sugar when calories are restricted. 100 1/2-grain tablets. Reg. 40¢ **2 for 41¢**
- Opeko Vanille Flavouring.** Improved formula artificial vanilla flavouring. 3½ oz. Reg. 35¢ **2 for 36¢**
- Elkay's Wickstyle Deodorant.** Masks household odours. Effectively sweetens any room. 6 oz. Reg. 79¢ **2 for 80¢**
- Elkay's Moth Fume Crystals.** Keep garments free from moths. Handy for all your clothes closets, linen cupboards. 3 oz. Reg. 29¢ **2 for 30¢**
- Defender Household Rubber Gloves.** Protect your hands on every household job. Strong, durable, pure latex. Small, medium or large. Reg. 75¢ pr. **2 prs. for 76¢**
- Wash Cloth.** Assorted colours. 12" x 12". Reg. 35¢ **2 for 36¢**



drug product that bears the name Rexall

New all-winter
every car

protection for
on the road



NEW
Mobiloil

... FOR IMPROVED PERFORMANCE IN ALL CARS!

No matter what car you drive, you can count on finer all-winter performance with New Mobiloil—which has now been improved to have *doubled* wear-fighting action! Its new formula gives you better performance under cold weather driving conditions... because of its special properties that reduce cold sludging. New Mobiloil means a cleaner engine for *all* cars. New Mobiloil reduces wear in start-and-stop driving. Its high viscosity index promotes easy starting and assures rapid oil circulation. New Mobiloil is available in grades to protect *every* engine under *every* weather and operating condition.

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SPECIAL
Mobiloil

... FOR TOP PERFORMANCE IN LATEST DESIGN CARS!

Here's the ultra-modern, all-year-round oil (S.A.E. 10W-20W-30) for the man who wants the *very finest*. Developed to meet the needs of latest design high compression engines, Mobiloil Special gives these six advantages:

Greatest protection against all types of sludging.
Minimum formation of combustion chamber deposits.
Best protection against wear under all driving conditions.
Better spark plug life.
Excellent starting because of extremely high viscosity index.
Improved gasoline mileage.

The total of these advantages means more power, longer engine life and more economical operation. For winter driving where you want these advantages more than ever, use Mobiloil Special, except where temperatures consistently go lower than 15° below zero. Then use Mobiloil 5W.

OTHER LEADING DEALERS EVERYWHERE

Continued from page 60

"Certainly. But why?"
"Oh, there's a rare upset. They'll tell you."

I knocked at the door. I heard a "come in, come in," which reminded me that Mr. St. Clair had played Hamlet in probably the most refined amateur company in London. I entered and found Mrs. St. Clair lying on the sofa with a handkerchief soaked in eau de cologne on her brow and a bottle of smelling salts in her hand. Mr. St. Clair was standing in front of the fire in such a manner as to prevent anyone else in the room from obtaining any benefit from it.

"I must apologize for asking you to come up in this unceremonious fashion, but we are in great distress, and we thought you might be able to throw some light on what has happened."

His perturbation was obvious.

"What has happened?"

"Our niece, Miss Porchester, has eloped. This morning she sent in a message to my wife that she had one of her sick headaches. When she has one of her sick headaches she likes to be left absolutely alone and it wasn't till this afternoon that my wife went to see if there was anything she could do for her. The room was empty. Her trunk was packed. Her dressing case with fittings was gone. And on the pillow was a letter telling us of her rash act."

"I'm very sorry," I said. "I don't know exactly what I can do."

"We were under the impression that you were the only man at Elsom with whom she had any acquaintance."

His meaning flashed across me.

"I haven't eloped with her," I said. "I happen to be a married man."

"I see you haven't eloped with her. At the first moment we thought perhaps... but if it isn't you, who is it?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"Show him the letter, Edwin," said Mrs. St. Clair from the sofa.

"Don't move, Gertrude. It will bring on your lumbago."

Miss Porchester had "her" sick headaches and Mrs. St. Clair had "her" lumbago. What had Mr. St. Clair? I was willing to bet a fiver that

Mr. St. Clair had "his" gout. He gave me the letter and I read it with an air of decent commiseration.

Dearest Uncle Edwin and Aunt Gertrude:

When you receive this I shall be far away. I am going to be married this morning to a gentleman who is very dear to me. I know I am doing wrong in running away like this, but I was afraid you would endeavor to set obstacles in the way of my marriage and since nothing would induce me to change my mind I thought it would save us all much unhappiness if I did it without telling you anything about it. My fiancé is a very retiring man, owing to his long residence in tropical countries not in the best of health, and he thought it much better that we should be married quite privately. When you know how radiantly happy I am I hope you will forgive me. Please send my box to the luggage office at Victoria Station.

Your loving niece,
Eleanor.

"I will never forgive her," said Mr. St. Clair as I returned him the letter. "She shall never darken my doors again. Gertrude, I forbid you ever to mention Eleanor's name in my hearing."

Mrs. St. Clair began to sob quietly.

"Aren't you rather hard?" I said. "Is there any reason why Miss Porchester shouldn't marry?"

"At her age," he answered angrily. "It's ridiculous. We shall be the laughing stock of everyone in Leinster Square. Do you know how old she is? She's forty-eight."

"Fifty-one," said Mrs. St. Clair through her sobs.

"She's been the apple of my eye. She's been like a daughter to us. She's been an old maid for years. I think it's positively improper for her to think of marriage."

"She was always a girl to us, Edwin," pleaded Mrs. St. Clair.

"And who is the man she's married? It's the deception that rankles. She must have been carrying on with him under our very noses. She does not even tell us his name. I fear the worst."

Suddenly I had an inspiration. That

JASPER

By Simpkins



MACLEAN'S

"And on our fiftieth anniversary it'll be a goldfish."

For more flavor . . . more vitamins . . . give your family **FRESH** **FRUIT JUICE** every day! It's ready in seconds with the **SILEX** Electric **JUICIT** Approved by "Sunkist"

Model 2700 illustrated. Suggested Retail Price—\$19.50 Also Deluxe Model—\$27.50

ONE OF THE FAMOUS **SILEX** FAMILY OF FINE APPLIANCES

When you buy electric appliances—for your home or for gifts—you can always be sure of the best when you insist on **SILEX**. Your own good taste will choose **SILEX** for attractive appearance—the famous name will assure you of dependable, lasting service. You'll find the latest, streamlined **SILEX** appliances on display in hardware, electrical and department stores everywhere.

SILEX COMPANY LIMITED
Iberville, Que.

Starlight Carafe and Warmer
Blendette
Steam Iron
Portable Washer

MARIE BRIZARD
200th ANNIVERSARY
1755-1955

IMPORTED French LIQUEURS

CRÈME DE CACAO
BLACKBERRY
APRY

ANISSETTE
CRÈME DE MENTHE

Paradise Cocktail
1/2 Apry Brizard
3/4 Dry Gin
Shake with ice, strain and serve

Alexander Cocktail
1/2 Crème de Cacao
1/2 Dry Gin
1/2 Fresh Cream

Two centuries ago, a sweet and gracious lady living in the south of France, Mlle. Marie Brizard, sent samples of her incomparable Anisette Liqueur to the court of Louis XV. Her discovery was proclaimed a triumph of matchless flavour and bouquet. Today, after two hundred years, Marie Brizard Liqueurs still remain in the hands of direct descendants of their creator, unchanged in formula and tradition. Few things that contribute to more enjoyable and more gracious living in our modern world can boast such a famous heritage. In every field of achievement there is always one name that signifies the best. In the realm of fine French liqueurs, the world has given this highest honour to the name MARIE BRIZARD.

Perfect Refreshment!
Pour two fingers of Menthe or Anisette Brizard in a large glass and fill up with iced water. Or put crushed ice in a brandy glass and cover with Menthe or Anisette Brizard. Either way, you get a most delicious, cooling drink!

MARIE BRIZARD

Two
Centuries of
Tradition

morning after breakfast I had gone out to buy myself some cigarettes and at the tobacconist's I ran across Mortimer Ellis. I had not seen him for some days. "You're looking very spruce," I said.

His boots had been repaired and were neatly blacked, his hat was brushed, he was wearing a clean collar and new gloves. I thought he had laid out my two pounds to advantage.

"I have to go to London this morning on business," he said. I nodded and left the shop.

I remembered that a fortnight before,

walking in the country, I had met Miss Porchester and a few yards behind Mortimer Ellis. Was it possible that they had been walking together and he had fallen back as they caught sight of me? By heaven, I saw it all.

"I think you said that Miss Porchester had money of her own," I said.

"A trifle. She has three thousand pounds."

Now I was certain. I looked at them blankly. Suddenly Mrs. St. Clair, with a cry, sprang to her feet.

"Edwin, Edwin, supposing he doesn't marry her?"

Mr. St. Clair at this put his hand to his head, and in a state of collapse sank into a chair.

"The disgrace would kill me," he groaned.

"Don't be alarmed," I said. "He'll marry her all right. He always does. He'll marry her in church."

They paid no attention to what I said. I suppose they thought I'd suddenly taken leave of my senses. I was quite certain now. Mortimer Ellis had achieved his ambition after all. Miss Porchester completed the Round Dozen. ★

P. Tidmus and The Fish

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

to play on a respectable fish out for a Sunday morning swim!" exclaimed the fish. He lisped a little because his mouth was sore.

"I'm very sorry, sir. I . . ." said P. Tidmus. He did not know the correct way to address a fish.

The fish cocked a cold eye on him and shrugged his gills. "It's the way of the world, I suppose. There is a hook buried in every happiness."

P. Tidmus looked crestfallen.

"Such a delicious worm, too," continued the fish. "I could never have believed it. And you—you look like a humane man."

P. Tidmus blushed. "I am, sir. At least, I have always thought I was. I never—caught a—fish before, sir." He paused and the fish lay gasping at his feet. "If you like, I will throw you back," he offered at last; not without hesitation, because he was beginning to respect the prowess of P. Tidmus as a fisherman. The fish was a big fellow.

"Never mind," gasped the fish. "I am growing weary of the water. I should like to see about the world a bit. Perhaps, after all, you have done me a good turn by jerking me out of my environment. I think I can get used to the air. One gets used to anything if he has to. I'm a widower and I'm used to that, although it was a jerk that hurt desperately at first."

"Oh, I am very sorry," said P. Tidmus, contritely if not enviously.

"You must show me the sights of your city," said the fish, ignoring the sympathy.

P. Tidmus scratched his head dubiously. "But—can you walk?" he asked.

"That won't be necessary," said the fish. "You shall carry me about in your arms. And give me rides up and down in your elevator."

"But I am afraid I need both hands when I am driving, sir," said P. Tidmus. "One for the control and one to open and close the doors."

"You are not very hospitable," sniffed the fish, "nor have you much imagination. Can't you rig me up a basket to sit in?"

"But I'm afraid it's against the rules to entertain friends in the elevator, sir." He looked at the fish in perplexity. "Besides," said he, "I don't see why you want to come out into the world. You are much happier in this nice river."

"You didn't think of that when you hooked me."

"Well—"

"Happy!" snorted the fish, without giving P. Tidmus time to apologize. "I am bored to death!" He whacked his tail with such a thump that P. Tidmus was afraid he had broken it. "I long to be in the midst of life!" the fish exclaimed. "Here in the river I stagnate. The inaction is killing me. Day in and day out, what do I do? Swim about in the same monotonous water, with nothing to see but the same monotonous weeds and mud and the same monotonous fish, as dumb as myself. I don't have to work down there; I have no theatres to go to; no street crowds to jostle; no newspapers to read. Nothing to do! Nothing to do! I can't even talk down there, and if I could there would be nothing to talk about." He sighed. "How I have longed to see the busy streets and the shops and the lights at night! Do you know, I have never even seen an elevator or a motor car, much less ride in one or have the supreme joy of driving one,

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, OCTOBER 15, 1955

as you do! O for the life of a man of action like you, P. Tidmus!"

"I am sick of being a man of action," said P. Tidmus. "It's no fun, let me tell you. Hounded to death all the time. Never a moment to think. Work, work, work. The only chance I get to do what I like is a few hours of a Sunday. And now I've got to go home and dress up and go to church and sit around stiff all evening and try to talk about nothing without yawning. If I yawn my wife complains that I am tired of her. Then, in the morning, the uniform, the same old round again. Going up, first floor, second floor, third floor, ten floors and down again. I wish I could be lazy for the rest of my life. That's what I wish!"

He reflected a moment, and, just as the fish opened his mouth to say something, muttered, "Vertical, that's what I am. Wish to God I could be horizontal for a change."

"What a strange fellow you are!" exclaimed the fish. "You don't mean all this, do you? Do you really want to give up the excitement, living in the midst of the world of events? And here am I, envying you to the tip of my tail!"

"You don't know when you're well off," P. Tidmus said. "I envy you. I wish I was a fish. I wish I had nothing to do but swim about in the nice cool water and enjoy the solitude of it. I wish I had your horizontality!"

"My what?" gasped the fish. P. Tidmus did not answer because he was not by any means certain that he had pronounced the word correctly.

"But you'd miss your beautiful elevator!" said the fish. "And your wife—how about her?"

"Never give them a second thought," said P. Tidmus grimly. "Glad to be rid of them."

"You'll soon grow tired of doing nothing," said the fish.

"You never know till you have tried," said P. Tidmus. "I could spend twenty years just swimming lazily around and smiling to myself at the thought of all the fools in the cities slaving themselves to death like ants, and all to no purpose. And I could spend twenty after that thanking God that I had escaped all the bother. Have the fishes a god?"

The fish said no.

"Just as well," said P. Tidmus on reconsideration. "That means no church and no Self-Improvement or Sense of Duty. After forty or fifty years of gloating—in a quiet, smiling sort of way, you know, nothing vicious—and satisfaction over my new life as compared with the old, I could then drift into sheer enjoyment of life and indulge in all the thinking and dreaming I wanted until I died of beautiful old age. I suppose fish live to be quite old, since they have no worries?"

"Quite old," said the fish, "barring accidents. But what's the good of a long life if it's a dreary one?"

"It wouldn't be dreary to me, I can tell you," said P. Tidmus.

"All right," said the fish. "Off with your clothes and change places with me. You want laziness and I want action. The logical thing to do is to change places, since you are what I want to be and I am what you are yearning after."

"What!" cried P. Tidmus with great excitement. "Can it be done?"

"Nothing easier," said the fish. "Hurry! I am dying to get my fingers on that elevator lever!"

"The elevator isn't running on Sunday," P. Tidmus pointed out.

"Never mind. Tomorrow will do for that, then. I am curious to go to church and see God and hear the singing. And I want to get out into the streets and jump about on legs! I have never had the joy of legs, you

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know! This is a much better idea than being carried about in a basket!"

P. Tidmus looked around anxiously lest anyone be on the river or on the bank and see him naked. No one was in sight, so with fingers fumbling from nervousness and excitement he took off his clothes and stood white and shivering in the sunshine.

"Jump in," said the fish. "before you catch cold."

P. Tidmus hesitated and looked at the water. "The only difficulty is," said he, "I can't swim."

"That's soon remedied," said the fish. "All fish can swim."

P. Tidmus looked down at the bundle of clothes and caught sight of the watch that had fallen out of his pocket. He laughed. "Time!" cried P. Tidmus. "Ha, ha! Time to go to work!" He jumped into the water and fell flat on his belly with a loud splash.

BETWEEN loss of wind and fright and the coldness of the water, P. Tidmus was quite gone for a few moments. When he came back it was not to himself. It was to a speedily changing person. He could feel his legs dwindling and growing together until they tapered off into a tail. His hands had disappeared and his arms were rapidly shrinking to fins. The water seemed to press on his head from both sides and flatten it, while something was pulling out his nose and pushing his chin and forehead back. Gradually his body was being overlaid with a mail of fine scales. P. Tidmus was no longer cold or frightened. He could breathe comfortably and he moved with glorious freedom and exhilaration. "Well I never!" cried P. Tidmus, and he flicked his tail and turned a somersault for sheer joy.

In the meantime, the fish was stretching out arms and legs, working his muscles, crooking his elbows, bending his knees and wriggling his toes. "Hurrah!" he shouted, as he pulled on his trousers and rejoiced in his ten fingers.

P. Tidmus swam about, poking his nose into the weeds, gulping down fat worms—for he discovered that he was hungry and that nothing appealed to

him as much as nice fat worms—bending his lithe body and waving his tail, and glorying in his freedom. "Nothing to do for the rest of my life!" he thought. "What a fool that fish was to give this up! I wish him joy, driving the elevator and Improving his Position!" He chuckled and threw himself in a long glistening curve through a filtered shaft of sunlight.

"Well," observed the fish, with his mouth full of sandwich, "since I am a man out fishing, I had better fish." He tossed the empty lunch basket overboard and threw out his line.

"Ah!" P. Tidmus cried, midway in a dive. "Here's a juicy worm if you like!" He rushed at it with wide open mouth and closed on it. The hook bit deep into his cheek. He shuddered and gasped with agony. He lashed his tail and tried to jerk himself away, but this only forced the hook in deeper. The pain was terrible. He fought and struggled, pulled with all his might, dashed forward and threw himself back again, trying to break the line; twisted and pulled but without avail; he was weak and growing weaker. At last, with a great sigh, he gave up and was jerked out of the water.

"Whew!" cried the fish. "What a whopper!" he held the line out at arm's length and looked at P. Tidmus with admiring eyes. P. Tidmus dangled pathetically and looked back at him with eyes moist with entreaty.

The fish weighed P. Tidmus in his hand. He tore the hook out and let him flop back into the boat.

"If you please—sir—" P. Tidmus gasped.

"My name is P. Tidmus," said the fish coldly.

"P. Tidmus—have mercy—you were always a humane man—throw me back into the water—all I ask is peace—leave me here and you can do what you like—"

But P. Tidmus was photographed and afterwards broiled and eaten. As for the fish, he took quite naturally to driving the elevator and saying, "Good morning, Mr. Pell. Is it hot enough for you?"

And nobody ever noticed the difference. ★



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Winter Dreams

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

from the caddie master and caught the train for Dillard.

"The best caddie I ever saw," shouted Mr. Mortimer Jones over a drink that afternoon. "Never lost a ball! Willing! Intelligent! Quiet! Honest! Grateful!"

The little girl who had done this was eleven—beautifully ugly as little girls are apt to be who are destined after a few years to be inexpressibly lovely and bring no end of misery to a great number of men. The spark, however, was perceptible. There was a general ungodliness in the way her lips twisted down at the corners when she smiled and in the—Heaven help us!—in the almost passionate quality of her eyes. Vitality is born early in such women. It was utterly in evidence now, shining through her thin frame in a sort of glow.

She had come eagerly out onto the course at nine o'clock with a white linen nurse and five small new golf sticks in a white canvas bag which the nurse was carrying. When Dexter first saw her she was standing by the caddie house, rather ill at ease and trying to conceal the fact by engaging her nurse in an obviously unnatural conversation illuminated by startling and irrelevant stories from herself.

"Well, it's certainly a nice day, Hilda," Dexter heard her say, then she drew down the corners of her mouth, smiled and glanced furtively around, her eyes in transit falling for an instant on Dexter.

Then to the nurse:

"Well, I guess there aren't very many people out here this morning, are there?"

The smile again, radiant, blatantly artificial—convincing.

"I don't know what we're supposed to do now," said the nurse, looking nowhere in particular.

"Oh, that's all right"—the smile—"I'll fix it up."

Dexter stood perfectly still, his mouth faintly ajar. He knew that if he moved forward a step his stare would be in her line of vision—if he moved backward he would lose his full view of her face. For a moment he had not realized how young she was. Now he remembered having seen her several times the year before—in bloomers.

Suddenly, involuntarily, he laughed, a short abrupt laugh—then, startled by himself, he turned and began to walk quickly away.

"Boy!"

Dexter stopped.

"Boy—"

Beyond question he was addressed. Not only that, but he was treated to that absurd smile, that preposterous smile—the memory of which at least half a dozen men were to carry to the grave.

"Boy, do you know where the golf teacher is?"

"He's giving a lesson."

"Well, do you know where the caddie master is?"

"He's not here yet this morning."

"Oh." For a moment this baffled her. She stood alternately on her right and left foot.

"We'd like to get a caddie," said the nurse. "Mrs. Mortimer Jones sent us out to play golf and we don't know how without we get a caddy."

Here she was stopped by an ominous glance from Miss Jones, followed immediately by the smile.

"There aren't any caddies here except me," said Dexter to the nurse. "And I got to stay here in charge until

the caddie master gets here."

"Oh."

Miss Jones and her retinue now withdrew and at a proper distance from Dexter became involved in a heated conversation. The conversation was concluded by Miss Jones taking one of the clubs and hitting it on the ground with violence. For further emphasis she raised it again and was about to bring it down smartly upon the nurse's bosom, when the nurse seized the club and twisted it from her hands.

"You darn fool!" cried Miss Jones wildly.

Another argument ensued. Realizing the elements of the comedy were implied in the scene, Dexter several times began to smile but each time slew the smile before it reached maturity. He could not resist the monstrous conviction that the little girl was justified in beating the nurse.

The situation was resolved by the fortuitous appearance of the caddie master who was appealed to immediately by the nurse.

"Miss Jones is to have a little caddie and this one says he can't go."

"Mr. McKenna said I was to wait here till you came," said Dexter quickly.

"Well, he's here now." Miss Jones smiled cheerfully at the caddie master. Then she dropped her bag and set off at a haughty mince toward the first tee.

"Well?" The caddie master turned to Dexter, "What you standing there like a dummy for? Go pick up the young lady's clubs."

"I don't think I'll go out today," said Dexter.

"You don't—"

"I think I'll quit."

The enormity of his decision frightened him. He was a favorite caddie and the thirty dollars a month he earned through the summer were not to be made elsewhere in Dillard. But he had received a strong emotional shock and his perturbation required a violent and immediate outlet.

It is not so simple as that, either. And as frequently would be the case in the future, Dexter was unconsciously dictated to by his winter dreams.

NOW, of course, the quality and the seasonability of these winter dreams varied, but the stuff of them remained. They persuaded Dexter several years later to pass up a business course at the State University—his father, prospering now, would have paid his way—for the precarious advantage of attending an older and more famous university in the east, where he was bothered by his scanty funds. But do not get the impression because his winter dreams happened to be concerned at first with musings on the rich, that there was anything shoddy in the boy. He wanted not association with glittering things and glittering people—he wanted the glittering things themselves. Often he reached out for the best without knowing why he wanted it—and sometimes he ran up against mysterious denials and prohibitions in which life indulges. It is with one of those denials and not with his career as a whole that this story deals.

He made money. It was rather amazing. After college he went to the city from which Lake Erminie draws its wealthy patrons. When he was only twenty-three and had been there not quite two years, there were already people who liked to say, "Now there's a boy—" All about him rich men's sons were peddling bonds precariously, or investing patrimonies precariously, or plodding through the two dozen volumes of canned rubbish in the George Washington Commercial Course, but Dexter borrowed a thousand dollars on

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It is not so simple as that, either. And as frequently would be the case in the future, Dexter was unconsciously dictated to by his winter dreams.

NOW, of course, the quality and the seasonability of these winter dreams varied, but the stuff of them remained. They persuaded Dexter several years later to pass up a business course at the State University—his father, prospering now, would have paid his way—for the precarious advantage of attending an older and more famous university in the east, where he was bothered by his scanty funds. But do not get the impression because his winter dreams happened to be concerned at first with musings on the rich, that there was anything shoddy in the boy. He wanted not association with glittering things and glittering people—he wanted the glittering things themselves. Often he reached out for the best without knowing why he wanted it—and sometimes he ran up against mysterious denials and prohibitions in which life indulges. It is with one of those denials and not with his career as a whole that this story deals.

He made money. It was rather amazing. After college he went to the city from which Lake Erminie draws its wealthy patrons. When he was only twenty-three and had been there not quite two years, there were already people who liked to say, "Now there's a boy—" All about him rich men's sons were peddling bonds precariously, or investing patrimonies precariously, or plodding through the two dozen volumes of canned rubbish in the George Washington Commercial Course, but Dexter borrowed a thousand dollars on

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THE WORLD OVER



his college degree and his steady eyes, and bought a partnership in a laundry.

It was a small laundry when he went into it. Dexter made a specialty of learning how the English washed fine woolen golf stockings without shrinking them. Inside of a year he was catering to the trade who wore knickerbockers. Men were insisting that their Shetland hose and sweaters go to his laundry just as they had insisted on a caddie who could find golf balls. A little later he was doing their wives' lingerie as well—and running five branches in different parts of the city. Before he was twenty-seven he owned the largest string of laundries in his section of the country. It was then that he sold out and went to New York. But the part of his story that concerns us here goes back to when he was making his first big success.

When he was twenty-three Mr. W. L. Hart, one of the grey-haired men who liked to say, "Now there's a boy," gave him a guest card to the Lake Erminie Club for over a week end. So he signed his name one day on the register, and that afternoon played golf in a foursome with Mr. Hart and Mr. Sandwood and Mr. T. A. Hedrick. He did not consider it necessary to remark that he had once carried Mr. Hart's bag over this same links and that he knew every trap and gully with his eyes shut—but he found himself glancing at the four caddies who trailed them, trying to catch a gleam or gesture that would remind him of himself, that would lessen the gap which lay between his past and his future.

It was a curious day, slashed abruptly with fleeting, familiar impressions. One minute he had the sense of being a trespasser—in the next he was impressed by the tremendous superiority he felt toward Mr. T. A. Hedrick, who was a bore and not even a good golfer any more.

Then, because of a ball Mr. Hart lost near the fifteenth green, an enormous thing happened. While they were searching the stiff grasses of the rough there was a clear call of "Fore!" from behind a hill in their rear. And as they all turned abruptly from their search, a bright new ball sliced abruptly over the hill and caught Mr. T. A. Hedrick rather neatly in the stomach.

Mr. T. A. Hedrick grunted and cursed.

"By God!" cried Mr. Hedrick, "they ought to put some of these crazy women off the course. It's getting to be outrageous."

A head and a voice came up together over the hill:

"Do you mind if we go through?"

"You hit me in the stomach!" thundered Mr. Hedrick.

"Did I?" The girl approached the group of men. "I'm sorry. I yelled Fore!"

Her glance fell casually on each of the men. She nodded to Sandwood and then scanned the fairway for her ball.

"Did I bounce off into the rough?"

It was impossible to determine whether this question was ingenuous or malicious. In a moment, however, she left no doubt, for as her partner came up over the hill she called cheerfully:

"Here I am! I'd have gone on the green except that I hit something."

As she took her stance for a short mashie shot, Dexter looked at her closely. She wore a blue gingham dress, trimmed at throat and shoulders with a white edging that accentuated her tan. The quality of exaggeration, of thinness that had made her passionate eyes and down-turning mouth absurd at eleven was gone now. She was arrestingly beautiful. The color in her



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cheeks was centred like the color in a picture—it was not a "high" color, but a sort of fluctuating and feverish warmth, so shaded that it seemed at any moment it would recede and disappear. This color and the mobility of her mouth gave a continual impression of flux, of intense life, of passionate vitality—balanced only partially by the sad luxury of her eyes.

She swung her mashie impatiently and without interest, pitching the ball into a sand pit on the other side of the green. With a quick insincere smile and a careless "Thank you!" she went on after it.

"That Judy Jones!" remarked Mr. Hedrick on the next tee, as they waited—some moments—for her to play on ahead. "All she needs is to be turned up and spanked for six months and then to be married off to an old-fashioned cavalry captain."

"Gosh, she's good-looking!" said Mr. Sandwood who was just over thirty.

"Good-looking!" cried Mr. Hedrick contemptuously. "She always looks as if she wanted to be kissed! Turning those big cow eyes on every young calf in town!"

It is doubtful if Mr. Hedrick intended a reference to the maternal instinct in this speech of his.

"She'd play pretty good golf if she'd try," said Mr. Sandwood.

"She has no form," said Mr. Hedrick solemnly.

"She has a nice figure," said Mr. Sandwood.

"You better thank God she doesn't drive a swifter ball," said Mr. Hart, winking at Dexter. "Come on. Let's go."

LATER in the afternoon the sun went down with a riotous swirl of gold and varying blues and scarlets, and left the dry rustling night of western summer. Dexter watched from the veranda of the Erminie Club, watched the even overlap of the waters in the little wind, silver molasses under the harvest moon. Then the moon held a finger to her lips and the lake became a clear pool, pale and quiet. Dexter put on his bathing suit and swam out to the farthest raft, where he stretched dripping on the wet canvas of the springboard.

There was a fish jumping and a star shining and the lights around the lake were gleaming. Over on a dark peninsula a piano was playing the songs of last summer and of summers before that—songs from The Pink Lady and The Chocolate Soldier and Mademoiselle Modiste—and because the sound of a piano over a stretch of water had always seemed beautiful to Dexter he lay perfectly quiet and listened.

The tune the piano was playing at that moment had been gay and new five years before when Dexter was a sophomore at college. They had played it at a prom once and because he could not afford the luxury of proms in those days he had stood outside the gymnasium and listened. The sound of the tune and the splash of the fish jumping precipitated in him a sort of ecstasy and it is with that ecstasy he viewed what happened to him now. The ecstasy was a gorgeous appreciation. It was his sense that, for once, he was magnificently attune to life and that everything about him was radiating a brightness and a glamour he might never know again.

A low pale oblong detached itself suddenly from the darkness of the peninsula, spitting forth the verberate sound of a racing motorboat. Two white streamers of cleft water rolled themselves out behind it and almost immediately the boat was beside him, drowning out the hot tinkle of the pianos in the drone of its spray. Dexter

raising himself on his arms was aware of a figure standing at the wheel, of two dark eyes regarding him over the lengthening space of water—then the boat had gone by and was sweeping in an immense and purposeless circle of spray round and round in the middle of the lake. With equal eccentricity one of the circles flattened out and headed back toward the raft.

"Who's that?" she called, shutting off her motor. She was so near now that Dexter could see her bathing suit, which consisted apparently of pink rompers. "Oh—you're one of the men

I hit in the stomach."

The nose of the boat bumped the raft. After an inexpert struggle, Dexter managed to twist the line around a two-by-four. Then the raft tilted rakishly as she sprang on.

"Well, kiddo," she said huskily, "do you"—she broke off. She had sat herself upon the springboard, found it damp and jumped up quickly—"do you want to go surfboard riding?"

He indicated that he would be delighted.

"The name is Judy Jones. Ghastly reputation but enormously popular."

She favored him with an absurd smirk, for, twist her mouth as she might, it was not grotesque, it was merely beautiful. "See that house over on the peninsula?"

"No."

"Well, there's a house there that I live in only you can't see it because it's too dark. And in that house there is a fella waiting for me. When he drove up by the door I drove out by the dock because he has watery eyes and asks me if I have an ideal."

There was a fish jumping and a star shining and the lights around the lake



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were gleaming. Dexter sat beside Judy Jones and she explained how her boat was driven. Then she was in the water, swimming to the floating surfboard with exquisite crawl. Watching her was without effort to the eye like watching a branch waving or a seagull flying. Her arms, burned to butternut, moved sinuously among the dull platinum ripples, elbow appearing first, casting the forearm back with a cadence of falling water, then reaching out and down stabbing a path ahead. They moved out into the lake, and turning, Dexter saw that she was kneeling on the low rear of the now upturned surfboard.

"Go faster," she called, "fast as it'll go."

Obediently he jammed the lever forward and the white spray mounted at the bow. When he looked around again the girl was standing up on the rushing board, her arms spread ecstatically, her eyes lifted toward the moon.

"It's awful cold, kiddo," she shouted. "What's your name anyways?"

"The name is Dexter Green. Would it amuse you to know how good you look back there?"

"Yes," she shouted, "it would amuse me. Except that I'm too cold. Come to dinner tomorrow night."

He kept thinking how glad he was that he had never caddied for this girl. The damp gingham clinging made her like a statue and turned her intense mobility to immobility at last.

"—At seven o'clock," she shouted, "Judy Jones. Girl who hit man in stomach. Better write it down,"—and then, "Faster—oh, faster!"

HAD HE been as calm inwardly as he was in appearance, Dexter would have had plenty of time to examine his surroundings in detail. He received, however, an enduring impression that the house was the most elaborate he had ever seen. He had known for a long time that it was the finest on Lake Erminie, with a Pompeian swimming pool and twelve acres of lawn and garden. But what gave it an air of breathless intensity was the sense that it was inhabited by Judy Jones—that it was as casual a thing to her as the little house in the village had once been to Dexter. There was a feeling of mystery in it, of bedrooms upstairs more beautiful than other bedrooms, of gay and radiant activities taking place through these deep corridors and of romances that were not musty and laid already in lavender, but were fresh and breathing and set forth in rich motor cars and in great dances whose flowers were scarcely withered. They were more real because he could feel them all about him, pervading the air with the shades and echoes of still vibrant emotion.

And so while he waited for her to appear he peopled the soft deep summer room and the sun porch that opened from it with the men who had already loved Judy Jones. He knew the sort of men they were—the men who, when he first went to college, had entered from the great prep schools with graceful clothes and the deep tan of healthy summer, who did nothing or anything with the same debonair ease.

Dexter had seen that, in one sense, he was better than these men. He was newer and stronger. Yet in acknowledging to himself that he wished his children to be like them he was admitting that he was but the rough strong stuff from which this graceful aristocracy eternally sprang.

When, a year before, the time had come when he could wear good clothes, he had known who were the best tailors in America, and the best tailor in America had made him the suit he

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wore this evening. He had acquired that particular reserve peculiar to his university, that set it off from other universities. He recognized the value to him of such a mannerism and he had adopted it; he knew that to be careless in dress and manner required more confidence than to be careful. But carelessness was for his children. His mother's name had been Krimsliech. She was a Bohemian of the peasant class and she had talked broken English to the end of her days. Her son must keep to the set patterns.

He waited for Judy Jones in her house, and he saw these other young men around him. It excited him that many men had loved her. It increased her value in his eyes.

At a little after seven Judy Jones came downstairs. She wore a blue silk afternoon dress. He was disappointed at first that she had not put on something more elaborate, and this feeling was accentuated when, after a brief greeting, she went to the door of a butler's pantry and pushing it open called: "You can have dinner, Martha." He had rather expected that a butler would announce dinner, that there would be a cocktail perhaps. It even offended him that she should know the maid's name.

Then he put these thoughts behind him as they sat together on a chintz-covered lounge.

"Father and mother won't be here," she said.

"Ought I to be sorry?"

"They're really quite nice," she confessed, as if it had just occurred to her. "I think my father's the best-looking man of his age I've ever seen. And mother looks about thirty."

He remembered the last time he had seen her father, and found he was glad the parents were not to be here tonight. They would wonder who he was. He had been born in Keeble, a Minnesota village fifty miles farther north, and he always gave Keeble as his home instead of Dillard. Country towns were well enough to come from if they weren't inconveniently in sight and used as footstools by fashionable lakes.

Before dinner he found the conversation unsatisfactory. The beautiful Judy seemed faintly irritable—as much so as it was possible to be with a comparative stranger. They discussed Lake Erminie and its golf course, the surfboard riding of the night before and the cold she had caught, which made her voice more husky and charming than ever. They talked of his university which she had visited frequently during the past two years, and of the nearby city which supplied Lake Erminie with its patrons and whether Dexter would return next day to his prospering laundries.

During dinner she slipped into a moody depression which gave Dexter a feeling of guilt. Whatever petulance she uttered in her throaty voice worried him. Whatever she smiled at—at him, at a silver fork, at nothing—it disturbed him that her smile could have no root in mirth, or even in amusement. When the red corners of her lips curved down, it was less a smile than an invitation to a kiss.

Then, after dinner, she led him out into the dark garden and deliberately changed the atmosphere.

"Do I seem gloomy?" she demanded. "No, but I'm afraid I'm boring you," he answered quickly.

"You're not. I like you. But I've just had rather an unpleasant afternoon. There was a—man I cared about. He told me out of a clear sky that he was poor as a church mouse. He'd never even hinted it before. Does it sound horribly mundane?"

"Perhaps he was afraid to tell you." "I suppose he was," she answered

thoughtfully. "He didn't start right. You see, if I'd thought of him as poor—well, I've been mad about loads of poor men, and fully intended to marry them all. But in this case, I hadn't thought of him that way and my interest wasn't strong enough to survive the shock."

"I know. As if a girl calmly informed her fiancé that she was a widow. He might not object to widows, but—"

"Let's start right," she suggested suddenly. "Who are you, anyhow?"

For a moment Dexter hesitated. There were two versions of his life

that he could tell. There was Dillard and his caddying and his struggle through college, or—

"I'm nobody," he announced. "My career is largely a matter of futures."

"Are you poor?"

"No," he said frankly, "I'm probably making more money than any man my age in the northwest. I know that's an obnoxious remark, but you advised me to start right."

There was a pause. She smiled, and with a touch of amusement.

"You sound like a man in a play."

"It's your fault. You tempted me

into being assertive."

Suddenly she turned her dark eyes directly upon him and the corners of her mouth drooped until her face seemed to open like a flower. He dared scarcely to breathe, he had the sense that she was exerting some force upon him; making him overwhelmingly conscious of the youth and mystery that wealth imprisons and preserves, the freshness of many clothes, of cool rooms and gleaming things safe and proud above the hot struggles of the poor.

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luxury of starshine. The wicker of the settee squeaked fashionably when he put his arm around her, commanded by her eyes. He kissed her curious and lovely mouth and committed himself to the following of a grail.

IT BEGAN like that—and continued, with varying shades of intensity, on just such a note right up to the denouement. Dexter surrendered a part of himself to the most direct and unprincipled personality with which he had ever come in contact. Whatever the beautiful Judy Jones desired, she went

after with the full pressure of her charm. There was no divergence of method, no jockeying for position or premeditation of effects—there was very little mental quality in any of her affairs. She simply made men conscious to the highest degree of her physical loveliness.

Dexter had no desire to change her. Her deficiencies were knit up with a passionate energy that transcended and justified them.

When, as Judy's head lay against his shoulder that first night, she whispered: "I don't know what's the matter

with me. Last night I thought I was in love with a man and tonight I think I'm in love with you—"

It seemed to him a beautiful and romantic thing to say. It was the exquisite excitability that for the moment he controlled and owned. But a week later he was compelled to view this same quality in a different light. She took him in her roadster to a picnic supper and after supper she disappeared, likewise in her roadster, with another man. Dexter became enormously upset and was scarcely able to be decently civil to the other people

present. When she assured him that she had not kissed the other man he knew she was lying—yet he was glad that she had taken the trouble to lie to him.

He was, as he found before the summer ended, one of a dozen, a varying dozen, who circulated about her. Each of them had at one time been favored above all others—about half of them still basked in the solace of occasional sentimental revivals. Whenever one showed signs of dropping out through long neglect, she granted him a brief honeyed hour which encouraged him to tag along for a year or so longer. Judy made these forays upon the helpless and defeated without malice, indeed half unconscious that there was anything mischievous in what she did.

When a new man came to town everyone dropped out—dates were automatically cancelled.

The helpless part of trying to do anything about it was that she did it all herself. She was not a girl who could be "won" in the kinetic sense—she was proof against cleverness, she was proof against charm; if any of these assailed her too strongly she would immediately resolve the affair to a physical basis and under the magic of her physical splendor the strong as well as the brilliant played her game and not their own. She was entertained only by the gratification of her desires and by the direct exercise of her own charm. Perhaps from so much youthful love, so many youthful lovers, she had come, in self-defense, to nourish herself wholly from within.

Succeeding Dexter's first exhilaration came restlessness and dissatisfaction. The helpless ecstasy of losing himself in her charm was a powerful opiate rather than a tonic. It was fortunate for his work during the winter that those moments of ecstasy came infrequently. Early in their acquaintance it had seemed for a while that there was a deep and spontaneous mutual attraction—that first August for example—three days of long evenings on her dusky veranda, of strange wan kisses through the late afternoon, in shadowy alcoves or behind the protecting trellises of the garden arbors, of mornings when she was fresh as a dream and almost shy at meeting him in the clarity of the rising day. There was all the ecstasy of an engagement about it, sharpened by his realization that there was no engagement. It was during those three days that, for the first time, he had asked her to marry him. She said "maybe some day," she said "kiss me," she said "I'd like to marry you," she said "I love you,"—she said—nothing.

The three days were interrupted by the arrival of a New York man who visited the Joneses for half of September. To Dexter's agony, rumor engaged them. The man was son of the president of a great trust company. But at the end of a month it was reported that Judy was yawning. At a dance one night she sat all evening in a motorboat with an old beau, while the New Yorker searched the club for her frantically. She told the old beau that she was bored with her visitor and two days later he left. She was seen with him at the station and it was reported that he looked very mournful indeed.

On this note the summer ended. Dexter was twenty-four and he found himself increasingly in a position to do as he wished. He joined two clubs in the city and lived at one of them. Though he was by no means an integral part of the stagelines at these clubs, he managed to be on hand at dances where Judy Jones was likely to appear. He could have gone out socially as much as he liked—he was an

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eligible young man, now, and popular with downtown fathers. His confessed devotion to Judy Jones had rather solidified his position. But he had no social aspirations and rather despised the dancing men who were always on tap for the Thursday or Saturday parties and who filled in at dinners with the younger married set. Already he was playing with the idea of going east. He wanted to take Judy Jones with him. No disillusion as to the world in which she had grown up could cure his illusion as to her desirability.

Remember that—for only in the light of it can what he did for her be understood.

EIGHTEEN months after he first met Judy Jones he became engaged to another girl. Her name was Irene Scheerer and her father was one of the men who had always believed in Dexter. Irene was dark-haired and sweet and honorable and a little stout and she had two beaus whom she pleasantly relinquished when Dexter formally asked her to marry him.

Summer, fall, winter, spring, another summer, another fall—so much he had given of his active life to the curved lips of Judy Jones. She had treated him with interest, with encouragement, with malice, with indifference, with contempt. She had inflicted on him innumerable little slights and indignities possible in such a case—as if in revenge for having ever cared for him at all. She had beckoned him and yawned at him and beckoned him again and he had responded, often with bitterness and narrowed eyes. She had brought him ecstatic happiness and intolerable agony of spirit. She had caused him untold inconvenience and not a little trouble. She had insulted him and she had ridden over him and she had played his interest in her against his interest in his work—for fun. She had done everything to him except to criticize him—this she had not done—it seemed to him only because it might have sullied the utter indifference she manifested and sincerely felt toward him.

When autumn had come and gone again it occurred to him that he could not have Judy Jones. He had to beat this into his mind, but he convinced himself at last. He lay awake at night for a while and argued it over. He told himself the trouble and the pain she had caused him, he enumerated her glaring deficiencies as a wife.

Then he said to himself that he loved her and after a while he fell asleep. For a week, lest he imagine her husky voice over the telephone or her eyes opposite him at lunch, he worked hard and late and at night he went to his office and plotted out his years.

At the end of a week he went to a dance and cut in on her once. For almost the first time since they had met he did not ask her to sit out with him or tell her that she was lovely. It hurt him that she did not miss these things—that was all. He was not jealous when he saw that there was a new man tonight. He had been hardened against jealousy long before.

He stayed late at the dance. He sat for an hour with Irene Scheerer and talked about books and about music. He knew very little about either. But he was beginning to be master of his own time now and he had a rather priggish notion that he—the young and already fabulously successful Dexter Green—should know more about such things.

That was in October when he was twenty-five. In January Dexter and Irene became engaged. It was to be announced in June and they were to be married three months later.

The western winter prolonged itself interminably and it was almost May when the winds came soft and the snow ran down into Lake Erminie at last. For the first time in over a year Dexter was enjoying a certain tranquility of spirit. Judy Jones had been in various places on the Pacific coast and somewhere she had been engaged and somewhere she had broken it off. At last, when Dexter had definitely given her up, it had made him sad that people still linked them together and asked for news of her, but when he began to be placed at dinner next to Irene

Scheerer people didn't ask him about her any more—they told him about her. He ceased to be an authority on her.

MAY at last. Dexter walked the streets at night when the darkness was damp as rain, wondering that so soon, with so little done, so much of ecstasy had gone from him. May, one year back, had been marked by Judy's poignant, unforgivable yet forgiven turbulence—it had been one of those rare times when he fancied she had grown to care for him. That old

penny's worth of happiness he had spent for this bushel of content. He knew that Irene would be no more than a curtain spread behind him, a hand moving among gleaming tea cups, a voice calling to children . . . fire and loveliness were gone, magic of night and the hushed wonder of the hours and seasons . . . slender lips, down turning, dropping to his lips like poppy petals, bearing him up into a heaven of eyes . . . a haunting gesture, light of a warm lamp on her hair. The thing was deep in him. He was too strong, too alive for it to die lightly.

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In the middle of May when the weather balanced for a few days on the thin bridge that led to deep summer, he turned in one night at Irene's house. Their engagement was to be announced in a week now—no one would be surprised at it. And tonight they would sit together on the lounge at the College Club and look for an hour at the dancers. It gave him a sense of solidity to go with her—she was so sturdily popular, so intensely a "good egg."

He mounted the steps of the brownstone house and stepped inside.

"Irene," he called.

Mrs. Scheerer came out of the living room to meet him.

"Dexter," she said, "Irene's gone upstairs with a splitting headache. She wanted to go with you but I made her go to bed."

"Nothing serious I—"

"Oh, no. She's going to play golf with you in the morning. You can spare her for just one night, can't you, Dexter?"

Her smile was kind. She and Dexter liked each other. In the living room he talked for a moment before he said

goodnight.

Returning to the College Club, where he had rooms, he stood in the doorway for a moment and watched the dancers. He leaned against the door post, nodded at a man or two—yawned.

"Hello, kiddo."

The familiar voice at his elbow startled him. Judy Jones had left a man and crossed the room to him—Judy Jones, a slender enameled doll in cloth of gold, gold in a band at her head, gold in two slipper points at her dress's hem. The fragile glow of her face seemed to blossom as she smiled

at him. A breeze of warmth and light blew through the room. His hands in the pockets of his dinner jacket tightened spasmodically. He was filled with a sudden excitement.

"When did you get back?" he asked casually.

"Come here and I'll tell you about it." She turned and he followed her. She had been away—he could have wept at the wonder of her return. She had passed through enchanted streets, doing young things that were like plaintive music. All mysterious happenings, all fresh and quickening hopes, that had gone away with her, came back with her now.

She turned in the doorway.

"Have you a car here? If you haven't, I have."

"I have a coupé."

In then, with a rustle of golden cloth. He slammed the door. Into so many cars she had stepped—like this—like that—her back against the leather, so—her elbow resting on the door—waiting. She would have been soiled long since had there been anything to soil her, except—herself—but these things were all her own outpouring.

With an effort he forced himself to start the car and, avoiding her surprised glance, backed into the street. This was nothing, he must remember. She had done this before and he had put her behind him, as he would have slashed a bad account from his books.

He drove slowly downtown and affecting a disinterested abstraction traversed the deserted streets of the business section peopled here and there, where a movie was giving out its crowd or where consumptive or pugilistic youth lounged in front of pool halls. The clink of glasses and the slap of hands on the bars issued from saloons, cloisters of glazed glass and dirty yellow light.

She was watching him closely and the silence was embarrassing, yet in this crisis he could find no casual word with which to profane the hour. At a convenient turning he began to zigzag back toward the College Club.

"Have you missed me?" she asked suddenly.

"Everybody missed you."

He wondered if she knew of Irene Scheerer. She had been back only a day—her absence had been almost contemporaneous with his engagement.

"What a remark!" Judy laughed sadly—without sadness. She looked at him searchingly. He became absorbed for a moment in the dashboard.

"You're handsomer than you used to be," she said thoughtfully. "Dexter, you have the most rememberable eyes."

He could have laughed at this, but he did not laugh. It was the sort of thing that was said to sophomores. Yet it stabbed at him.

"I'm awfully tired of everything, kiddo." She called everyone kiddo, endowing the obsolete slang with careless individual camaraderie. "I wish you'd marry me."

The directness of this confused him. He should have told her now that he was going to marry another girl, but he could not tell her. He could as easily have sworn that he had never loved her. "I think we'd get along," she continued, on the same note, "unless probably you've forgotten me and fallen in love with another girl."

Her confidence was obviously enormous. She had said, in effect, that she found such a thing impossible to believe, that if it were true he had merely committed a childish indiscretion—and probably to show off. She would forgive him, because it was not a matter of any moment but rather something to be brushed aside lightly. "Of course you could never love anybody but me," she continued. "I

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like the way you love me. Oh, Dexter, have you forgotten last year?"

"No, I haven't forgotten."

"Neither have I!"

Was she sincerely moved—or was she carried along by the wave of her own acting?

"I wish we could be like that again," she said, and he forced himself to answer:

"I don't think we can."

"I suppose not . . . I hear you're giving Irene Scheerer a violent rush."

There was not the faintest emphasis on the name, yet Dexter was suddenly ashamed.

"Oh, take me home," cried Judy suddenly, "I don't want to go back to that idiotic dance—with those children."

Then, as he turned up the street that led to the residence district, Judy began to cry quietly to herself. He had never seen her cry before.

The dark street lightened, the dwellings of the rich loomed up around them, he stopped his coupé in front of the great white bulk of the Mortimer Jones' house, somnolent, gorgeous, drenched with the splendor of the damp moonlight. Its solidity startled him. The strong walls, the fine steel of the girders, the breadth and beam and pomp of it were there only to bring out the contrast with the young beauty beside him. It was sturdy to accentuate her slightness—as if to show what a breeze could be generated by a butterfly's wing.

He sat perfectly quiet, his nerves in wild clamor, afraid that if he moved he would find her irresistibly in his arms. Two tears had rolled down her wet face and trembled on her upper lip.

"I'm more beautiful than anybody

else," she said brokenly; "why can't I be happy?" Her moist eyes tore at his stability—mouth turned slowly downward with an exquisite sadness, "I'd like to marry you if you'll have me, Dexter. I suppose you think I'm not worth having but I'll be so beautiful for you, Dexter."

A million phrases of anger, of pride, of passion, of hatred, of tenderness fought on his lips. Then a perfect wave of emotion washed over him, carrying off with it a sediment of wisdom, of convention, of doubt, of honor. This was his girl who was speaking, his own,

his beautiful, his pride.

"Won't you come in?" he heard her draw in her breath sharply.

"All right," his voice was trembling, "I'll come in."

It seems strange to say that neither when it was over nor for a long time afterward did he regret that night. Looking at it from the perspective of ten years, the fact that Judy's *flair* for him endured just one month seemed of little importance. Nor did it matter that by his yielding he subjected himself to a deeper agony in the end and gave serious hurt to Irene Scheerer and

to Irene's parents who had befriended him. There was nothing sufficiently pictorial about Irene's grief to stamp itself on his mind.

Dexter was at bottom hard-minded. The attitude of the city on his action was of no importance to him, not because he was going to leave the city, but because any outside attitude on the situation seemed superficial. He was completely indifferent to popular opinion. Nor, when he had seen that it was no use, that he did not possess in himself the power to move fundamentally or to hold Judy Jones, did

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he bear any malice toward her. He loved her and he would love her until the day he was too old for loving—but he could not have her. So he tasted the deep pain that is reserved only for the strong, just as he had tasted for a little while the deep happiness.

Even the ultimate falsity of the grounds upon which Judy terminated the engagement—that she did not want to "take him away" from Irene, that it was her conscience—did not revolt him. He was beyond any revulsion or any amusement.

HE WENT east in February with the intention of selling out his laundries, but he changed his plans, returned to the west, handed over the management of the business to his partner and joined an officers' training corps. He was one of those young thousands who greeted the war with a certain amount of relief, welcoming the liberation from webs of tangled emotion.

This story is not his biography, remember, although things seem to creep into it which have nothing to do with those dreams he had when he was young. We are almost done with them and with him now. There is only one more incident to be related here and it happens seven years farther on.

It took place in a large eastern city, where he had done well—so well that there were no barriers too high for him now. He was thirty-two years old, and, except for one flying trip immediately after the war, he had not been west in seven years. A man named Devlin from Winnipeg came into his office to see him in a business way, and then and there this incident occurred, and closed out, so to speak, this particular side of his life.

"So you're from the middle west," said the man Devlin with careless curiosity. "That's funny—I thought men like you were probably born and raised in the east. You know—wife of one of my best friends in Winnipeg came from your city. I was an usher at the wedding."

Dexter waited with no apprehension of what was coming. There was a magic that his city would never lose for him. Just as Judy's house had always seemed to him more mysterious and gay than other houses, so his dream of the city itself, now that he had gone from it, was pervaded with a melancholy beauty.

"Judy Simms," said Devlin with no particular interest. "Judy Jones she was once."

"Yes, I knew her." A dull impatience spread over him. He had heard, of course, that she was married—perhaps deliberately he had heard no more.

"Awfully nice girl," brooded Devlin, meaninglessly. "I'm sort of sorry for her."

"Why?" Something in Dexter was alert, receptive, at once.

"Oh, Joe Simms has gone to pieces in a way. I don't mean he beats her, you understand, or anything like that. But he drinks and runs around—"

"Doesn't she run around?"

"No. Stays at home with her kids."

"Oh."

"She's a little too old for him," said Devlin.

"Too old!" cried Dexter. "Why, heavens man, she's only twenty-seven."

He was possessed with a wild notion of rushing out into the streets and taking a train to Winnipeg. He rose to his feet, spasmodically, involuntarily.

"I guess you're busy," Devlin apologized quickly. "I didn't realize—"

"No, I'm not busy," said Dexter, steadying his voice, "I'm not busy at all. Not busy at all. Did you say she was—twenty-seven? No, I said she

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was twenty-seven."

"Yes, you did," agreed Devlin dryly. "Go on, then. Go on."

"What do you mean?"

"About Judy Jones."

Devlin looked at him helplessly.

"Well, that's—I told you all there is to it. He treats her like the devil. Oh, they're not going to get divorced or anything. When he's particularly outrageous she forgives him. In fact, I'm inclined to think she loves him. She was a pretty girl when she first came to Winnipeg."

A pretty girl! The phrase struck Dexter as ludicrous.

"Isn't she—a pretty girl any more?"

"Oh, she's all right."

"Look here," said Dexter, sitting down suddenly, "I don't understand. You say she was a 'pretty girl' and now you say she's 'all right.' I don't understand what you mean—Judy Jones wasn't a pretty girl, at all. She was a great beauty. Why, I knew her, I knew her. She was—"

Devlin laughed pleasantly.

"I'm not trying to start a row," he said. "I think Judy's a nice girl and I like her. I can't understand how a man like Joe Simms could fall madly in love with her, but he did." Then he added, "Most of the women like her."

Dexter looked closely at Devlin, thinking wildly that there must be a reason for this, some insensitivity in the man or some private malice.

"Lots of women fade just like that," Devlin snapped his fingers. "You must have seen it happen. Perhaps I've forgotten how pretty she was at her wedding. I've seen her so much since then, you see. She has nice eyes."

A sort of dullness settled down upon Dexter. For the first time in his life he felt like getting very drunk. He knew that he was laughing loudly at something Devlin had said but he did not know what it was or why it was funny. When Devlin went, in a few minutes, he lay down on his lounge and looked out the window at the big city's skyline into which the sun was sinking in dull lovely shades of pink and gold.

He had thought that having nothing else to lose he was invulnerable at last—but he knew that he had just lost something more, as surely as if he had married Judy Jones and seen her fade away before his eyes.

The dream was gone. Something had been taken from him. In a sort of panic he pushed the palms of his hands into his eyes and tried to bring up a picture of the waters lapping at Lake Erminie and the moonlit veranda, and gingham on the golf links and the dry sun and the gold color of her neck's soft down. And her mouth damp to his kisses and her eyes plaintive with melancholy and her freshness like new fine linen in the morning. Why, these things were no longer in the world. They had existed and they existed no more.

For the first time in years, the tears were streaming down his face. But they were for himself now. He did not care about mouth and eyes and moving hands. He wanted to care and he could not care. For he had gone away and he could never go back any more. The gates were closed, the sun was gone down and there was no beauty but the grey beauty of steel that withstands all time. Even the grief he could have borne was left behind in the country of illusion, of youth, of the richness of life, where his winter dreams had flourished.

"Long ago," he said, "long ago, there was something in me, but now that thing is gone. Now that thing is gone, that thing is gone. I cannot cry. I cannot care. That thing will come back no more." ★

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Ques. How does it compare in size and weight with other batteries?

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Ques. Does it give off fumes?

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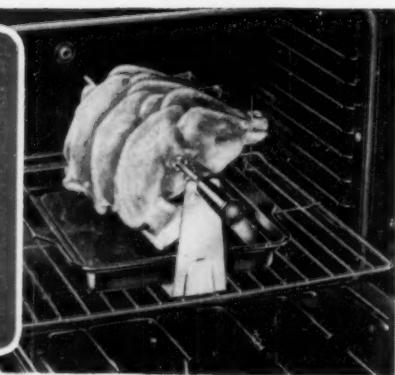
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**What Weather
Will Do To Us**

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

ice cap was at its thickest. The raising of the general sea level flooded many low-lying lands throughout the world and covered much of what is now part of the continental shelf, drowning many an old glacial valley at one time far from the sea. But the melting of the ice, which was once several thousand feet thick, did more than raise the level of the oceans. It took a load off the land. And in successive, shuddering heaves the land rose as the weight of ice was lifted. You can read the story in Montreal today.

At first the rising sea flowed far up the St. Lawrence valley and carved a beach shelf around the depressed cone of Mount Royal, where countless numbers of small marine animals called foraminiferans left their tiny calcareous shells. The shells are thick in the clay excavated in preparation for building along Sherbrooke Street and McGill University campus. That is where the sea curled upon a beach not so very long ago. Then the earth's crust rose a little and the sea in effect pulled back, only to carve another shelf a little farther down the rising cone of land, where the uptown shopping district now stands. And then, after a long pause, the lightened land continued to rise, shrugging the sea from its shoulders little by little until the water reaches now no farther up the valley than the city of Quebec.

The land still slowly rises, particularly to the north, where Hudson Bay gets imperceptibly shallower year by year. Whether it finally drains out completely depends on several factors.

If the massive ice cap now bearing heavily upon Greenland should melt away and Greenland itself should then rise, it is a moot question whether Hudson Bay would deepen and adjacent lands become flooded as the sea level rose, or whether the rising land mass of Greenland would lift them on its skirt. The sort of thing that can happen can be seen in Europe now, for the glaciers are melting in Scandinavia and the land is rising. Unfortunately Holland apparently has its roots in the same particular deep slab of crust, and as the slab tilts and Scandinavia rises, with Denmark serving as the fulcrum, Holland dips into the sea at the lower end of the seesaw. In spite of dykes and every good intention, the slowly rising sea and sinking land may lower most of Holland beneath the ocean before many centuries pass.

Leaving Europe aside, the fate of our own continent and the Canadian half of it in particular lies in the balance. There is enough of the old ice cap left in Greenland and Alaska to serve as centres for a new major advance. By the same token there is enough water still tied up as ice and snow in the arctic and antarctic ice caps to raise the ocean level as a whole by more than one hundred feet if all of it should melt. What is the likelihood of it happening and what might be the results?

One of the most eminent authorities on climate, C. E. P. Brooks, believes that an increase of not more than two degrees in the average world-wide temperature would melt the ice caps completely in a relatively short time, perhaps in only one hundred years or so. Other climatologists are of the same opinion. This is not a very great rise and the definite warming up that has been going on for the last half century has already been of this order. In the last fifty years, for instance, ac-

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ording to Dr. B. W. Currie of the University of Saskatchewan, the crop-line on the Canadian prairies has moved north by fifty to one hundred miles, the growing season has lengthened by more than a week and midwinter temperatures at Regina are four to five degrees warmer than in the 1890s. Temperatures on the prairies average one degree warmer in April, two to three degrees warmer in July, and three to four in October. Shifts in the atmospheric circulation are also evident, as witness the recent course of late-summer hurricanes in eastern North America.

There is a possible man-made cause for this progressive change which in time will be responsible for further change in the same direction.

For the last hundred years and longer, but especially during the last fifty or sixty years, mankind has been burning coal and more recently oil at a fantastic rate. One of the results is that there has been a relatively sudden and extraordinary influx of carbon dioxide into the atmosphere. Dr. Gilbert Plass of Johns Hopkins University estimates that we actually add about six billion tons of carbon dioxide to the earth's atmosphere every year in addition to what was produced in earlier centuries. Dr. E. Quinn of the University of Utah puts it even higher and reckons that about seven and one quarter billion tons of the gas are produced by industry and home heating, and that swarming humanity itself exhales six hundred and fifty million tons each year. The amount of carbon dioxide in the air probably has increased about ten percent during the twentieth century so far, and the rate of production is rising sharply.

Cities May Have to Move

On the other hand, vegetation absorbs less carbon dioxide than it used to because we have destroyed so much of the earth's green cover; the ocean, which can absorb a lot, may be unable to cope with the new supply. The result is a kind of greenhouse effect, for carbon dioxide prevents the sun's heat which reaches the earth's surface from rising again. The heat is trapped and the air gets warmer. If the present percentage of carbon dioxide in the air is maintained, Dr. Plass calculates that the earth's surface temperature will increase two degrees during each hundred years. Accordingly, if both Gilbert Plass and C. E. P. Brooks are right in their figuring, the ice caps will melt faster and faster and in the not-too-distant future will disappear. Only time can tell, but at least it seems very likely. If so, what then?

Even a rapid dissolution of the remaining ice caps would seem gradual enough, raising the ocean level year by year so insidiously that few people probably would take alarm. But within a few generations much of the present coastlines of the continent and elsewhere would have been abandoned. Most of Florida and the lower Mississippi valley would be under water, as they have been so often in the distant past. The greatest cities in the world would have to shift inland and uphill as Manhattan, Los Angeles, much of London, Calcutta and Rio de Janeiro became engulfed by the rising tide. The sea would once more flow far up the St. Lawrence River valley to link with Lake Ontario without benefit of river or seaway.

A new Toronto, scrambling for higher ground and step by step abandoning the lower sections, would vie with Buffalo, Detroit and other lake-side cities to become the major ports for the continent. Montreal, theoretically an island between two rivers

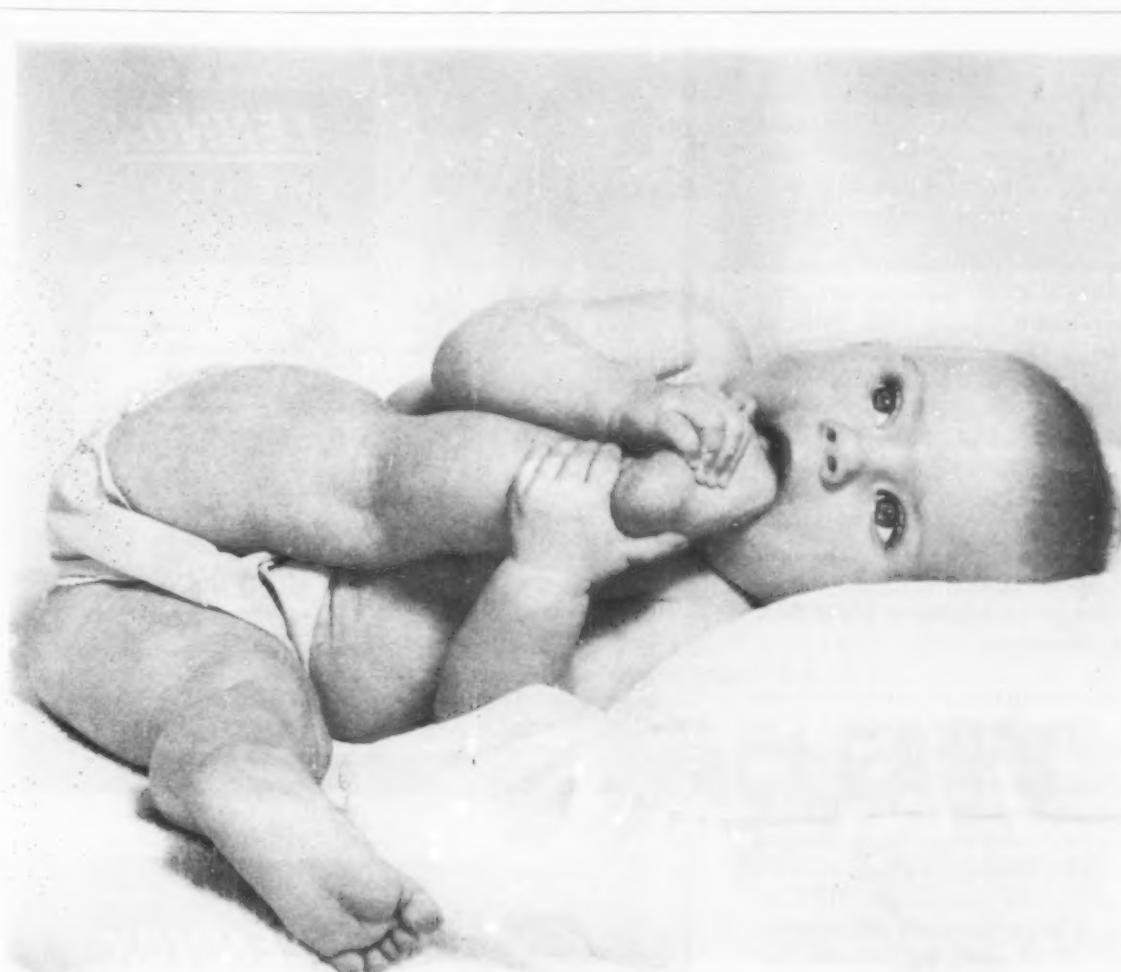
already, would become an island in reality amid a shallow salt sea extending from the Laurentian foothills to Lake Champlain, while seaways might well extend into the Hudson River valley and other regions farther south. It has all happened before, a long time ago, but there is a lot of water still held in the two ice caps. Inasmuch as much of the world's most productive and thickly populated lands are only a little above sea level, a little extra water added to the sea might go a very long way.

The sea's invasion of the lowlands

however would be far less significant than the change in climate in the higher latitudes. The atmospheric circulation would be vastly changed with the disappearance of the polar ice, for the mass of cold arctic air stretching across the Canadian north in seemingly perpetual warfare with warm air currents flowing from the south would no longer exist in any effective way. Warm air would flow north to the Arctic Ocean, and the arctic islands and Greenland, free of ice and snow and surrounded by temperate seas, might well become

thickly populated communities. The long hours of daylight between spring and fall, and the moist and equable climate of sea-girt islands of a temperate zone, might transform them into emerald isles as green as Ireland. After all, ten or twelve thousand years ago Ireland itself was as firmly in the grip of the extensive ice cap as Baffinland is today.

The general outcome could be a North American society, perhaps exclusively Canadian but just as likely not, extending densely and powerfully to the Arctic Ocean, with forests and



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Tiny toes might be fun for playtime, but this young scamp is using them to tell mother it's time for dinner—and that means, time for Heinz.

Heinz makes an exceptionally large assortment of baby foods just so that you can bring your baby up on the well-balanced, interesting diet needed by growing youngsters.

Next time you shop, look for Heinz Baby Foods. You'll find Strained and Junior Meats, Baby Cereals, Strained Foods, Junior Foods and Teething Biscuits to choose from.

And best of all, you know they're good because they're Heinz!

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You need COMPLETELY CONTROLLED AIR for complete comfort in any weather

Five comfort factors control the air you live in and need not be taken for granted. Uneven temperatures, draughts, dust and smoke, staleness and even dryness in your home need no more be tolerated than a car with two wheel brakes or crank starting.

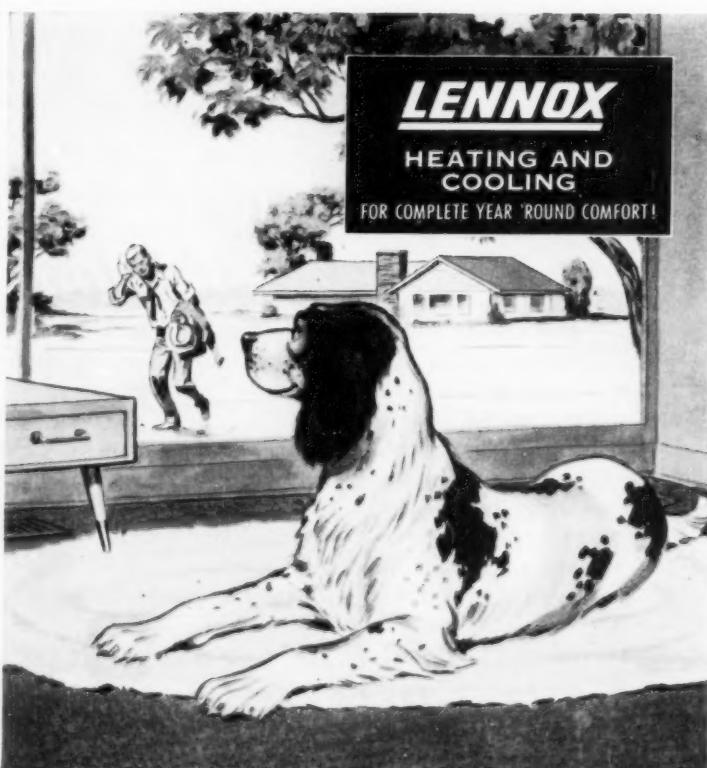
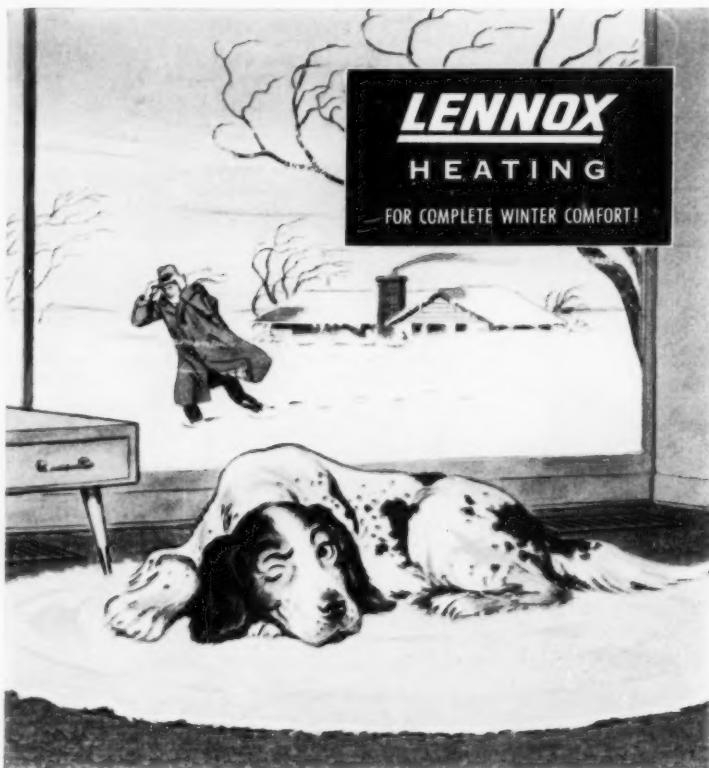
For winter months, Lennox Perima-flo heating not only evenly controls the temperature of your home within a fraction-of-a-degree — it conditions the air too! Lennox Perima-flo puts a curtain of warm, gently circulated air between you and draughty windows and doors. With Lennox, moisture is added automatically to just the right amount. The exclusive Lennox "Hammock" filter, with more than double the capacity of ordinary filters, makes the air you live in free of dust, lint and odours.

For summer too, perfect comfort can be yours — easily! A compact Lennox sealed cooling unit may be added alongside your Lennox heating unit — and at surprisingly low cost. Whether you own an old home or are planning to buy a new one it will pay you to see your Lennox dealer today. He is an expert in providing you with comfortable air in which to live. Ask him about the popular Budget Plan. Look for his name in the yellow pages.

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croplands where the tundra now lies, but with less water, since the storm belt would have shifted and the increased warmth would have increased the rate of evaporation. The hot dry summer just past could be a foretaste of hotter and drier ones to come. How the human community would respond under such circumstances is anyone's guess. Canada and Russia would be equally affected. Our main interest is in whether such conditions could actually arise.

There is no doubt that they could. All of the remaining ice caps can melt away, and within certain limits the rise in sea level and the shift of the climatic zones can be estimated. What is much harder to reckon is the length of time the final melting would take, even if the atmosphere warmed sufficiently to set the course inevitably. The melting of the massive ice cap of Greenland and the not-to-be-forgotten antarctic ice cap might still require millenia rather than centuries, but the ice sheet covering the Arctic Ocean is another matter. The ice sheet is vulnerable below as well as above; in fact a slight warming of the oceanic currents flowing beneath it could thin it from beneath until suddenly, perhaps in a single season, the sheet would break up into pack ice, scatter and disappear. This event might happen even in our own time, and this alone would have repercussions, for instead of reflecting much of the sun's radiative heat back into space, that heat would penetrate the ocean that had lain beneath, and the northern seas would become warmer still.

If all of this appears fantastic, we can only point to the past and say it has all happened before. In fact fantastic change has been the condition of the earth throughout most of the last few hundred million years. Ice ages have been widely spaced and relatively short-lived, at least in terms of geologic time. As far as we can tell they have come about every two hundred and fifty million years and have lasted not more than a few million years at the most. In between there have usually been extensive shallow continental seas and the climate has been equable from pole to pole with little of the tempestuous climatic exhilaration of our own time. Swamp cypresses have grown in Greenland and corals have flourished in the seas around it.

The recent ice age, taking it as a whole so far as it has lasted, began less than one million years ago and has undergone a regular sequence of advance and withdrawal, each advance and withdrawal lasting tens of thousands of years. The last major advance of the ice cap, which covered this continent to a latitude south of the Great Lakes, had its own lesser ups and downs. Ten or eleven thousand years ago, at a time when men are known to have been living in the southwestern parts of North America and to have been hunting mammoths in Mexico, the great glaciers were still crushing spruce forests in Wisconsin. The evidence is clear and the dates have been worked out with some precision by estimating the proportions of radioactive carbon in the remains of crushed trees and burned bones of animals, which is an indicator of the time since they were actually alive.

What concerns us particularly is the history of these last ten thousand years, when mankind not only emerged from the primitive state of a hunter to that of the atomic age but the world itself passed through some peculiar climatic changes. Only if we understand these changes can we anticipate with any confidence what the future may hold for us. Are we, for instance, by pouring carbon dioxide into the atmosphere,

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Are we entering a new ice age? Today's warmth may be the lull before the storm

accelerating the final melting of the ice caps or merely postponing the time of their next advance? It makes a lot of difference to the ultimate fate of the northern world.

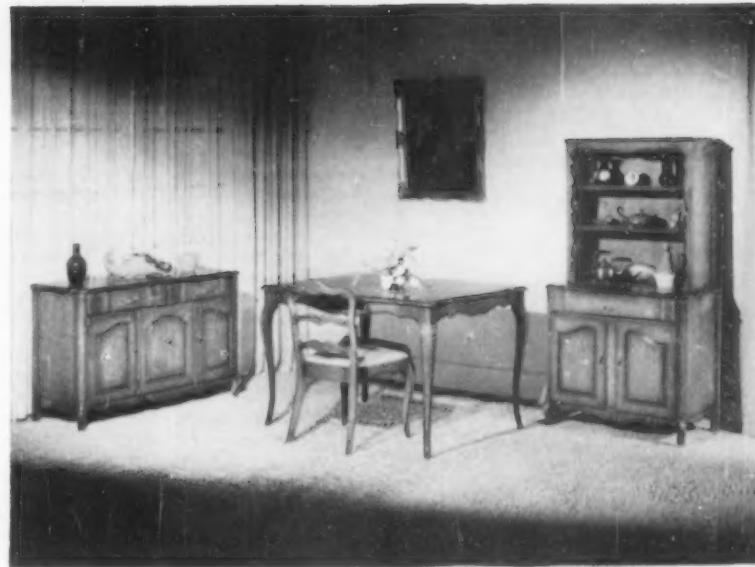
We can trace the climatic course in various ways. Ancient forests can be reconstructed from wood and pollen that have fallen year by year to become incorporated in the deep sediment of old lakes, and the time at which the pollen fell can be determined by the radioactive carbon method. The pine belt just south of the arctic tundra lay across West Virginia in 7500 BC. By 7000 BC it had shifted north to Connecticut, and the line passed through northern Minnesota in 5000 BC. The treeline marked the steady withdrawal of the North American ice sheet, and a similar sequence is known for northern Europe. At first glance it looks as though there has been a steady warming up since the ice began to pull back toward the poles on this final occasion, and that before very long, whether hastened by us or not, the last trace of the recent ice age will have disappeared for good.

Several facts however should make us pause before we jump to this conclusion. During the ice age as a whole the ice caps melted and withdrew to at least their present extent on three occasions which lasted from about fifty thousand to as much as one hundred and fifty thousand years. And after each more or less warm period the ice grew back again, as cold and massive and destructive as before. With a mere ten thousand years behind us since the

ice started to melt again, what assurance can we have that we are now finished with it and are not merely somewhere in a relatively short interglacial period between one icy surge and the next? We do not know what exactly are the circumstances that brought the ice age into existence, only that it is probably the result of certain solar conditions coinciding with certain mountain-building activities on earth. There is therefore no way of knowing when those circumstances no longer exist. So far as we know the ice caps may alternately expand and shrink many times before the age itself is over.

When we look more closely at the evidence before us, however, the signs become ominous. The warming up of the last half century may be a lull before the storm and our contamination of the atmosphere may be a puny thing to hold back the rising tide of fate.

Evidence of the climatic history of the past ten thousand years is of several kinds and comes from various regions. Vegetation is an index of climate and the nature of the forests through much of the northern hemisphere has been determined for most of the period; so are water levels and so are archaeological remains of human habitations. There is more than this, but from these alone we can chart the general course. For the first few thousand years after the melting of the ice began the earth outside the tropics was cool and wet. Then, as the extensive ice sheets dwindled, the climate became warm and wet, during a period lasting from about 5000 BC to 4000 BC or



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"Just a thousand years ago Greenland was a pleasant land with colonies and farms"

somewhat later, the period which saw the start of agriculture, animal husbandry and settled village life.

The excessive evaporation came to an end and while the climate remained warm it also became dry, from 4000 BC or thereabouts until around 2500 BC. This is the period usually called the Climatic Optimum or alternatively the Thermal Maximum. It was during this period that the great civilizations of the Middle East took root and flourished. During this time the sea level was somewhat higher than it is now and large parts of southern Florida, for example, lay beneath the water. The temperature of both the sea and air was somewhat warmer than at present. Trees grew far to the north of their present limits and, while glaciers lay on Greenland as they do now, the ice sheet of the Arctic Ocean had completely melted. The prehistoric settlements recently discovered in the Canadian Arctic, of a people that used land sleds but had no boats, may belong to this period or not much later.

Twilight of the Gods

According to climatologists and archaeologists, the period of the Climatic Optimum—about four to five thousand years ago—was the climatic peak of the postglacial world. It was the end of the warming-up process and since then it has been cooling down, at least until very recent times. The climate became very slowly cooler until around 500 BC when there was a sudden turn for the worse. This was felt particularly in northern Europe, and a cool-wet period known as the Sub-Atlantic was ushered in. It is with us yet. It was at this time, or so scientists believe, that the Arctic oceanic ice sheet again formed, possibly spreading across in a single winter if the sea was quiet enough.

It is difficult to estimate the impact of such an event, for the sudden loss of heat due to reflection from such an area of ice and snow, the intense local cooling of the atmosphere, and the shifts in oceanic and atmospheric circulation would all have strongly affected adjacent lands. The time seems to correspond with that of the ancient Scandinavian and Teutonic legends of the Twilight of the Gods, a time when the gods failed to take care of their people and a savage advance of long winters froze them or forced them to migrate southward. The same sudden climatic transformation brought glacial conditions back into the Canadian Arctic archipelago and may have put an end to the old communities, compelling the people to take to the cold seas and the ice itself to gain a living, to become the Eskimos as we now know them to be.

Even one thousand years ago however the Vikings found southern Green-

land to be a pleasant land, as their name for it implies. The Greenland colony lasted for several centuries, but gradually the ice crept south and the Greenland farmers either died or escaped to the west or, as some say, merged with the Eskimos to live in the only way they could. The storms and vicious winters of the thirteenth century initiated what has been generally known as the Little Ice Age, when many long-since-melted glaciers reappeared and when farming became so difficult throughout northern Europe that hundreds of thousands of farms were evacuated and misery struck peasant and feudal landlord alike. With minor fluctuations the so-called Little Ice Age lasted well into the 19th century, and it is only within the last hundred years that we appear to be pulling out of it. Apart from the very recent trend the over-all picture is far from encouraging.

During the last few years evidence of a new type has been brought to bear upon the problem. Surprisingly, the information comes from the depths of the ocean where deep in the ooze of the abyss lies a record of the temperature of the sea surface throughout the ages; and the surface temperature of the ocean is a fair indication of the average world conditions. Those microscopic shell-forming marine animals, the foraminifera, such as those we encountered in Montreal, are in certain areas among the most abundant of the sea's living creatures. When they die their empty calcareous shells sink to the sea floor, layer upon layer, sometimes to be lifted up by a heave of the earth's crust to become part of dry land. The White Cliffs of Dover are an example. With new techniques and apparatus, however, it is now possible to obtain cores of the deep-sea floor many feet long in which foraminifera shells predominate. The cores are thermometers of the past and the shells are the mercury.

They work this way: the shell material from different levels in the core is analyzed for the relative amount of calcium, which indicates the sea temperature at the time of formation, for shells are heavy when formed in cold water and light if formed in warm water. Then it is analyzed for the relative amount of radioactive carbon in the sample, which indicates its age so long as it is not much older than about twenty thousand years.

The results show that the main warming-up period began well before the ice actually started to disappear; temperatures were rising sharply as long ago as 13000 BC. The curve of rising temperature continues fairly steeply until around 6000 BC and then begins to level off, reaching a maximum during the Climatic Optimum period. So far so good, but then the temperature curve declines, with fluctuations



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When older folk are sure,
In spite of your commanding air,
Increasing girth and thinning hair,
You're plainly immature.

And youngsters see a chance to be
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P. J. BLACKWELL

up and down but with a general downward slant, beginning noticeably about twenty-five hundred years ago. One step up and two steps down has been the course ever since and the recent warming up has so far been no greater nor longer than several that have gone before.

According to the curve, the sea temperature as a whole has already fallen during the last two to three thousand years from its previous peak to a level no higher than it was at about 7000 BC. There is nothing in the curve to suggest it will not continue to fall. In five thousand or perhaps ten thousand years the ice will grow again over North America and elsewhere, forcing humanity southward and withdrawing so much water from the sea that Alaska and Siberia would unite to form a land bridge such as they have made many times before. It is difficult to estimate when it would start, should the downward trend continue. Undoubtedly the temperature would need to fall well below the critical mark before a massive advance got under way, but how far no one can tell.

Will Winter Get More Savage?

So where lies our destiny? Among luscious green islands amid the Arctic Sea or in the white hell of glaciers extending from Greenland to the Rockies? At the moment it looks like the first, in the long run more like the last. It could even be both.

Suppose the carbon-dioxide pollution we are producing does have the predicted effect and the present ice caps disappear. The change in climate and sea level will be as certain as the rise of tomorrow's sun. It is possible and perhaps probable that we will be responsi-

ble for such a change, for we will without doubt burn coal and oil at an ever-increasing rate as industrial demands go up and as other coal-rich countries such as China develop their resources. We will produce carbon dioxide at a furious rate for maybe two more centuries, perhaps for a shorter time but certainly for no longer. What then?

With most of the oil and coal consumed, and atomic or solar energy taking their place, with smoke abated, the outpouring of the heat-trapping carbon dioxide falls to the level of earlier times. Slowly the ocean and vegetation together absorb the atmospheric excess, and the contained heat escapes. The temperature of the land, the sea and the air drops to where it would have been had there been no such interruption, farther down the curve than we stand at present. The ice sheet of the Arctic Ocean, which had meanwhile disappeared with heart-warming effect, now suddenly returns, and the civilization which had grown around the rim of the Arctic Sea, in both North America and Siberia, recoils to the south before one savage winter after another.

We may enjoy a pleasant interlude of several centuries but in the end, unless nature herself changes the course on her temperature chart, we in the north will have to readjust if we are to go on living on our planet during a particularly lively period in its long history. After all, most of the known history and prehistory of humans has been mainly a response to wildly shifting climatic extremes. We might become bored and set in our ways if we had to live on the more placid earth of an older time. ★



R. B. Bennett

THERE'S ALWAYS BEEN A DOODLER

In 1931, as in every parliamentary session before and since, there were days when the Ottawa press gallery wasn't exactly vibrating with activity. On one of these a reporter whiled away the hours compiling this pyramid of verbal chops and hooks thrown by Mackenzie King at Prime Minister R. B. Bennett. *From Backstage at Ottawa, May 1, 1931:*

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The great I am
Government is his
One man government
Is coercing parliament
His fighting and blasting
Is subverting the cabinet
This Government is his own
The force of might, not right
He is the Alpha and Omega—all
He is coercing other countries
He is driving things through House
He is coercing the British Government
Laying down the law with threats of force
An attitude of assurance and of arrogance
The methods of the blaster and the gunman



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Now! B.O.A.C.'s "family-fare" savings bring European holiday in reach of the whole family!

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Only Dad (or head of family) pays the regular fare. Mother and all children, 12 to 25, travel at greatly reduced rates. In the case of the family of six, above, travelling on B.O.A.C.'s luxury "Monarch" service to London, total savings would amount to \$1680 over the regular on-season first-class fares!

And B.O.A.C.'s new "family-fare" plan is available at both first-class and tourist fares. You enjoy traditionally courteous B.O.A.C. service . . . delightful meals . . . the superb comfort and quiet of pressurized, double-deck Stratocruisers. And, if circumstances demand, Dad may return independently, leaving the family free to extend their holiday as they wish.

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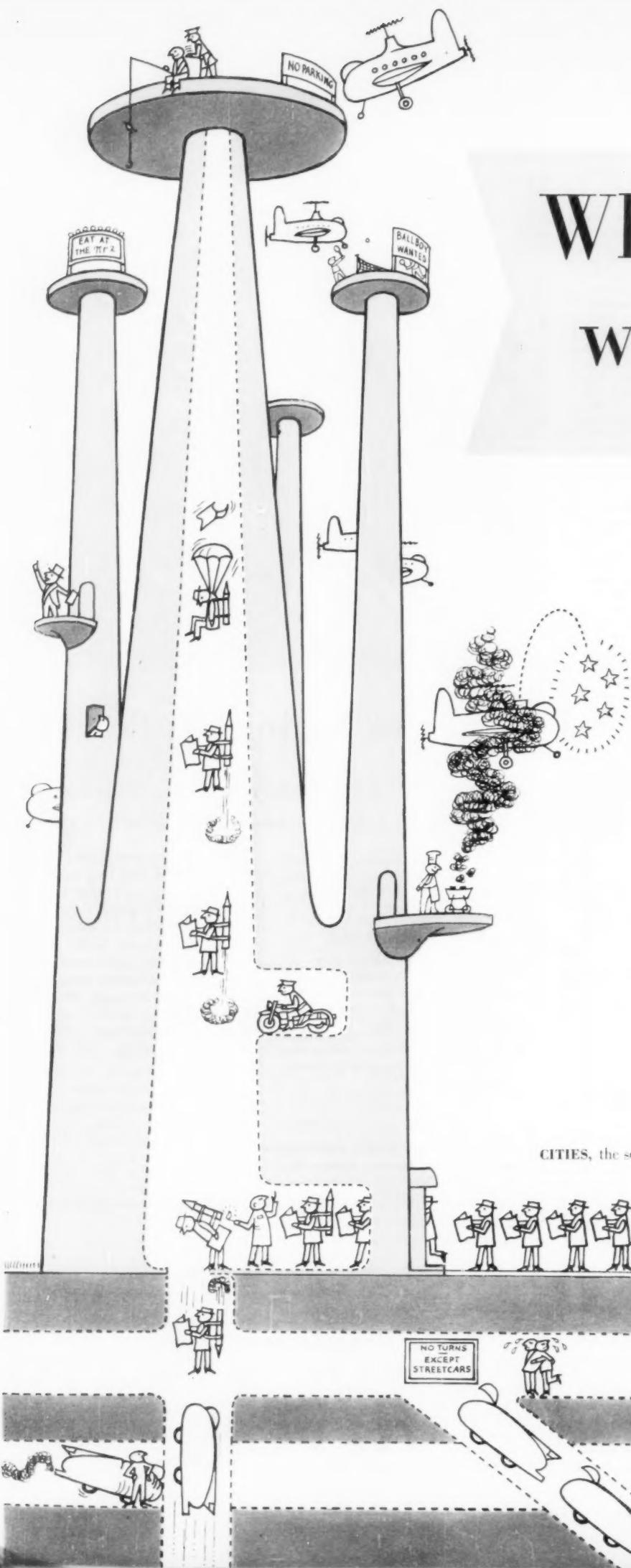
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What they said would happen

By train to Paris? Babies from glass-houses? Double-decker streets? Some of the crystal-ball gazing of the past — as recalled in these selections from Maclean's files — was sadly astray but in the world of today stranger things have come true

OVER THE PAST half-century writers in Maclean's have often played the fascinating game of peering into the future. Winston Churchill, Thomas A. Edison, Guglielmo Marconi have been among them. In trying to tell us in advance what the world of 1955 would be like, some of them climbed out on shaky limbs. One man, for instance, was sure we'd be able to take the train from New York to Paris, via a tunnel under Bering Strait. Another did not believe that the airplane would ever be important in commerce. Others, however, forecast the splitting of the atom, the bombing of civilian populations, television, the automated factory, the tubeless tire, rental control and the eclipse of the silk worm.

In this selected budget of the prophesies you'll be both amused and startled at what they said would happen—

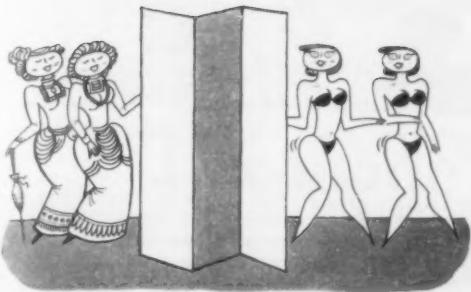
In this selected budget of the prophesies you'll be both amused and startled at what they said would happen—

ILLUSTRATED BY DESMOND ENGLISH

CITIES, the seers said, would be a geometric whirling network of tunnels and towers

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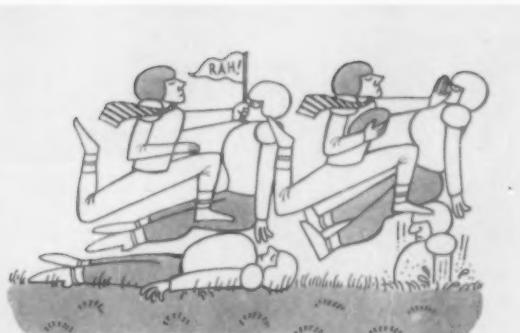
ENGLISH



CLOTHES, said Edison, would be so cheap that women could easily follow the fickle fashions.



PLANES would be hopping from roof to roof and airliners like battleships would span seas.



FOOTBALL would be dominated by the college teams and the inter-city leagues would die out.

... TO THE CITY

JANUARY 1912

Mr. William R. Wilcox, chairman of the Public Service Commission of the City of New York, says that many things point to the use of moving platforms under our streets within, say, twenty years. The arcade, or underground street, will very likely follow the line of the moving sidewalk. The moving platform permits a person to get on or off at any point, and so we may expect to see great shopping streets below the surface of our present thoroughfares. Sidewalks may also be built along the floor of our high buildings, say at the tenth floor.

Picture a vast structure of steel and masonry, lifting myriad towers at a dizzy height, and spreading out into an intricate network of tunnels and caverns beneath the earth. From the tops of mountainous buildings, alive with the whirr and hum of machines, countless elevators will continually speed the varying workers to and from the subterranean avenues beneath, where they will dart to and fro switched hither and thither by lightning-like gyro cars, or borne along amid the throng on gliding platforms. Such will be the city of tomorrow!

MAY 1906

Apartment buildings of the future will have every possible contrivance for increasing the ease and comfort of their tenants. The old bugbear of "washing and wiping dishes" will be entirely removed for each apartment will be provided with an electric dishwashing machine, which, with the aid of the hot-water faucet, will automatically perform the operation. The future apartment building will be supplied with a carefully worked out system of ventilation and will be constantly supplied with pure air, filtered and washed by modern and improved methods...

The reduced cost of electricity will also have a marked effect on the exterior appearance of large cities. Myriads of lights, blazing along the most prominent thoroughfares, will turn night into day, and the standard of street lighting, which is already several times in advance of what it was twenty years ago, will be correspondingly advanced.

... TO WAR

JANUARY 1912

The historian who writes of the future war will turn the pages of Greek legend and smile sadly at Jove's smiting lightning. The old War God hurling his thunderbolts will seem impotent beside man wielding the forces of nature for weapons... Magazines exploded without warning by darting, invisible, all-penetrating currents of electricity; devastating rays of electricity or of some more powerful force, flashing over hundreds of miles consuming all that comes within their scouring blast. Guns, ex-

plosives, and projectiles will sink into the past, even as has the bow and arrow, giving place to howling elements clashing under man's direction.

DECEMBER 1, 1927

"In a war of any magnitude there will not merely be armies engaging armies but whole nations mobilized against nations. The girl filling a shell at a factory is just as much part of the machinery of war as the soldier who fires it. She is much more vulnerable and will certainly be attacked. It is impossible to say that such an attack would be unjustified.

"The matter does not end with mere munitions workers. The central organizations essential to modern warfare are carried on in 'open towns' and largely by civilians. An attempt to paralyze them would be perfectly legitimate. The first conclusion, therefore, that emerges is that an attack would be made upon the civilian population."

—The Earl of Halsbury.

... TO CLOTHES

JANUARY 1910

The clothes of the future will be so cheap that every young woman will be able to follow the fashion promptly—and there will be plenty of fashions. Artificial silk that is superior to the natural silk is now made of wood pulp. It shines better than silk. I think that the silk-worm barbarism will go in fifty years, just as the indigo of India went with the production of indigo in German laboratories...

—Thomas A. Edison.

... TO FOOTBALL

NOVEMBER 1912

Football is essentially a college game and should be exclusively so, though at present in Canada there are several formidable leagues of city players. The transition, however, is coming slowly but surely and, in the course of time, as the country expands, the city teams will disappear and the college players will furnish the only competition on the gridiron.

Even now, city teams are at an immense disadvantage, inasmuch as there are insurmountable difficulties in their way as regards time and place to practice. Gentlemen just starting in business can't get away from their employment at the same hours of practice and, as a consequence, the unity of action and production of team players so necessary to success in Rugby cannot possibly be obtained.

Practice by artificial lights is not feasible, for it has often been tried, and the best proof of the superiority of the college article, lies in the fact that for the past three years the University of Toronto teams have won the championship of Canada, easily defeating the city teams in the final contests.

... TO PLANES

JUNE 1907

Confident as I am in the immense possibilities of the aeroplane and of the power it will wield in warfare, yet I do not think it is ever likely to play an important part in the commercial history of the world. And those who picture as delights of the future aerial flight instead of motor or bicycle trips will have a long time to wait before they see their dream realized...

... Many years must elapse before the aeroplane exercises any powerful influence over our daily lives. But in warfare it will prove a revolutionizing factor, and I am not indulging in any Jules Verne flight of imagination when I say that the day will surely come—maybe it will not come in this generation or the next, but it will come nevertheless—when battles will be fought in mid-air. Then what will become of our warships? In truth, the subject is an intensely interesting one.

APRIL 1914

The opinion of experts is that the flying boat will eventually become as large as a torpedo-boat destroyer, and that the horsepower of its engines will run into thousands. The day cannot be far away, when, for pleasure purposes, the flying boat will take the place of the steam yacht and the motor boat. Indeed, the congestion of traffic that prevails in most of our larger towns leads one to believe that, sooner or later, the airplane will be used as an everyday mode of conveyance. The airplane, owing to the span of its wings, can scarcely be termed a "door to door" vehicle; but when roofs become flat, as they are all bound to do in the near future, then aerial traffic will fly from roof to roof.

NOVEMBER 15, 1930

A commercial air route between Canada and Great Britain, as part of a gigantic scheme of air communication between the various parts of the Empire, is on the eve of its establishment. Despite the setback in development of lighter-than-air transports resulting from the R-101 disaster, progress in the heavier-than-air field continues as usual—and at an extremely rapid pace.

Canadians of tomorrow will be able to step aboard a giant thirty-passenger, multi-engined airliner at Winnipeg and within two days or less land at Croydon aerodrome on the outskirts of London; or, if they wish to continue their flight for another twenty-four hours, it will take them as far as Cairo. The pace of development in the field of heavier-than-air aviation is so fast today that it is altogether likely that the "flaming youth" of Canada's next generation will consider no weekend complete without a joy ride to Piccadilly and Mayfair.

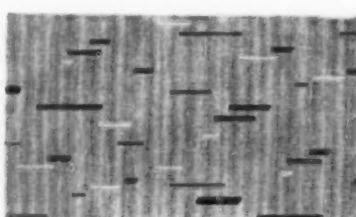
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"Jackstraw" is so gay and good and so long-wearing! See, too, how the pattern draws your eye across the floor . . . makes any room look *bigger* as well as more beautiful. For only a few dollars you can have this new Gold Seal pattern on any floor. Only Congoleum has the 8-coat thickness Wear Layer of heat-toughened paint and baked enamel. And it carries the famous Gold Seal guarantee of satisfaction. See "Jackstraw" and all the other smart Gold Seal patterns at your floor covering dealer's soon. Write for free booklet showing all Gold Seal patterns and many helpful decorating hints.

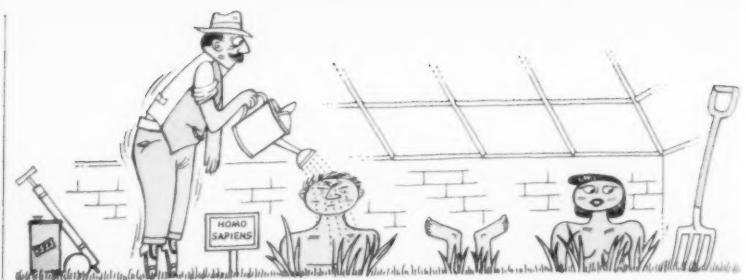


Jackstraw comes in 6 background colours. Red, Grey (No. 809), Green (No. 810), all illustrated above. Beige (No. 807), 2, 3 and 4 yds. wide. Also Charcoal (No. 806) and Blue (No. 808), 2 and 3 yds. wide.



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Will "human beings" be grown under glass? Churchill thought it likely.

... TO SOCIETY

NOVEMBER 15, 1931

... We all take the modern conveniences and facilities as they are offered to us, without being grateful or consciously happier. But we simply could not live if they were taken away. We assume that progress will be constant. "This 'ere progress," Mr. Wells makes one of his characters remark, "keeps going. It's wonderful 'ow it keeps going on." It is also very fortunate; for if it stopped or were reversed, there would be a catastrophe of unimaginable horror. Mankind has gone too far to go back, and is moving too fast to stop . . .

But equally startling developments lie already just beyond our fingertips in the breeding of human beings and the shaping of human nature . . .

A few years ago London was surprised by a play called Rossum's Universal Robots. The production of such beings may well be possible within fifty years. They will not be made, but grown under glass. There seems little doubt that it will be possible to carry out the entire cycle which now leads to the birth of a child, in artificial surroundings. Interference with the mental development of such beings, expert suggestion and treatment in the earlier years would produce beings specialized to thought or toil. The production of creatures, for instance, which have admirable physical development with their mental endowment stunted in particular directions, is almost within the range of human power. A being might be produced capable of tending a machine, but without other ambition.

Our minds recoil from such fearful eventualities, and the law of a Christian civilization will prevent them. But might not lopsided creatures of this type fit in well with the Communist doctrine of Russia? Might not the Union of Soviet Republics, armed with all the power of science, find it in harmony with all their aims to produce a race adapted to mechanical tasks and with no other idea but to obey the Communist state? . . .

Democracy as a guide or motive to progress has long been known to be incompetent. None of the legislative assemblies of the great modern states represent in universal suffrage even a fraction of the strength or wisdom of the community. Great nations are no longer led by their ablest men or by those who know most about their immediate affairs, or even by those who have a coherent doctrine. Democratic governments drift along the line of

least resistance, taking short views, paving their way with thoughts and doles and smoothing their paths with pleasant-sounding platitudes . . .

It is, therefore, above all things important that the moral philosophy and spiritual conception of men and nations should hold their own amid these formidable scientific evolutions. It would be much better to call a halt in material progress and discovery rather than to be mastered by our own apparatus and the forces which it directs. There are secrets too mysterious for man in his present state to know; secrets which, once penetrated, may be fatal to human happiness and glory. But the busy hands of the scientists are already fumbling with the keys of all the chambers hitherto forbidden to mankind. Without any leaven of mercy, pity, peace and love, science itself may destroy all that makes human life majestic and colorful . . .

—Winston S. Churchill.

... TO RADIO

OCTOBER 1912

Within the next two generations we shall have not only wireless telephony and telegraphy, but also wireless transmission of all power for individual and corporate use, wireless heating and light, and wireless fertilizing the fields. When all this has been accomplished—as it surely will be—mankind will be free from many of the burdens imposed by present economic conditions.

In the wireless era the government will necessarily be the owner of all the great sources of power. This will naturally bring railways, telegraph and telephone lines, and great ocean-going vessels, and great mills and factories into public ownership. It will sweep away the present enormous corporations and will bring about a semi-socialistic state.

The coming of the wireless era will make war impossible, because it will make war ridiculous.

—Guglielmo Marconi.

DECEMBER 1, 1921

For the man of means in the future there will be little else to do than think, record personal sensations and sleep—that is if all the achievements predicted for radio come true. For instance, the business man of 1975 will be in a position to arise in the morning and, by a certain intonation of speech, order his bath turned on and warm for



The new electronics would allow a man to turn on his bath with his voice.

FOR COLOUR AND COMFORT

WASHABILITY AND WEAR...

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Tex-made's the choice-3 to 1!



"Bedtime is Tex-made time in most homes," reports Joan Blanchard. "For a Tex-made blanket is treasured elegance to dress a bed in . . . cozy-warm yet fluffy-light . . . with deep, glowing tones or vibrantly colourful stripes, all washable as a pillowslip. They cost so little, too—yet their beauty is a lifetime joy!"



Complete enchantment—when a Tex-made coloured blanket adds radiance to your room! It bathes your bed in a heavenly hue that washing can't fade. Six rich colours, priced to suit your budget.



Tops for teenagers! The new Alpine Blanket, dashingly striped in a choice of 4 lifelong washable colours! Underneath, famed, cozy Warmsheet flannelette keeps toes safe from any chill.



Most beloved blanket in all Canada—the Tex-made Ibex. Rare is the home without one; it's so gentle and soft, so warm and wonderfully washable.

Though it costs little, it will endure for many a winter to come. Ibex is typical of Tex-made values, bought 3 to 1 over any other cotton blankets.

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him while he is shaving and getting into his bathrobe. Doors will open and close for him at a mere command and his breakfast will be cooked for him by radio. He can then step to the front door and say, "Come out," and the garage doors will swing wide to let his automobile glide, under the control of radio, to a point on the pavement opposite where he stands. He will need no chauffeur, for radio controls will operate the car at his will.

Arriving at his office, he will complete most of the routine work of the day by radio. No stenographers or typewriters will be needed, because all his correspondence will be done by radio speech or radio writing. Indeed, if he happens to be so inclined, he will not need to go to the office at all, for with radio vision perfected, he and his customers can meet, see each other and converse, although they might be miles apart. Furthermore, it will be possible to keep photographic and phonographic records of radio vision and radio speech for filing purposes.

Twenty years from now, possibly even ten years from now, the executive office of a great corporation may look like the control room of a present-day power house. On the walls will be the screens for radio vision. An assortment of microphones will connect with the various circuits for distant communication, for recording, for issuing instructions to the few remaining employees. Buttons or switches will operate the dozens of radio-controlled devices that bring desired rolls of iron wire from the files, that admit or exclude visitors, that acknowledge or refuse calls...

In entertainment radio movies will do away with the necessity of motion-picture machines in individual theatres. Dramas and comedies will be broadcast in speech and picture all over the country from central points...

TO POLITICS

JANUARY 1916

... After the election of 1920 we shall see a change in our politics. We shall enter like all other free countries of the twentieth century on the great struggle between the classes, between those who have and those who have not. Our politics are still cast in an historic mold dating back to the eighteenth century. One set of gentlemen in frock coats confront another set of gentlemen in frock coats. At decorous intervals they change seats and begin again. From the government benches to the Opposition benches they pelt one another with inoffensive rhetoric, like children throwing dandelions in a meadow. This system, historically, had its use and served its purpose. But its day is past.

In Canada the great change will come, and come rapidly, after 1920. Forces inside the Liberal Party will turn it into a party of the people. To it will flock all the younger men of intellect, penniless, eager for advancement and untempted as yet by opportunity. In the big cities, as they grow bigger still, there will arise a new proletariat democracy, comparable to the population of Chicago—fierce in its possibilities of evil.

In the decade following, the power of these elements will grow stronger. If, and when, the wave of prosperity recedes, there will be an outcry against corporation control of politics, against the railways, against the trusts and the mergers, against the rich.

Then swiftly and suddenly near the close of the year 1929 a great and unexpected thing will happen—

But there. That is enough. It is not well to strain the vision of the prophet to the breaking point.

Let us rather put it that about the

year 1929 someone will turn over the pages of an ancient magazine—this one—and will say to someone else: "How wonderful! Here is a man who foretold the whole political future for fifteen years! Leacock? Leacock? who was he?"

And the other person will answer: "Don't you remember? He was the man, a professor and a writer, who made a fabulous fortune by selling a quarter of a lot in Swift Current and immediately retired and never taught or wrote again. It was considered a great thing for all concerned."

—Stephen Leacock.

TO AUTOS

JUNE 1906

What the automobile will eventually do in opening up new territory is a dream of millions. What it has already done is astonishing. The secret of its influence upon land values is this—it is not limited to a certain track, like a railroad train. It goes wherever there is a road. A city-bred family can now live in the country without leaving their physician, their lawyer or their friends behind them. Our cities will become less like pyramids and more like parks. The country home and hotel will flourish.

FEBRUARY 1908

Sanguine automobilists are predicting rural and suburban traffic by automobile; caravans on wheels; motor trains on the highway; the railroad rebate evil circumvented by the motor car; every man his own freight agent. That this prophecy is already on the way to fulfillment is a fact that's familiar. Within the present year an enterprising concern in Paterson, N.J., has established a motor-car route between that city and New York, a distance of eighteen miles. At the present time they are running eight five-ton trucks over the route—some of them making two trips daily—and are doing a constantly increasing business... before the opening of another year sixteen such trucks will be in operation. Such trucks have a normal speed rating of eight miles per hour with a possibility of twelve on a hard level road, and are capable of ascending all reasonable grades up to twenty percent at a minimal speed of five miles. The average fuel consumption is twenty-two gallons to eighty miles with one gallon of lubricant.

DECEMBER 1910

Imagine motoring with never a turn of the crank to start the engine, with no removal, repair and replacement of a damaged tire in its clincher run on the road, and no laborious pumping up afterwards; picture yourself driving until nightfall and then turning on the headlights, sidelights and tail-lights by a simple turn of a switch or lever on the dash, while the car is rushing along at full speed...

FEBRUARY 1918

What will the automobile of the future be like, the car that people will drive, say, twenty-five years from now?

The automobile of the future will be weather tight. The open car, the so-called "touring model," will never be as popular in the future as it has been in the past. Of course there will always be as many, if not more, body models in the future as now, but they will all tend towards one standard, just as most of the models today tend toward the standard touring, roadster or limousine bodies. And this standard model will be a weatherproof affair.

Probably it will be all glass—sides, front, rear and roof.

The engine will probably be moved from the front to the rear, and it is likely that some new kind of motive power will be developed...

Today the engine supplies power for lights, power to start itself, power to pump up tires, power to pump its own oil, power to pump its own gasoline. What is next? Power to stop itself, of course! And here we are on solid ground, for the vacuum brake which uses engine power to create suction and air pressure to apply brakes is already on the market. So is an electrical brake...

The car of the future won't leave anything to be done by manpower. In two or three years foot brakes will be a thing of the past except on cheap cars. Why should a man exert muscle to stop a car anymore than to start it? What's that great brute of an engine idling under the hood?

If the engine starts and lights and pumps and stops itself, why shouldn't it steer the car? Revolutionary? Nonsense! That's what they said of electric starters. The cars in future will have no such thing as a "driver's seat." All the seats in the car, save the rear one, will be movable. Driving will be done from a small control board, which can be held in the lap. It will be connected to the mechanism by a flexible electric cable. A small finger lever, not a wheel, will guide the car. Another will attend to speed changes, will light and warm the car, blow the horn, apply the brakes—everything. The driver will sit right or left as he pleases, or even, on country roads, on the rear seat. Driving will be, then, what it ought to be, a mental, not a physical, exercise.

The car of the future will carry neither extra tires nor extra wheels. In the first place, if the non-puncturable tire doesn't arrive—which it will probably—and if the substitute for rubber is never made—which it will be—why, some of you will come across with a substitute for air...

TO INDUSTRY

AUGUST 1915

The great factory is jammed with equipment. In fact, so close are the machines to each other that there is barely room for a man to thread his way among them. There is no need for room because on the entire floor, in all that maze of flying steel, not one man has a place. It is the strangest factory on earth—floor after floor of complicated machinery, without a man to guide it.

... A maze of wires, bound together in four cables, each thicker than a hog's head, leads into a seven-story tower at one corner of the plant. The entire maze of machinery is controlled from this tower. But more marvellous than the factory, even the tower is not filled with operators, each with keys and switches in front of him with which he controls some part of the machinery. Instead, it looks like a huge telephone exchange; for every floor is filled with rows of complicated mechanism...

This huge maze of machinery in itself is running the entire factory taking in the raw materials, making it up, casting out defective pieces, packing, sorting, and storing the finished goods, without the intervention of a single human being. As a matter of fact, no such factory exists. It is a mere dream of the scientist; but it is a dream that may now be actually realized... A man named S. Bent Russell, an engineer from St. Louis, has invented a thinking machine.

The one big shortcoming of Russell's machine is that the machine cor-



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Most foot troubles begin
between ages 8 and 18—
caused by badly designed
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shoes during youth.

Lloyd Percival,
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if you foot the bill for his footwear

Here's a fact you ought to know. A child's foot may grow a full size in six weeks . . . so pick shoes that allow foot freedom. Ill-fitting shoes can cause foot trouble that lasts into adult life.

Sports College says of Tredders—"The last and style of Tredders assure sufficient room and support for natural foot growth. And they wear better than similar type shoes."

TREDDER Blucher oxford
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For footwear that's fitwear, buy

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responds to but one of the millions of nerve cells in the brain. The machine can take care of any one simple nervous reaction; but millions of the devices would have to be hooked together, before they could "think out" so complex a matter as a decision to take a trip to the expositions in California. But when cells are provided, and when with the aid of psychologists, neurologists, and physiologists, they are connected together properly, probably the resulting machine will be able to perform such mental feats.

JANUARY 1910

There will be no manual labour in the factories of the future. The men in them will be merely superintendents watching the machinery to see that it works right. Less and less men will be used as an engine or as a horse, and his brain will be employed to benefit himself and his fellows.

—Thomas A. Edison.

... TO TRAVEL

APRIL 1906

The railroad from Paris to New York will be built. And this by no means is all. Within a few years, in all human probability, a continuous railway will extend from Cape Horn at the tip of South America to the Cape of Good Hope at the southern point of Africa. This railroad across five continents will pass from the Western Hemisphere to the Eastern Hemisphere through a tunnel under Behring Strait in the Arctic Ocean.

The line will be twenty-five thousand miles long. Over fifteen thousand miles of this distance, trains are running today. All the remaining portions have been surveyed and great capitalists stand ready to rush to work. Andrew Carnegie, who is one of these capitalists, predicts that the various railways that, connected, will form this complete world system through five continents will all be completed within ten years.

A French capitalist, who has been even more active in the great undertaking than Mr. Carnegie, declares that the ride by rail from Paris to New York will be made within five years . . . The trip from New York to Paris by rail through the Behring Strait tunnel—an express train running forty miles an hour—will occupy a little more than two weeks . . .

The traveler will have laid before his eyes a variety of scenery, in the temperate, torrid and frigid zones, that has never been combined in any other railway journey on this earth. And, in this respect, what cannot be said of the trip from Cape to Cape, round the world, over this entire trans-continental system? It will, in fact, be a liberal education, a world revelation.

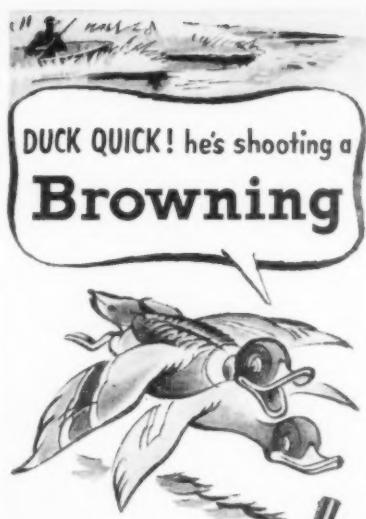
The cost of this trip will be about \$650 for railroad fare, with \$80 added for sleeping cars. Stop-over privileges will be in demand.

... TO ATOMIC SCIENCE

APRIL 15, 1921

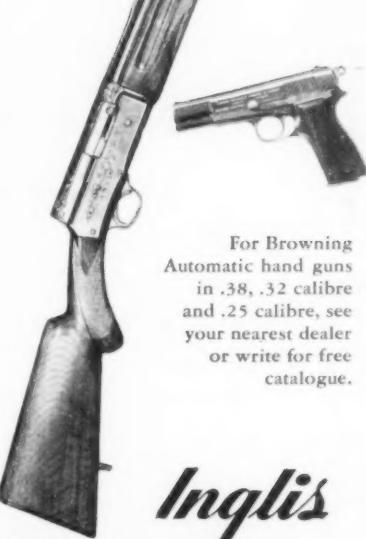
... If the whole of any perceptible portion of Matter disappeared, energy resulting would be prodigious. When Hydrogen is packed into Helium, the whole runs not the slightest risk of disappearing. But seven or eight parts in every ten thousand do disappear. The 1.0077 becomes one. And though the disappearing fraction is small, yet the total of which it is a fraction is so gigantic that the result would put all our other sources of Energy to shame.

The Sun is hot enough—6,000 degrees Centigrade or 10,000 Fahrenheit; but



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AT ALL FINE SHOE REPAIRERS

some of the stars are several thousand times hotter still. So that the amount of Energy confronting us in Space is majestic. How can it be accounted for? Only by the interchangeability of Energy and Matter. Where there is Matter there is sure to be Energy. There is no difficulty at all in accounting for it on the lines here indicated. And if ever the human race gets hold of a means of tapping even a small fraction of the Energy contained in the atoms of their own planet, the consequences will be beneficial or destructive according to the state of civilization at that time attained, and the beneficence or malevolence of their spiritual development.

—Sir Oliver Lodge.

DECEMBER 15, 1921

... I think I have reasonable grounds for the belief that I will be able to unlock atomic energy.

"If I succeed in my endeavors it will mean the revolution of civilization. Energy is its base, and it is Energy that makes all other things valuable. It is one thing to show that the energy is there and another thing to unlock it and make use of it, but I have already peeped into the first little crack."

—Dr. Gerald L. Wendt.

ONE MAN'S CRYSTAL BALL

SEPTEMBER 1917

Jack Lait is a writer of clever stories and a newspaper man. He has just passed his thirty-fifth birthday, and has had the temerity to give his version of what the next thirty-five years will bring forth in this old world. His guesses are interesting at least. Here they are:

I predict that in 1952:

There will not be a king, emperor, czar or kaiser in Europe.

Ireland will be an independent republic; so will Poland.

Liquor will be taboo the world over—barred at the source.

Women will have full suffrage everywhere.

Socialism will not have replaced republican government.

There will be an aerial route across the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, with stations or controls at intervals.

There will be telephone connections with and without wireless across both oceans.

All principal cities will have double-decked streets, the lower strata for traffic by vehicles exclusively.

Immigration from one country to another will be rare.

Firearms of all kinds will be obsolete, forbidden everywhere.

Huge artificial lights will make the world as bright at night as by day.

Physicians, lawyers, dentists will be public officials and will not work for individual fees.

Love will guide matrimonial selection, but government will refuse to license the unfit, the maimed, the immature, the senile, the damaged.

New York City will have ten million inhabitants and its own legislature; Chicago will have seven million and its own legislature.

Speculation in foods, metals, clothing materials and other vital necessities will not survive. Private ownership of the producing services will not be disturbed, but public fixing of prices in essential commodities seems inevitable, as already established for railroad transportation, insurance, telephone service, etc.

Rents, likewise, will be determined so as to exact no more than a set and legitimate return on investment or valuation. ★

London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

As for Quebec, what did it care about anything but itself?

There were idealists and visionaries who saw in their dreams the ultimate unity and greatness of the Dominion but dreamers are always ahead of the times in which they live.

Yet of all countries Canada needed a unifying publication. So great were the distances and so restricted the

means of communication that a national newspaper was out of the question. Even today the national newspaper does not exist in Canada.

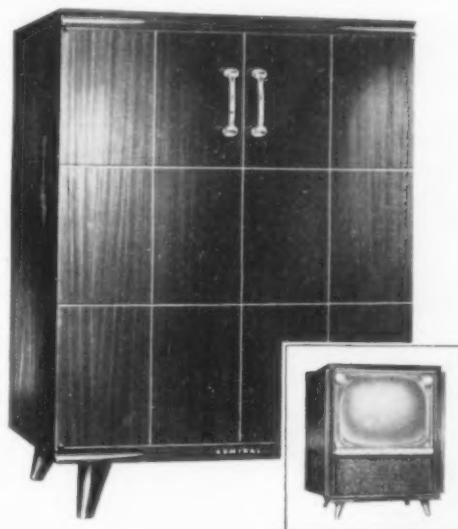
Not that these matters concerned me personally, because the 1914 war uprooted my generation and when it was over I found myself immersed with Lord Beaverbrook in the joyous and arduous gamble of London journalism. But in 1935 I was tired of editorship and wandered into the cinema business which was so mad an affair—and still is—that I got myself adopted for a seat in parliament.

On a visit to Canada that year I called on Napier Moore, who had succeeded Costain as editor of Maclean's. "What about a regular London Letter?" I said.

"It is a startlingly original idea," said Napier, with that gift of sardonic amiability that is peculiarly his own. "If Lloyd-George murdered Churchill you'd send us the news. Of course the newspapers might hear of it, too."

"They might," I agreed, "but probably I could tell you why Lloyd-George did it."

So we discussed the matter and



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FORWARD
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Admiral 21" Deluxe Model F23B5X. Luxury console with full-length doors, in lustrous walnut, mahogany or gleaming limed oak. Super Cascode Chassis. Aluminized picture tube with Optic Filter. Lighted Top Front "Periscope" Tuning. "Tilt-out" front preference controls. 10" speaker. Tone Control.

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The Collingwood. Admiral 21" Deluxe Model T23B25X. Aluminized picture tube and Optic Filter. Super Cascode Chassis. Lighted "Top Front" Tuning. In walnut, mahogany or blonde finish. Tapered golden metal legs included.



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YOUR HOME DESERVES THE BEST... that's always

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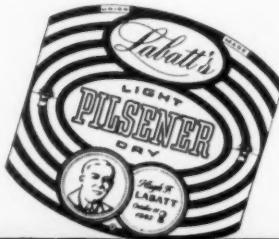


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Next time thirst's hounding the life out of you—head straight for the sparkling relief of a tall, cool Pilsener! Lighter than ale . . . drier than lager . . . the quickest lip-smackingest answer yet to the most bothersome thirst that ever dogged man or woman! Rover, rove no more—call for PILSENER at your favourite hotel or tavern . . . and for thirst's sake, keep it handy at home.

The only beer in the world endorsed by the brewmasters from seven other breweries. Made to the original Pilsen formula with yeast specially flown from Europe. See the BACK of the label.



THE SWING IS DEFINITELY TO
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more enjoyable**

The final putt on the eighteenth, then on to the clubhouse to relax while you recap the game with your friends . . . in the refreshing company of "Scotland's favourite son". To discriminating men, there's nothing more enjoyable than good company sharing the distinctive smoothness of Johnnie Walker Whisky.



JOHNNIE WALKER
Fine Old Scotch Whisky

Available in various bottle sizes

DISTILLED, BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
127

finally agreed to try it out. We both admitted that by its very nature a newspaper must record events as they happen and that nothing is so dead as yesterday's editions.

So the London Letter began just twenty years ago. I must confess that the readers of Maclean's took it with extraordinary calm. Yet in a short time both Napier Moore and I knew that it was not justifying our original hopes. No one wrote to the editor asking why he published such awful drivel—and that is always a bad sign. Heaven help the feature that no man speaks ill of.

And then, as often happens, a world tragedy was to alter the whole aspect of things.

The abdication crisis came so swiftly that in a matter of days the much-loved young King Edward VIII had discarded the crown that was too heavy for him to bear, and had begun his endless exile. It filled our thoughts to the exclusion of everything else.

Then out of the blue came a cable from Maclean's asking me to wire the background story. Frankly, I thought the editor was mad. Maclean's was then a monthly and by the time my stuff would appear the abdication story would be hopelessly out of date.

But I sat down to write and so swiftly did the words come that it was finished in less than an hour. Forgive me but every professional writer knows when he has written well or badly and I was not ashamed of what had come from my pen. Therefore it was doubly pleasing when a telegram arrived from Napier Moore, consisting of three words: "It's a knockout." At such moments no writer doubts the editor's judgment.

The Duke Took Exception

Canada had a special love for the ill-starred young king. He had lost his heart to the open freedom of the Canadian west and Canada, in turn, had taken him to its heart. Everywhere in the Dominion the people clamored for that Maclean's issue in the hope that their countryman in London would explain the truth behind the tragedy.

There is a strange sequel to that abdication article. A year or so later the English publishing firm of Collins contracted with me to publish a book of my London Letters with the title of Westminster Watch Tower. By this time I was an MP and had joined Lord Kemsley's newspapers as editorial adviser.

The book was selling in Canada prior to the London publication which was about to be launched when I received a letter by hand from the solicitors of the Duke of Windsor. The duke had taken strong exception to the references to the duchess in the chapter consisting of the London Letter on the abdication taken from Maclean's. The duke demanded the immediate recall of all copies sold and reserved the right to sue for damages.

This was indeed a crisis. What I had written in the heat and tragedy of the crisis could have been defended as fair comment at that particular time. But to publish it in book form after the event was another matter. The damages might be heavy indeed.

And as I sat with the editor of the Sunday Times, trying to decide what to do, there came a message asking me to go to Downing Street at once. What was up? It is not the habit of prime ministers to summon MPs so peremptorily.

"I am in an awkward difficulty," said Neville Chamberlain, "and thought you might advise me. Last week in Paris I paid a courtesy call on the Duke of Windsor and we had a frank discussion

concerning his making a short visit to this country. On my return I sounded the dominion governments and there was almost a unanimous feeling that it was too soon. In fact the feeling of the dominions is so strong that I must find some way of telling the duke that his visit would be inadvisable."

I listened with interest and respect but what had this to do with me? And then he explained.

"Supposing," said the prime minister, "someone who is perhaps both an MP and a journalist should write an article in the press saying that it is too soon for the duke to come back. I could then inform him that because of the reaction to the article it would be wise to postpone his visit to a later date."

This, as Shakespeare observed, was indeed "hot ice." In my pocket was the letter from the duke's solicitors. And here was the prime minister asking me in effect to say that the country was not yet ready to allow His Royal Highness to visit either his mother or his mother country.

"I shall try and think of some political journalist and will telephone you." They were the only words that came to my lips.

"But surely you don't have to think very hard," said Neville Chamberlain. Then with an impatient gesture he indicated that the interview was at an end. "I shall find some other way," he said.

I wrote to the duke, saying that the book would be withdrawn, and he dropped any claim for damages. Very decently, the publishers destroyed the whole edition and bore the loss.

Now let us return to the London Letter in Maclean's as it is today. There are some readers who say that it is nothing more than British propaganda—and they are entitled to think it and to say it. There are some who believe that I use the column to try to show how many peers and famous people I know. But there are others who pay me the honor of regarding this feature as a letter from a kinsman and a friend. It is one of the joys of writing for publication that, through the alchemy of print, one enters countless homes and becomes a welcome guest, even though the writer never crosses the threshold.

It is hard to explain that there is less snobbery in London, England, than in London, Ontario. This London is too big for snobbery. The prizes are too great and the pace too swift for mere pretension. Yet, big as it is, there is the centre that is almost like a village where everyone knows everyone. Peers, blondes, actors, jockeys, statesmen, satirists, sinners and even some saints. That is the London from which these letters are sent.

There is a place for the contemporary observer as well as the ultimate recorder. We who are journalists may not attain the dignity of literature but we paint the scene of the moment. That is our weakness but also our value. I love two countries—Britain and Canada. Because of Maclean's magazine I have been able to add something to the better and clearer understanding of the mother country and the greatest dominion. In twenty years the London Letter has only once failed to appear in Maclean's. That was during the war and the manuscript was probably lost at sea.

On this happy jubilee I am proud of the fact that for nearly half its life I have been a contributor to Maclean's. And now let the heathen rage, for controversy is the breath of life and the braying ass is as entitled to a hearing as the turtle dove.

Fifty years on . . . Good luck Maclean's! ★



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Clyde Gilmour looks back over 50 YEARS OF MOVIES

Before films started to talk these sirens were the rage



TOUGH GUYS WERE POPULAR TOO: Frightened Gloria Swanson cringes under the harsh gaze of Rod La Rocque in *A Society Scandal* (1924). Among juvenile leads he was the Rock Hudson of his day.



THEDA BARA, playing a seductive title role in *Cleopatra* (1917), vamps Fritz Leiber as Caesar. She set the style for Hollywood glamour girls.

ONE OF the longest sentences ever published in this magazine contained one hundred and fifty-three words and nine commas, was written by Arthur Stringer, and appeared in the issue of September 1918. Appropriately, this colossal specimen of rhetoric was inspired by that most colossal of the twentieth century's non-military manifestations, the motion-picture industry. It bears quoting again in 1955.

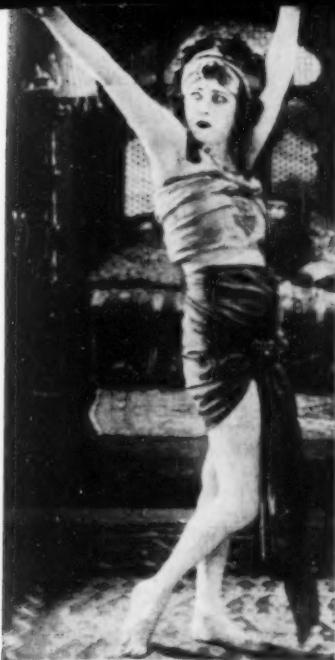
Stringer's feat occurred in an article called *Our Mary*, dealing with the life and times of Toronto-born Gladys Smith who had become Mary Pickford, America's sweetheart of the silver screen. After mentioning that an open-air slapstick comedy was being filmed on the street the first day he arrived for an interview, Stringer took a deep breath and wrote:

I remembered, even before I beheld the cameraman so solemnly turning his crank, that I was in the wilds of Hollywood, Hollywood the home jungle of the screen vampire, the city of the silver sheets and the melodramacrobatic heroes, the stamping ground of vengeful Sioux and broncoed sheriffs, the idyllic suburb where the ordinary peace-loving citizen is apt to return to his rose-wreathed bungalow and find it the background for indescribably bloody carnage between train robbers and mounted police, the town of valetudinarian tourists and retired octogenarians where the placid Old Veteran, with nothing to think about but the scenery and the tardiness of the rainy season, finds himself suddenly confronted by the roar of musketry and witnesses a regiment of yelling Rebels leap out of a lemon grove and do their little best to make a second Manassas by firing half a thousand blanks into the thick of a hundred equally active Feds.

Today it would take several hundred sentences as bulky as Stringer's to sketch the history of the movies.

In 1905, when Maclean's was born, the movies as a ticket-selling public entertainment were already nine years old in this country. Plenty of Canadians still alive can vividly remember when and where it all started—in a jampacked rinklike building in Ottawa's West End Park, June 15, 1896. A strolling magician named John C. Green, of Mundare, Alta., did conjuring tricks for half an hour and then crudely but efficiently projected four short films to the accompaniment of rapturous applause. Four Negro boys eating watermelon were the anonymous "stars" in one of these pictures, and the others showed a speeding train (the customers ducked and shrieked), a group of bathing beauties (the customers whistled and wisecracked), and LaLoie Fuller performing her Butterfly Dance (the customers maintained polite silence in the presence of awesome High Art).

Thomas A. Edison's Kinetoscope, a coin-oper-



NAZIMOVA, a Russian temptress, behaves real slinky in *Eye for Eye* (1918). She was a stage siren too.



MARIE PREVOST had "the kind of figure that drives men wild" in 1923. She was a Mack Sennett girl.



CLARA BOW as the "It" girl (1923). A Brooklyn beauty queen, she symbolized the Flapper Era. Then she got married.



MAE MURRAY in *Circe* (1924). She was a Ziegfeld Follies girl before she went to Hollywood as a vampire.

ated peepshow, had been invented in 1889 and had been on the open market since 1894. It was widely analyzed as a passing fad. A brilliant Frenchman named Georges Méliès exploded that notion in 1902 by producing the first successful story-telling film, *A Trip to the Moon*, based on a Jules Verne fantasy. An American, Edwin S. Porter, soon followed with *The Life of an American Fireman*, which had a heroic rescue for its climax, and *The Great Train Robbery*, the first smash-hit narrative film in the history of the screen.

By 1905, perhaps a dozen part-time or improvised movie houses were in operation in all of Canada. A newsreel feature, *Vanderbilt Auto Races*, was selling a lot of tickets. So was a prizefight film, an exciting but fraudulent photo record of a recent battle in which Philadelphia Jack O'Brien knocked out the former heavyweight champion, Bob Fitzsimmons. It was Fitzsimmons the fans saw on the screen, all right, but the "fight" was an elaborate re-enactment, with another boxer posing as O'Brien. Few customers detected the difference.

Old-time showmen still bare their fangs in controversy when the question comes up as to when and where Canada's first full-time "permanent" movie theatre was opened. Hye Bossin, editor of the Canadian Film Weekly, says the strongest evidence points to John J. Griffin's Theatorium, on Toronto's Yonge Street near Queen, a few feet from what is now the front of Loew's Theatre. The date: March, 1906.

In 1907 came an early screen version of *Ben Hur*, nineteen years before the massive edition which was to co-star Ramon Novarro and Francis X. Bushman in the most successful "chariot opera" ever filmed. Movie houses were generally known as nickelodeons, with five cents as the price of admission. In 1908 a lantern-jawed young actor named David Wark Griffith made his directorial debut with *The Adventures of Dolly*, and went on to make such silent-era landmarks as *The Birth of a Nation* and *Intolerance* during the ensuing decade. A dignified, short-tempered young Englishman named Donald Crisp appeared in *The Birth* (as General Ulysses S. Grant). Today in his seventies Crisp remains a headliner, almost certainly the only screen actor still alive who has been continuously prominent since the earliest days of the industry.

Florence Lawrence, who became renowned in 1908 as the Biograph Girl, was the first "movie star" to win a following (and a lot of money) through individual billing and publicity. Before that, the actors were not identified. Canada's Mary Pickford made her film debut in 1909 in *The Violin Maker of Cremona*—the beginning of a career still rated as fabulous in a profession filled with fables.

Writing in Maclean's in April 1916, Hugh S.

Eayrs saluted the movies as "the most important of the new industries in Canada" and reported the existence of more than thirteen hundred commercial film theatres. Today there are more than two thousand, containing about one million seats. Canadians each week buy an average of five million movie tickets.

Canada's own film-making industry has only sporadically succeeded in producing profitable story-telling features, although every year brings renewed optimism in that direction. In the field of documentary movies, the National Film Board and several privately financed studios have established a proud Canadian reputation—prouder, in fact, outside Canada than within our own borders.

Mary Pickford is only one of the talented Canadians who have done well in Hollywood and in the busy British studios. Walter Pidgeon, Deanna Durbin, Laura La Plante, Marie Dressler, Mack Sennett, Glenn Ford, Walter Huston, Yvonne De Carlo, Raymond Massey, Gene Lockhart, Norma Shearer, Alexander Knox, Jack Carson, Robert Beatty—those are just a few of the names

that spring to mind, along with those of directors like Allan Dwan and Mark Robson, composers like Lou Applebaum and Robert Farnon, and top-brass studio bigwigs like Louis B. Mayer (of Saint John, N.B.) and Jack Warner (of London, Ont.).

Under the heading of movie nostalgia, I can find only two Hollywood titles that have specifically mentioned this country or its people. They were *The Canadian* (1926) and *Canadian Pacific* (1949). Ironically, both did pretty well at the Canadian box office but no better than such exotic non-Canadian items of long ago as *Dizzy Heights* and *Daring Hearts*, *God Gave Me Twenty Cents*, and *The Eyes of Julia Deep*. These latter three, I would guess, are unlikely to reappear in modern times, but I wouldn't bet against the possibility of a repeat of another old-time saga with a title that has always pleased me: *Plaything of an Emperor*. In panoramic CinemaScope or VistaVision with deep-focus Technicolor, all-encompassing stereophonic sound, Marilyn Monroe as the *Plaything* and Peter Ustinov as the *Emperor* . . . *saay!* Two, please, miss, and I do hope there'll be no wait.

Can you name these stars who stayed at the top?



1



2



3



4



5



6

They weren't always famous. Here's how they looked in early roles: 5. Claudette Colbert (1928), 2. William Boyd (1927), 6. William Powell (1924), 1. Myrna Loy (1926), 4. Gary Cooper (1926), 3. Clark Gable (1926).



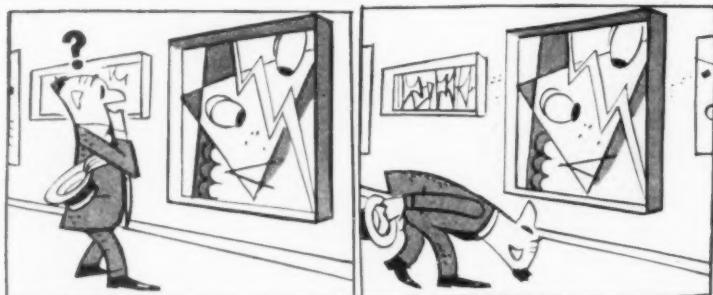
the ever-increasing family of the over 65's

As living standards improve and medical knowledge advances, more and more Canadians are reaching retirement age, still healthy and vigorous. Sixty years ago only 4.6% of Canadians reached the age of 65; in 1931, 6.8%. In 1951, 9% of Canadians had passed their 65th birthday. The steady increase in this age-group points up the growing need for retire-

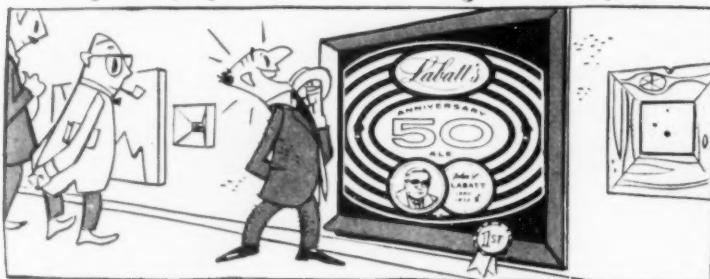
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THE SWING IS DEFINITELY TO
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Backstage With Backstage

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

because it occupied the editorial column, but it was not the editor's style. In the course of a conversation Mr. Munro admitted he had written it and explained how it got there. He also admitted that he was the *Telegram's* chief specialist on public ownership—to which, based on all experience, I am opposed. We also differ strongly on some other public policies, but there seemed to be no question as to his courage and sincerity, entire absence of self-seeking or personal vanity, and unusual knowledge of current politics and politicians."

That was enough for Col. Maclean, he said:

"That is not to say that I agree with him. I certainly do not. He has played at favorites—often not mine. But he was on the spot, often on the inside. He tells us about the national characters, national happenings as they impressed him at the time. Canada never knew in so much detail the real story of our public men and their doings."

Col. Maclean then went on to give his own appraisal of "the present political situation as we find it."

First, the Colonel wanted to put in a good word for Prime Minister Arthur Meighen. "Several times I have told Mr. Munro he is not generous to the Premier, that I thought his racy comments were weakening him, but the same investigation showed a surprising and extraordinary friendliness for him among our Liberal as well as our Conservative readers, some farmers as well as town people. The constant answer came: 'He himself is all right, but his government!' . . . Some of the clever things Mr. Munro made him say or do and the funny attitudes in which Mr. Skuce, the cartoonist, placed him were constantly referred to. He had become a great popular, lovable hero."

But if the Colonel deplored Munro's attacks on Prime Minister Meighen, he was almost equally distressed by the contempt Munro poured on the new and young leader of the opposition, W. L. Mackenzie King—"the Boy Statesman," Munro used to call him.

"To Mr. King, Mr. Munro has been very unjust and has helped to create an entirely wrong impression," wrote the indignant publisher of Munro's misleading views. "As I see it, Mr. Munro has given a superficial view—the view of the Press Gallery accustomed to record happenings only. I made the same mistake and cheered King's personal defeat in 1911."

"Even in his own party the Liberal leader is much misunderstood. He sees too far in advance of public opinion to be personally popular. We belittle him for the radical policies he promoted in the Liberal Cabinet but they were very conservative compared with the more advanced Social and Labor legislation since adopted. (This was 1921.)

"Mr. King is perhaps the best informed publicist and the poorest petty politician in the House. The opinion seems to prevail among our readers that he would have been in a strong position if he had followed his own inclinations and concentrated on the big questions which he understands, and had ignored the advice of the pin-headed Grits around him—to nag the Government on trifles."

"The strongest evidence that Mr. King is an able man is his continuous employment by Mr. Rockefeller. No man is more insistent on getting full value for his money than the founder

of Standard Oil and other great activities. Would a stickler for results like Rockefeller, with a world of able men to select from, give Mr. King \$25,000 a year, which was the salary he is said to have thrown up to accept the Liberal leadership? Not likely. He must be worth it."

NEVERTHELESS, Col. Maclean let J. K. Munro go on "persecuting our prize men" in the columns of *Maclean's* for another four or five years, when Munro left Ottawa for reasons of his own.

His successor as Maclean's regular Ottawa correspondent was M. Grattan O'Leary, then as now an associate editor of the *Ottawa Journal*, then as now a proclaimed and influential Conservative, but then as now a frequent thorn in the side of his own party as well as of others.

Indeed, O'Leary's clearest recollections of those early days are of being in bad odor with the Conservatives, who regarded any criticism from him as rank treason. He remembers particularly an occasion in 1926, when Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen was leader of the opposition.

O'Leary had been rapping the Conservatives vigorously, in his articles in *Maclean's*, for their personal attacks on Sir Henry Thornton, the new president of the CNR. He also ticked them off for raising the issue of race and religion in an Ontario by-election. When Meighen's secretary rang up to invite him to a Conservative dinner, O'Leary said he'd be embarrassed to attend in such a cluster of enemies—he thought he'd better not go.

"Mr. Meighen wants particularly to have you there," the secretary said. So O'Leary went—to be welcomed by Meighen personally, and seated at the head table at Meighen's right. He wished rather ruefully that all his criticisms of party policy were so dramatically endorsed.

O'Leary doesn't remember why, after five years of writing signed articles for *Maclean's*, he suddenly dived into anonymity in 1930 and began to write as *A Politician with a Notebook*. Perhaps it was to enable the magazine to make occasional use of other Ottawa correspondents. Several by then were regular contributors, men like Grant Dexter, of the *Winnipeg Free Press*, whose connections with the Liberal Party were as close as were O'Leary's with the Conservative.

For whatever reason (nobody around our office can remember, either) the pseudonym was adopted. It was used on several political articles during 1930, and became a regular feature in every issue from Feb. 15, 1931, when the title *Backstage at Ottawa* was first introduced. Ten years later the signature became *The Man with a Notebook*, and so it remained until 1950. By that time I had been writing it for six years.

Meanwhile the column had been written for about two years by Kenneth R. Wilson, who was Ottawa editor of *The Financial Post* until his death in a plane crash in 1952. From 1942 until I came on the staff at the end of 1943, he also covered Ottawa for *Maclean's* and wrote this column.

Ken Wilson was the best-informed reporter in Ottawa. Nominally his field was business and economic news, but actually he made it broad enough to cover the whole area of national affairs. Very little went on in Ottawa that Wilson didn't know. Civil servants and politicians alike talked to him with a candor they showed to few others. They knew not only that he would respect a confidence (any reporter will do that) but that he'd understand what they were telling him and get it straight.

It was an honor to follow him. ★



Wit and Wisdom



For this issue we have revived an old favorite that sat for years in our back pages, chuckling over the news plucked from the press. In its own way it holds a mirror up to two decades that ran the gamut of flappers, traffic, depression, fashions and approaching war.

AUGUST 15, 1920
Swan Song—Jazz is reported to be dying. There is no other way to account for the strange noise it makes.—*Saskatoon Phoenix*.

FEBRUARY 15, 1921
Worth Considering—They are planning a bridge from Windsor to Detroit. Wouldn't a pipeline get it across quicker?—*Calgary Herald*.

MAY 1, 1921
The Limit—An optimistic girl is one who buys a dozen pairs of silk stockings with cotton tops. She doesn't think skirts will be any shorter.—*Fredericton Mail*.

JUNE 15, 1921
Fearful Hands—Business stagnation is the result of fear. Every man is afraid to take his hand out of the other fellow's pocket.—*Fredericton Mail*.

FEBRUARY 15, 1922
Works Automatically—War is no longer necessary to reduce populations. There is the automobile.—*Edmonton Journal*.

OCTOBER 15, 1922
Located At Last—The railway time table is now classed with those other documents commonly described as "interesting, if true."—*Manitoba Free Press (Winnipeg)*.

AUGUST 1, 1923
They Know You, Mabel—"Every kiss," says a New York physician, "is a step nearer the grave." Evidently some flappers are dead and don't know it, and have really been in heaven when they only thought they were.—*Winnipeg Tribune*.

NOVEMBER 15, 1923
Tough Luck, Percy—The trouble with the modern dance is that, by the time you have learned it, it isn't.—*The Goblin (Toronto)*.

MARCH 15, 1929
"Twas Ever Thus—How unfortunate that the only people who know just what the stock market is going to do are behind with the rent.—*Toronto Daily Star*.

OCTOBER 15, 1929
Broke—One of the oddities of Wall Street is that it is the dealer and not the customer who is called broker.—*Fredericton Gleaner*.

JANUARY 1, 1931
What A Prospect!—If the quotations continue to fall, the time may be near when wheat will be considered a weed.—*Montreal Star*.

JUNE 15, 1931
Mean Insinuation—What I cannot understand about the men who steal motor cars is why they do not buy one without paying for it, like everybody else.—*Kitchener (Ont.) Record*.

JANUARY 1, 1933

Good News—An eminent financial statistician declares we are likely to have another depression in 1955. That's good news in a way. For a while we feared it was going to be the same one.—*Border City Star (Windsor)*.

JUNE 1, 1933

Fashion Note—The latest thing in men's clothes this spring will be women.—*Bracebridge (Ont.) Gazette*.

JUNE 1, 1933

Their Good Luck—There's something

to be said in favor of saddling future generations with part of our financial load in the shape of long-term bonds. They ought to pay for the privilege of living then instead of now.—*Belle-ville (Ont.) Intelligencer*.

AUGUST 1, 1936

Not So Hot—Charles M. Schwab says the longer the Depression lasts the greater will be the following prosperity. That's like sitting on a hot stove—the longer you sit the better it feels when you get up.—*Port Arthur News-Chronicle*. ★

APRIL 1, 1932

What's In A Name?—The Russians give all they make above a bare living to the government and call it Communism. We do the same thing and call it taxes.—*Huntingdon (Que.) Gleaner*.

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What Science Will Do To Us

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

have more incentive than ever to see that every worker gets a fair share of the wealth he helps produce.

Bertrand Russell, the British philosopher and mathematician, foresees most people living like kings on the work of "slave machines" instead of "slave labor." "Perhaps an hour or two a day will represent the amount of human labor that will be necessary," he says. "And whoever is willing to do this very small amount of work will have a right to his share of the national dividend."

Dramatic changes in living will stem from the fact that man will have much more leisure, and this new freedom will result from scientific developments. What will they be and how will we use them?

First, what about power sources? Long before another fifty years pass the power picture will be dominated by atomic energy. We know that world uranium supplies already discovered are sufficient to provide about twenty-five times as much energy as all the coal, oil and gas reserves known—and we've been seriously looking for uranium for only ten years. Canada has begun work on a nuclear power plant at Chalk River, Ont., which should be in operation within three years. It is largely an experimental project, but according to Dr. W. B. Lewis, vice-president in charge of research and development for the crown company Atomic Energy of Canada, we can expect to be using atomic power in Canada within ten years. The U. S. and Britain have several nuclear power plants under construction and a small one in New York state recently began producing power for public use. Electric power from all these initial experimental plants will be somewhat more expensive than that now produced in the costliest coal- or oil-burning steam-generating plants, and a great deal more expensive than hydro power, according to Dr. Lewis. But he adds, "Over the next few decades the price of atomic power should fall. It should become available in amounts limited only by the demand and practical rate of capital expenditure."

But atomic energy may not be our only power source. "It is my opinion," says Dr. R. L. Hearn, chairman of the Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario and a director of Atomic Energy of Canada, "that nuclear power will in the future supplement our present resources but not displace them."

"It may replace coal and oil as fuel for generating electrical power," says S. W. Fraser-Underhill, power-production consultant, "but hydro power may still be cheaper, for once you get up a power dam it practically runs itself. We won't be letting our hydro dams disintegrate unused—not in fifty years anyway; maybe in a hundred."

The biggest drawback at present to widespread use of atomic power is the great danger from leakage of radiation but in the next half century we may learn to protect ourselves. The well-dressed citizen of the atomic age may wear a tiny Geiger counter on his arm like a wrist watch and if his wrist Geiger warns him that he is under dangerous radiation there may be antidotes he can take to combat the invisible poison. In the year 2005 immunization programs for children may include anti-radiation shots.

Because of the radiation danger and present size of a nuclear power plant, engineers cannot foresee atomic energy

ever being widely used in small private vehicles like cars or planes, but in larger units, such as ships and locomotives, atomic power for transportation will almost certainly be commonplace in 2005.

W. B. Lewis, of Atomic Energy of Canada, points out that the biggest promise of atomic power is the fact that plants can be set up and operated anywhere in the world, for once in operation they require very little haulage of fuel. It will then be possible to develop regions now backward because they lack sources of power. Vast irrigation schemes, now economically impossible, will appear and by 2005 desert areas like the southwestern U. S. and the Mediterranean fringes of the Sahara may be producing crops. Instead of hauling ores long distances for smelting, we will use atomic furnaces and smelters to process ores on the spot.

Dr. Farrington Daniels of the University of Wisconsin says we'll be supplementing atomic power with energy derived from sunlight. The amount of solar energy that falls every day on an acre of tropical land is equivalent to what can be obtained from burning four tons of coal. This source of power has been known for decades but it has never been economically practical. It may soon be. The Bell Telephone laboratories in the U. S. recently perfected a solar battery that turns sunlight directly into electricity.

Small atomic plants may never become economic because the atom produces power in big lumps or not at all but small solar power units are more practical and manageable than big ones. For this reason, Daniels predicts that solar energy will be used in isolated areas where no other power is available and only small amounts are required. Bell Telephone is now experimenting with small solar batteries exposed on telephone poles, with the hope that they might replace the diesel-powered "boosters" now required for long-distance transmission through remote areas where there is no other power.

Will Machines Shop Too?

By 2005 coal will probably have entered a new era as a valuable source of chemical raw material and synthetic liquid fuels. It may be considered much too valuable to burn as fuel itself.

We are not only assured of a good supply of economic energy with which to power the machines of fifty years from now but we'll have robot devices that will operate them as well. "Push-button factory" techniques are already being pioneered in a few industries but in 2005 these will be refined and automation—as self-operated machine production is called—will be commonplace.

Factories may have departed from tradition in another way. Many of them will no longer have to be housed in vast buildings; they will be outdoors. With human workers stationed at only a few strategic points, it may become unnecessary to erect an expensive roof over the whole plant. Machines and assembly lines will be boxed in but the only true buildings will be the control rooms where a few engineers scan their instruments and keep the automatic processes operating smoothly.

The electronic supermarket will merely display staples of merchandise and the housewife will shop by punching a card or checking off her needs with a pencil that writes with electricity-conducting lead. At the end she will pass her card into an electronic gadget that will "read" the card and send her goods down chutes from a hidden ware-

"In fifty years we may all be driving flying flivvers, but not atomic autos"

house located behind the machines.

The private secretary will only be a nostalgic memory in 2005. Executives will dictate letters into an electronic stenographer which will punctuate and type them in a few seconds. Eventually, electronic engineers expect to perfect an automatic translator on which an operator will type a sentence in English and get it back in another language.

British physicist A. M. Low says electronic devices will do away with much government debate, for by means of computers and the much more efficient communications system of fifty years hence, governments will be able to call elections and go to the country on minor questions every few days.

Much shorter working hours may not be merely a possibility, they may become an urgent necessity to spread out employment and keep public buying power in balance with automatic production methods.

For one thing, there'll be an increase in what experts like to call fancifully "adult education"—after-hours learning through study groups, university extension classes and correspondence courses. Formal higher education will become more widespread and, with automation, more essential for earning a livelihood. With machines taking over many laboring jobs, there will be a diminishing need for unskilled labor and an increasing demand for engineers and skilled technicians to construct and oversee the machines.

Just Two Hours to China

Sports will continue to occupy much of man's leisure time. Electronic devices may replace human judges and umpires, eliminating all chance of human error. With easier travel and establishment of "world leagues," spectator sports may become more popular. Boxing may disappear, at least in its modern brutal form, though it may linger on, like fencing, in a form in which no one gets seriously hurt. The blows could be registered by radar or by electric contacts beneath light clothing, points automatically recorded and the bout decided long before the loser sprawls unconscious in the ring.

With incomes up and travel costs down, more people will be able to spend leisure in world travel. Large passenger-carrying jet aircraft with speeds up to eight thousand miles an hour will probably be a reality by the turn of the next century. The longest "straight-line" trip possible on earth—halfway around the world at the equator—will take two hours. To accomplish this speed the aircraft will have to fly twenty miles or so above the earth where atmospheric friction won't cause melting of the fuselage. On "short" flights—such as from Montreal to London—speeds of about four thousand miles an hour may be the practical limit, because passengers will not be capable of standing the acceleration necessary to reach twice that speed in the space available between Canada

and England. Flights now requiring one hour may be cut to half that but probably no less.

The possibility of space travel, though, is still the future's big enigma. Predictions of when man will first reach the moon range from twenty-five years hence to two hundred years.

For short trips, the helicopter will be the work horse of the air long before 2005, or perhaps we will have "convertiplanes"—combined planes and helicopters that, once in the air, fly like conventional planes. Businessmen will commute between homes and offices in helicopter buses. The air space over big cities will have "highways" and "intersections" to prevent aerial traffic jams and police in helicopters will patrol both surface highways and airways, directing traffic by loud-speakers, perhaps by traffic lights mounted in helicopters.

For private travel, the automobile will probably still be with us fifty years from now, though in a form quite different from today. The expensive car may be a "flying flivver," a combination car and helicopter that will use streets or highways for short trips and take to the air for long ones. If someone comes up with a new type of efficient storage battery, cars may use atomic power secondhand, in the form of electricity. But most engineers believe this is very unlikely and they are predicting instead that future cars will be powered with gas-turbine engines. The gas-turbine is an adaptation of the jet engine, but instead of the jet blast itself providing the propulsion, as in aircraft, the blast turns a turbine that powers the drive shaft and wheels. Several automotive companies are already experimenting with turbo-cars. These machines differ from modern cars as much as 1955 models differ from the Stanley Steamer. The engine itself is much smaller and lighter and will allow for considerably more passenger space without increasing the size of the car. It will use a cheaper kerosene-like fuel and give more miles to the gallon.

By 2005 we will be building cars that drive themselves. "You will be able to put your car out on the highway, turn on the automatic pilot, then go to sleep or read a book," says W. D. Scholfield, manager of the electronic equipment department of Canadian General Electric. "There will be an anti-collision radar in the front to slow it down or stop it when an obstacle appears ahead. There will be a magnetic field down the centre of the highway and an electronic device coupled to automatic steering that will keep the car glued to that field."

There are also tremendous advances coming in the communications field. The biggest of these will probably be the elimination of all wire from telephone transmission and the use of microwave beams. Microwaves are already being used for much long-distance telephone transmission but their main weakness is that they travel out in straight lines and won't follow the curvature of the earth, which limits their range and makes frequent relay towers essential. This problem is already almost overcome, for electronic scientists are finding that microwave beams can be reflected or bounced off certain ionized layers of atmosphere high above the earth and get around the earth's curve in this manner.

Thomas W. Eadie, president of the Bell Telephone Company of Canada,

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predicts that well before fifty years go by local telephone exchanges will be unnecessary and we will dial directly to any phone in the world.

The instrument itself will change. Eadie says we may expect the "hands-free" telephone—a microphone in the ceiling that will pick up conversation from anywhere in the room. When the phone rings the housewife will answer it by pushing a button or waving her hand through an invisible light beam and then begin talking wherever she happens to be in the room.

"Telephones in fifty years will probably be equipped with video screens and persons carrying on telephone conversations will be able to see each other at the same time," says Eadie who also sees endless possibilities in the trend toward miniature equipment. "We may even get wristwatch radio telephones," he says.

What will these revolutionary changes in power production, electronics and travel do to our cities and homes? Dr. E. G. Faludi, one of the continent's foremost experts in town planning, says the present exodus from cities to suburbs will increase with the coming of the mass-produced helicopter.

"Cities will thin out and spread out," Faludi says, "for it will no longer be necessary for people to live close to their places of work. A new class of commuter will develop and residential sections will move out one hundred or two hundred miles. Montreal residents will fan out into the Laurentians; Toronto will spread out north to Lake Simcoe and Muskoka; Calgary, Edmonton and Vancouver will have suburbs in the Rockies. Rich executives may commute daily to Canadian offices from homes in Florida, the West Indies, maybe even Europe."

No More Dishwashing?

Cities may be free of smoke and soot, enclosed in vast plastic domes, with the interior air-conditioned so that there will be year-long summer. Trams and buses will be replaced by moving sidewalks—actually a series of moving belts side by side with an "express" sidewalk in the centre moving at thirty to forty miles an hour and equipped with seats. Each adjoining belt could travel five miles an hour slower so that pedestrians could move safely from one to the other. Town planners such as Faludi foresee air-conditioned streets for motor vehicles, enclosed like subways at a level below the pedestrians' moving-sidewalk transit system.

We can look for atomic plants in cities for the production of heat for central heating. Urban dwellers will probably buy their heat from a public utility as they now buy water.

Many things that are now only laboratory curiosities will be standard equipment in the homes of 2005. Most of the dust and dirt will be magnetically screened out of the air by air-conditioners. Dishwashing? Chemical engineers claim that it won't be much of a chore when the market is ready for a plastic plate that will dissolve in hot water and run down the drain.

Electronics promise revolutionary changes in the art of cooking. Food will be heated by powerful radio waves. Roasts or cakes baked in electronic ovens will maintain the same temperature throughout; it will be impossible to burn them on the outside while the centre remains undone. Ovens of this type could be equipped with electronic "eyes" sensitive to change in color and when the cake or roast developed the proper hue, indicating that it was done, the oven would automatically turn off. Refrigerators will get much smaller

and will probably be used for freezing or cooling foods only, not for storage, because physicists believe it may soon become possible to treat many foods with sterilizing atomic radiation that will permit them to retain their freshness for long periods at room temperature. Washing machines and laundry soap may become obsolete, for one of the exciting new uses that has been found for supersonic sound waves is "dry laundering"—the waves literally shake the dirt out of fabrics. TV sets will become smaller; the screens will be larger and hang on the wall like a picture.

As life becomes more gadgetized and material possessions more plentiful, our present materialistic "let's keep up with the Joneses" outlook will change. "Material things will be commonplace and no longer give their possessors a status in society," says Dr. Stuart Jaffray, University of Toronto sociologist. "Human and spiritual values, a greater respect for human life, marriage and the family, will replace the material values predominant today."

One effect of this is the probable introduction of legislation that will require prospective brides and grooms to at least subject themselves to some form of training for parenthood before marriage licenses are granted.

What advances will medicine make in the next fifty years? Speaking recently before the American Medical Association, Dr. L. H. McDaniel, head of the McDaniel Clinic in Tyronza, Ark., predicted the eradication of all human infectious diseases through vaccines, drugs and tests for early detection. "The common cold will be only a memory," he said.

As for cancer, Dr. Arthur Kelly, secretary of the Canadian Medical Association, says, "Cancer might conceivably be as big a mystery fifty years from now as it is today, but this is highly unlikely. New clues to the cancer mystery are turning up constantly, and we should have the answer and a method of cancer control well before another fifty years."

As life expectancy increases, so will stature, medical scientists say. Improved nutrition is growing bigger and bigger humans, and six-footers are much commoner today than fifty years ago. "In another fifty years," Dr. Kelly suggests, "anyone under six feet may be looked upon as a runt."

And on the subject of nutrition, a British authority recently predicted that we would solve the problem of how to feed the world's growing population by raising whales in captivity like cattle. Cowboys responsible for the whale herds would ride atomic submarines.

It is a certainty that the prospect for material progress and prosperity never looked better. Yet, paradoxically, never before have so many people feared the future.

"Most of the trouble and uncertainty in the world today," says Dr. Charles E. Hendry, director of the School of Social Work, University of Toronto, "is caused by the fact that technological acceleration has been so great and social acceleration so slow, but social change will come, and someday mankind will be able to enjoy his material wealth and luxuries without fears of unemployment, international distrust and war."

Yet even then, with war and work abolished and death postponed, Utopia may still not have arrived. "Men and women will still struggle for happiness," said Harry Bulis, philosopher and business leader of the midwestern U. S., in a recent forecast, "for happiness will continue to lie within themselves." ★



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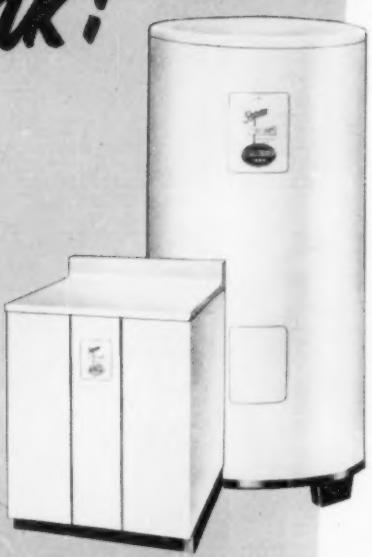
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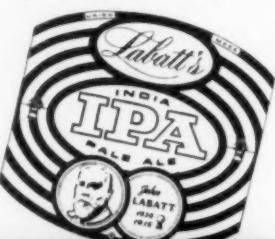
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The Years Ahead

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

Our public men constantly measure our greatness in terms of raw materials, wealth and production. We are behaving much as the Americans did in their boom of the 1920s; we live expensively, extravagantly and fast.

For one Canadian who is proud of the Stratford Festival how many more believe in their hearts that the strength of our dollar in the international money market is the true measure of our quality as a people? We have followed the American example of ripping the guts out of the primary educational system, we prefer their television programs to our own, we hire their athletes to play football for us instead of making serious efforts to develop native players. Thousands among us devote their lives to fostering Canadian institutions and a true Canadian point of view, but the American pied piper is so attractive, so beguiling, and he pipes so loudly that most of our own pipers copy every tune he plays and dance to his measures.

In the next fifty years, with the United States the leader and Canada the follower, the basic philosophy of Canadians seems likely to be materialism. Thousands—perhaps hundreds of thousands—of individual Canadians will oppose this philosophy, just as hundreds of thousands of individual Americans will oppose it. But it takes a stronger character than any nation is likely to achieve to turn down the kind of offer that was made to Faust, so it is my guess that fifty years hence the lives of Canadians and Americans will be indistinguishable.

By this I don't suggest that we will join the Americans in a federal union or alter our legal system to fit theirs. Possibly, even probably, we will have free trade across the border before 2005, but for what it is worth we will retain the privilege of electing our own governments.

I say for what it is worth because at present this is a privilege the average Canadian does not think is worth very much. Mackenzie King was a first-class politician and in many ways he served his country well. But he was not a first-class human being, and he imposed on our whole system of federal government, on parliament and our attitude toward it, the mark of his cautious, selfish, complacent character. He put a premium on dullness. His successors have been able administrators and honest men, but in their fear of doing anything or saying anything controversial—it was the old maestro's imperative that you should never tell anyone anything unless you have to—they have been too cautious to lead and too colorless to be visible on the few occasions when they have tried. Were it not for the bright comeliness of Mike Pearson's personal character and the inherent dignity of Louis St. Laurent as a man, it would be fair to say that government in Canada has been reduced to the drab monotony of a club meeting in which it is taken for granted that everything on the agenda will be automatically approved. The Liberals—and does anyone seriously expect them to be defeated in the next quarter century?—have made us so bored with the government of our country that most of us have stopped thinking about it and read the American political news instead of our own.

Will Mackenzie King's style last for the next half century in Canadian public life? I don't see how it can if we are to have any government we can respect, yet within the past fifteen

years in the West nearly everyone seems to think that the art of leadership should be reduced to a combination of bureaucratic management and public relations. Canada is not the only country where the King style flourishes, though I can't think of any other where it has been so clearly defined. Mackenzie King once told a friend of mine that a prime minister should model himself on the ram in a flock of sheep. Most of the time the sheep nibble the grass or rest in the shade and the ram stands by and keeps his eye on them. But every now and then the sheep begin moving to one of the pasture gates. When this happens, Mackenzie King said, the ram trots up to the head of the flock and leads them out.

Just because this conception of political leadership seems ignoble to me, is that any reason why I should prophesy that it won't last another fifty years?

If any internal development upsets the coziness of Ottawa it will probably be the rise of the nation's population. By 2005 our population will be at least forty million, and its centre of gravity will lie heavy and solid along the north shore of Lake Ontario. This population change will make it more difficult for the Liberals to count on the solid backlog of the Quebec vote to get them into power every five years. It should also make it more difficult for them to regard the whole country as a private club in which they are the permanent officers.

Montreal Is More Mellow

My reason for believing that the centre of population gravity will be in Ontario is obvious enough. Not only will Ontario profit most from the St. Lawrence Power Project; her people accept the American way of life with less reserve than easterners do and by temperament and heritage are best qualified to succeed in it. The people in the Maritimes still remain in their hearts closer to the nonmaterialistic past and will continue to do so for a long time to come. The average Nova Scotian seems unable to understand that thrift is a debit in an expanding economy, and he is so unresponsive to advertising that he thinks a man who drives a six-thousand-dollar car is showing off. The average *Canadien* likes money as well as the next man, but he is none too fond of the kind of life in which money is made; when he has enough for his needs and pleasures he is inclined to relax and enjoy it.

As for English-speaking Montreal, the descendants of the men who built the railways, developed the forest industries and made the massive fortunes in St. James Street have mellowed. Already they are as different from their rugged ancestors as Proper Bostonians from the tight-lipped puritans of the last century. English-speaking Montreal has developed a trust-company mind, and by 2005 I predict there will be as many jokes about Westmount and whatever may be left of the Square Mile as there are now about Beacon Street and Back Bay. I also predict that by 2005 Montreal will not even be the second city in the country. Vancouver will be that. Not only does she have plenty of space in which to expand, she will be our port to a growing trade with the Orient.

As I look forward to the development of Canadian art and letters, I feel sure that by 2005 all traces of provincialism will have disappeared from them, and that the bulk of the Canadian people will take it for granted that if a book or picture has been created by a Canadian, this fact does not necessarily mean that it is competing in a

minor league. What the quality of future Canadian art and letters will be I can't guess. It will depend on two things: whether geniuses appear among us, and whether art and literature are able to survive in a society increasingly dominated by science and technology. And this brings me to the nub of the whole matter.

It is the proud boast of scientists that science has changed the world. When we look at a city like New York it is hard to dismiss the claim as an overstatement. But what is meant by "the world"? The nature of man or the nature of his occupations? The reality of life or its appearance? The soul's real needs or what the inadequate human mind believes, or is told to believe, those real needs are? To what extent, in a word, is a prosperous Canadian essentially different under the skin from poverty-stricken Chinese?

Because all of us judge from surface appearance it is commonly assumed that an ignorant Canadian or American who travels from place to place in an airplane is a superior being, indeed a different kind of being, from an ignorant Chinese who goes from one village to the next on his bare feet. Yet surely this tenet of the materialistic fallacy has already been disproved. The sons of quite a few coolies have been formidable opponents when rigged out with oxygen masks, pressure suits and given MIGs to drive. What changed them was not the modern equipment they received from the Russians, but the philosophy of materialism they adopted in place of the Confucianism of their ancestors. It is my conviction that it is not technology, not aircraft, rockets and the ability to make them that changes men. It is the ideas in which they believe, the ideas by which they guide their lives. A man who believes that his chief end is to glorify God and enjoy Him forever is a different kind of man, within himself, from the materialist who takes it for granted that his chief end is to produce and consume and to move large objects from place to place at ever-increasing rates of speed.

Cities Under Plastic Domes

As I look to the future, I see there is going to be a great battle waged in the souls of Western peoples between the materialistic philosophy by which we live our outward lives, and the Christian, Jewish or Greek philosophies and religions in which so many of us still profess to believe. I see nothing malicious in the kind of materialism that has entered our lives, but I do see something dangerous in the unthinking assumption that the more machines we have the happier we will be, or that any engineering idea—providing it is marvelous and possible—should be developed regardless of the cost.

That many marvelous engineering projects will come to pass in the next fifty years is certain. But it is my belief that many of these by-products of physics and chemistry are going to be far less important than most people will assume, and that they will have little or no influence on the human soul.

We are assured that in the future, though possibly not in the next fifty years, there will be cities enclosed with plastic domes, air-conditioned to perpetual summer and equipped with moving sidewalks and ports controlled by electric eyes for the helicopter traffic. I have little doubt that at least one small town of this nature will be built somewhere in the United States, but I don't think there will be more than one. The majority of people like stationary sidewalks because these enable them to saunter along, look into

shop windows and watch other people pass. Stationary sidewalks are interesting, but escalators are dull. On an escalator you can't set your own pace, and generally the person nearest to you is someone you wish was somewhere else. Also, the majority of men enjoy the change in the seasons. So I don't believe there will be any air-conditioned, plastic-domed city in Canada in 2005. By 2005 I don't even expect Montreal to have a subway.

The futurists tell us that by 2005 or sooner there will be an Englishman who will eat his breakfast in London

and arrive in Montreal too early to be served any kind of meal in the Ritz because his rocket has outstripped the sun and the Ritz chef is still in bed. So what? The only important aspect of this Englishman's capacity to save time is what he does with the time he saves. After he has sold the contract for that atom-powered cigarette-lighter, will he sit in his air-conditioned room and watch the three-dimensional, technicolored, scented television? Will he ask the bellhop where he can find a likely girl? Will he telephone his wife in London and ask her what it

was she wanted him to buy? No matter what he does with his time, I can't imagine it will vary much from what an Englishman would do with his time in Montreal today.

We are also promised vast improvements in the technical aspects of the entertainment industry, and I have no doubt whatever that hundreds of thousands of men of talent will spend their lives in creating them. But I know—in this I'm not guessing, I know—that these improvements will not be of the slightest positive importance in terms of the human spirit. The cops,

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robbers, clowns and fair maids in distress of the modern TV screens are the same old characters I met years ago on the two-reel flickers of my childhood, which in turn were mere visual translations of dime novels and cheap fiction, which in turn were modern versions of thousands of years of folklore. Hokum is hokum wherever, whenever and however you find it. My objection to it is the routine complaint of Sir Thomas Gresham to bad money; it has a tendency to drive out good money, especially when the marketplace is full of people who don't recognize nine-dollar bills when they see them.

Nor finally does the prospect of international competition in the construction of artificial satellites to the earth, space ships and platforms in space, seem of any basic importance so far as human society is concerned. The first man who reaches the moon will achieve little more than was achieved by Tenzing and Hillary when they reached the top of Everest. He will be no Columbus, because no colonists will follow his trail and settle on the moon. Scientific curiosity, the challenge of the project and the claims of international prestige will be the true motives behind all these adventurings in space, and their main human importance will be the provision of a rich field of employment for engineers, scientists and adventurers. In space travel I predict that Canada will lag. It may well be 2000 AD before a Canadian satellite is fixed in the sky, and when it is fixed, it will earn only a brief column in the press of the United States.

In Canada, however, a brave attempt will be made to magnify its importance, and even now I can foresee at least one of the magazine articles that will be written about it. It will contain a picture of the leader of the engineering team that built the satellite, and the caption will be, HE PROVED CANADIANS COULD DO IT TOO!

The Beauty of Mathematics

By all these spectacular aspects of technology the soul of man will be affected very little in the course of the next fifty years. This much can be predicted on the basis of evidence already available.

I ask you—anyone over thirty-five—how much the shape and texture of your soul has been changed or modified by the scientific marvels that already have come to birth in your time? Do you truly believe that your character has been as much changed by supersonic flight and progress in the electronics industry as by the maiden aunt who slapped you when you were four, by the teacher who opened your eyes to the beauty of mathematics when you were fourteen, by the poem that led you into a new world of perception when you were sixteen, by the first boy or girl you loved, by the consciousness that you had become the parent of a child, by the walk you took along city streets at midnight while a loved one fought for life in a hospital room, by the first time you knew you were brave, by the first time you realized there might be occasions when you wouldn't be? Has your ability to cut twenty hours off the travel time between Montreal and Halifax meant as much to your personality as one of those arterial sentences you heard in church or school or read by the fire on a winter night—David singing that the Lord is his shepherd; Donne crying that no man is an island entire of itself but a piece of the continent, a part of the main; Socrates remarking cheerfully before he drank the hemlock that

Honeymoon Covers From the Past



The honeymoon theme is a godsend to art directors each June. In 1922 we showed a bonneted bride departing in a rakish sports car (left). In 1930, in helmet and breeches, our carefree flapper had been promoted to an airplane.

the soul can take into the next world nothing but its own culture and education; Christ asking what it shall profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?

Because I do not believe that the speeding up of life will change the nature of the human soul, I assume that in 2005 art and literature will still exist, and that the proportion of men and women who will use and enjoy it will be approximately the same as now. But—as literature especially concerns itself with moral problems—I believe the subjects of the most important books of 2005 and thereabouts will be subtler and more complex than they have hitherto been. Unless there is an atomic war which hurls our descendants back into the poverty-stricken, disease-ridden past, the moral climate of 2005 will be recognized by almost everyone as something new on this earth.

As it has been in the past fifty years, so I think it will be in the next fifty—the moral climate will be affected far less by the spectacular achievements of physicists, chemists and engineers than by the less colorful work of medical men, agronomists and all those concerned with improving the growth, storage and transportation of food. Progress in medicine has already had a profound effect on our attitude toward religion; progress in food cultivation, storage and shipment has affected, and will continue to affect, our attitude toward ethics.

For centuries in the past, and at present in Asia, Africa and parts of South America, most moral issues have centred on human responses to a single basic evil—poverty. The wicked man in the past was generally a pretty simple fella. Gonerils and Iagos were rare in comparison to the hordes of selfish men who were determined to get the lion's share of the too few good things of life. As a landlord the wicked man in the past ground his tenants, as a money lender he made human lives his bonds, as a slave dealer he made human beings his merchandise, as a ruler he crucified Christ lest Christ's teachings upset the political and economic system.

Contriariwise, the virtuous man in the past was the one who sought to save his soul by refusing to exploit his fellows to his own advantage. As the Chinese said of our missionaries, he sought to lay up for himself merit in heaven by a life of good works. Christ

chose the cross instead of the crown, thereby aligning himself with all the slaves and non-citizens of the Roman earth. St. Francis chose a mendicant's cloak, Buddha the life of a contemplative vagrant over the princely fortune to which he had been born. Not one of these saints believed that a human society might construct for itself a virtuous, prosperous life through social organization. To all of them poverty in the material sense seemed ineradicable from the human condition. "The poor are always with you," said Jesus to his disciples, and when asked about paying the tribute he advised to render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and unto God the things that are God's.

The Conquest of Poverty

To an extent ungraspable by the imagination, the traditional avenues toward wickedness and virtue have been narrowed by our modern ability to produce, store and transport the basic wealth of mankind, which is food. The slow conquest of poverty in the West has lowered the premium on Christian kindness, has outmoded the economic value of slavery, has made excessive exploitation bad business, and in the future will certainly do away with the profit motive in industry. It was not cynicism, but a shrewd observation of cause and effect, that made the pre-revolutionary Chinese say with a smile to our missionaries that it was easy for Westerners to be honest because they were so rich they could afford to be so.

As a result of our near-conquest of poverty, fewer men are tempted to wickedness by economic pressure than formerly, nor does private charity today offer the same prospect of laying up merit in heaven. The bad man of today is generally a psychotic. The good man of today—our principles have become so vague and confused that nobody seems able to describe him except the communists, and even they have their confusions every time the party line shifts.

Even more important has been the effect on our souls of the work of medical science. I don't mean Freud's discovery of the subconscious; important though that is, we have come to understand that its effects are more limited than Freud's followers once believed. I mean the conquest of the fevers, the virtual abolition in civilized

countries of diseases like cholera, typhoid, bubonic, typhus, malaria, yellow jack and smallpox. While these plagues were considered a part of the human condition, man's whole attitude toward his God was affected by them. One day a father would see his young daughter at play and think her face as fair as an orchard in the sun. A few days later he would see that face blotched and bloated, her body wasted; he would smell the horror of her breath, he would hear her gasp or cry in pain and weakness. His heart would be torn by the sight of the last despairing look of recognition before the eyes finally stared.

Because this man could not tolerate the thought that God is unjust—or rather, that the Universal Creator is indifferent to justice as man thinks he understands it—he would go into the temple and praise God for his kindness, honor him for the inscrutability of His purposes, at times offer sacrifice to Him and try to bargain with Him in the hope that death would not touch his family the next time the cholera came. Often he would go even further than this. He would persuade himself that his child had died as a punishment for the sin she had committed merely in being born human. He would accept as a fact that a just God—for how could God be unjust—was punishing all the human race because of the original sin of Adam, the first man.

Now it so happens that this state of helplessness before disease was not changed by a miracle. It was changed by men whose methods of changing it are now common property. Pasteur and Lister, Jenner, Semmelweis and Ehrlich, Ross and Reid, Banting and Best, Fleming and Salk, Cushing and Penfield, Florence Nightingale, Osler and the thousands of doctors and nurses who built and maintained sanitary hospitals and insisted that aldermen and nations pass health laws—they changed it. What wonder if thinking men in our time, and thinking men in the next fifty years, should look the universe in the face and say, "Your ways may be inscrutable, but justice as we understand it was never one of them. If there is any justice in you now, man put it there."

Having made this true, noble and terrible assertion, man thereafter has been lonely as man was never lonely before.

During the next fifty years I can't help believing that this loneliness will grow and grow until it fills the human consciousness. I believe it will make it essential for our descendants, if they are to live sane, to re-examine and rediscover the pure truths Jesus sought to make plain in the language of his day, and to do so without the clichés of psychiatry and without those ancient harshnesses bred into theology in the past by the endemic evils that modern man is now trying to eradicate from the world. There is a passage at the end of Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* where the libretto and music unite to make the most marvelous statement a human being has ever uttered, a passage so reverent and astounding it is no wonder Bach believed that God had spoken through him. Christ has just died on the cross and the people are bidding him farewell. In the music even more than in the words, the people are pitying Christ not merely for his sufferings, but because he is God!

Fifty years from now, unless an atomic war breaks the mold, Western man by his own efforts will be nearing a standard of living the pagans of ancient time ascribed to the gods. He will not be immortal, but he will have made his average lifespan from three to four times as long as it was a century

Oh, what a beautiful WARNING...for car owners

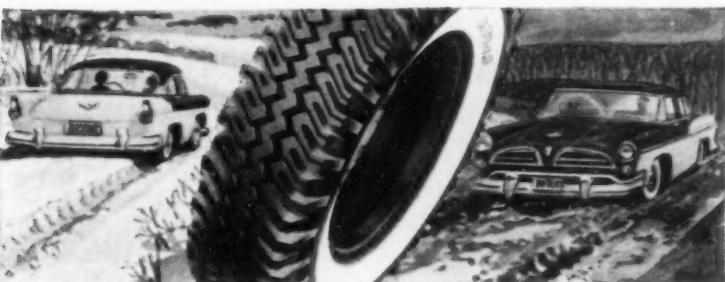


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ATLAS BATTERIES. Beware of the unexpected battery failure that comes so often with the first cold spell. Have your Atlas dealer check your battery NOW. If you need a new battery, be sure it's a powerful, long-lasting, quick-starting Atlas.

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EVERYWHERE IN CANADA



ALWAYS AT YOUR SERVICE

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, OCTOBER 15, 1955

ago. He will be so rich and adroit that all his material needs will be provided for. Where will he go from there?

I believe that around the year 2005 a good many people will recognize themselves as living in the most difficult and perilous time in the whole of human history. Our grandchildren will not be gods for all their wealth and security. They will still be men, and man is incurably a moral animal, an animal who requires a purpose. Fifty years from now the great moral issues will not spring from poverty and

disease. They will spring from wealth and long life. I pity the people of that time; I pity them profoundly.

The materialist's assumption that life will be comfortable fifty years hence because everyone is rich and nobody will have to work more than two hours a day seems so naive to me I can't imagine how anyone can advance it. I read with incredulity the prediction that with so much time on their hands all of our descendants who are not scientists will turn eagerly to music, literature, philosophy, scholarship and art. I rub my eyes when I am told

that life is going to be happier when the average human can look forward to living for ninety years.

As we have done nothing to prepare ourselves or our children for leisure, as our liberal education is now inferior even to what it once was, the thought of a Canada released from the obligation of work appalls me. All work and no play may make Jack a dull boy, but all play and no work will turn an enormous number of Jacks into drunkards, sex experimenters, dope fiends, arsonists and sadists. A life of absolute leisure and security will

be a life in which millions will commit suicide. It may even be a life in which the nations will become so bored they will use the big bombs on one another. Wise men of all times and places have feared excessive wealth more than they ever feared poverty, and with good reason. Excessive wealth unaccompanied by responsibility (and in the materialist's future hardly anyone will have any responsibility) breeds the most dreadful spiritual malady that can afflict a human being. Its name is purposelessness.

The poor man has his troubles, but purposelessness is never one of them; every meal he must gain provides him with a purpose. The man weary of the grind of supporting his family is not purposeless; his family's need gives meaning and dignity to his drudgery. The poor seldom commit suicide nor do those who live dangerously; in wartime England the suicide rate fell almost to nothing.

For these reasons I believe that in the next fifty years the most elaborate efforts will be made to create work in Canada and the United States. Asia, Africa and much of South America will still be in the condition the materialists call backward, and will need a great deal of help. Wherever the political situation permits, I believe that Canada and the United States will do all in their power to increase the standard of living in these areas and will establish factories there, send technicians and goods there, and send them free. Already we have made a beginning in this direction with the Marshall and Colombo Plans. Yet even these measures will at best be postponements of the final crisis which is bound to come to materialism.

Beyond 2005 I do not even try to guess. Long before then the picture will probably be changed drastically by circumstances which today can only be described as accidental. There is an enormous amount of accident in history, and it is only the human compulsion to believe that everything is understandable that causes so many historians, after the event, to arrange history in a causal pattern. In the next fifty years a great religious genius may be born. How marvelous it would be if he were, no Billy Graham but a man with a bright face and a fan in his hand who would cut through the dull clay of materialism as Jean Beliveau cut through the Detroit defense in the third game of the play-offs last year, and lift up our hearts! Possibly, very possibly, our atavistic instincts may make us smash the whole fabric to smithereens.

But if the fabric is not smashed, if we continue to become richer and more secure, if Asia and Africa succeed in lifting themselves out of the past and stabilizing their birth rates so that it will not appear necessary for the West to control those populations with hydrogen bombs—then I feel sure that by 2005 the crisis inherent in materialism will be urgent and pressing. Then I feel sure there will be many who will ask the tremendous question asked of Christ, "What must I do to be saved?"

What kind of answers will be given to this question in 2005? I don't presume to guess, but I think it safe to predict that fifty years hence nobody will tell a woman, not even in an advertisement, that she can change her life by persuading her husband to buy her a solar oven or even the latest plastic imitation of a mink coat. Nor do I believe that in 2005 it will be suggested that our way of life is steadily improving because the rocket that used to take fifty-seven minutes to fly between Toronto and Shanghai has been replaced by one that can get there in sixteen minutes less. ★

For
your
new
home



SPINTEX BATTs are strong, light, resilient. Backed with heavy vapor seal, available with open face or fully Kraft wrapped. For new homes and open attics.

-or
your
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SPINTEX "BLOWN" INSULATION—For pneumatic installation in existing homes. Installed only by J-M approved insulation contractors.

Insulate with

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For maximum fuel savings... "all-weather" comfort

JOHNS-MANVILLE SPINTEX is a long fiber mineral wool used for retarding heat flow. It forms a dense barrier in the walls and roof areas of your home. In winter, this barrier keeps heat in and saves up to 30¢ on every fuel dollar. In the summer, Spintex shuts heat out, keeping your home as much as 15 degrees cooler even on

the hottest days in the year.

J-M Spintex is fireproof... it does not nourish vermin or attract moisture from the air. It maintains its high efficiency as long as the building stands. And Spintex repays its initial cost over and over again through fuel savings, reduced decor-

ating costs and year-round increase in living comfort.

Johns-Manville Spintex is available in batt form for new construction and in "blown" form for existing homes. Your J-M dealer or approved insulation contractor will be glad to advise you.



SPINTEX BATTs MORE THAN MEET CENTRAL MORTGAGE AND HOUSING CORPORATION ACCEPTANCE REQUIREMENTS.

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The outstanding name in Insulation

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Please send me free folder on Spintex for new construction for existing homes. Check which.

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The Years Behind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

ensure one a strong resisting power . . .

* * *

It was an age of faith, this twilight age before the first World War—of faith in nostrums, of faith in money and above all, of faith in the machine. A sense of growing wonder in the power of the new mechanical toys was inherent in the articles about the automobile, the airplane and the movie projector. One writer, "with misgivings," bought a small car and tested it for eighteen months. "It has answered every purpose to which I formerly put the horse," he wrote. "And the astonishing part of it all is that it costs me less to maintain than my horse . . . The automobile costs me nothing to board when not in use, and I have actually been able to run it some months for as little as the \$12 my horse cost, without any use. My man, an intelligent young German, has learned to take care of it after a few lessons . . ."

Another accurately saw the auto as a great social leveler. "Is the chauffeur not a new species of man?" he asked. "Part coachman, part mechanic, part traveling companion—on what level of the social scale can we place him? No matter how snobbish his employer may be it is somewhat difficult to feel that a man is a social inferior when he converses of 'float feed carburetors' . . ."

A third eulogized the auto as if it were a living being. "These creations of rubber, canvas, wood, leather and steel have characters and souls. Who has not come across the bad character car! The automobile with a weak character and a low soul is a very bad automobile indeed. But the other kinds! They have the souls of conquerors, sportsmen, poets; they annihilate distance, run with eagerness and exhilarate with the ease and splendor of their flight."

The skepticism that first greeted the airplane in the pages of Maclean's soon turned to the kind of awe expressed by one writer after his first two-minute flight:

" . . . I had expected to be proud of the achievement. I had expected to walk loftily by my fellows who had never flown. I came down in great humility. It was as though I had walked in great and holy places, in clean and untrodden ways. For a time, malice, envy, and hatred were as though they had never been. None of the petty human littleness can survive in the free, open ways of the air. With the return to earth they come about a man again, but they are not with him up There, and they cannot fasten on his heart after he alights—for a little time at least."

THE TUDHOPE McINTYRE—\$1000. The ideal family carriage. The one carriage that is always ready when you are—that will take you anywhere a horse can draw a buggy—that will climb any hill that a horse can and run easily through sand, mud and snow

that low-wheel high-priced automobiles cannot negotiate . . .

" . . . Geoffrey Hardinge, a wealthy young English Automobilist, is requested by a beautiful lady to prevent anyone from following her into Paris . . . The Comte discovers his game and warns him to quit meddling . . . Hardinge persists, however, and is the means, during a stirring narrative, of foiling the Comte at all points and rescuing the girl from his clutches, the

villain being killed and his car smashed to pieces while cheating in an automobile race . . .

HOLMES: Did you observe that man, Watson—the trembling hand, the lack-lustre eye, the sallow skin, the fear of impending disaster? Clearly that man is an inveterate coffee drinker and . . .

WATSON: What he needs is POSTUM.

* * *

If it was an age of mechanical change, it was also an age of social

change, some of it disturbing. The Gibson Girl, wrote Charles Dana Gibson, was dead. The family doctor, another writer reported, was being replaced by the specialist. As early as 1910 the magazine carried an article on venereal disease. The public-relations man was beginning to emerge: "Brainy, energetic publicity experts can find a position any place they desire to hang up their hats." Kitchens were changing and house-

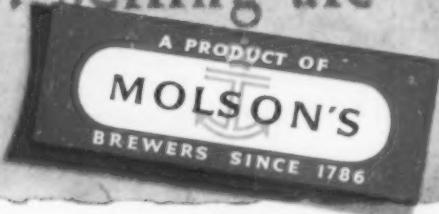
Canada's favourite has
a bright new emblem!



Modern label
for today
seen on the
bottles

Is your assured symbol of
the constant full-bodied
quality...with the true flavour
of malt & the tang of hops...
that makes Molson's Export
Canada's largest-selling ale

The ale your great grandfather drank



SAVES FUEL

world's only oil heater with MIDGET PILOT!



heater! Perfection Industries, Inc. (formerly Perfection Stove Co.), Box 175, Postal Station Q, Toronto 7, Ontario.

Special Savings NOW at Perfection's Big Comfort Fair!

YOUR HOME DESERVES
Perfection
67 YEARS OF FINE HOME HEATING PRODUCTS



Isn't it just common sense that a tiny pilot is going to burn much less fuel than a regular burner's low flame? That's just one big advantage of the famous "Midget Pilot" found ONLY on Perfection Oil heaters. The Midget Pilot makes possible completely automatic heating, too... light it... forget it. Add Perfection's 10-year guarantee... the exclusive Regulaire which ends cold floors... the new Dyna-draft forced draft system that ends chimney troubles and you have the world's best

keeping was going scientific. ("Down with drudgery! That is the slogan of the scientific housekeeper of the day.") Taxes were going up and one writer warned that Canadians Must Learn to Think In Millions. The banana split was new enough to excite comment in the magazine, and so was baseball slang. ("The little Centerdale lad bumped a bender on the trademark and dipped it to the fence for a triple.")

As the times changed, Maclean's changed, too. By September 1913 it had abandoned the pocket-sized style and adopted a "flat" format, smaller but similar to its present shape. Some famous Canadians, and some soon to become famous, began to appear in its pages. The work of Bliss Carman, the poet, and Arthur Lismer and Lawren Harris, the artists, was published. J. W. Bengough, the greatest political cartoonist of his time, painted a cover, and C. W. Jefferys, the most famous of all Canadian illustrators, began to do the historical drawings for which he became noted. Thomas Costain, still known as Bertram, wrote his first short story for the magazine. Robert W. Service's first novel, *The Trail of Ninety-Eight*, ran serially.

In 1910 the magazine's readers were told that "W. M. Aitken is one of those who commands success." Later, as Lord Beaverbrook, he was to command a great deal more. Ramsay MacDonald wrote for the magazine as early as 1906 to say that "the most formidable of all tasks of a Canadian labor party will be to get hold of the agriculturalist." And there was a revealing interview with a young man from South Africa, who had been making headlines:

"I interviewed him at the Windsor Hotel and found him affable, talkative, vivacious, picturesque and egotistical in all he said and did. The same evening I heard him lecture. Needless to say, the affair was well advertised, rather too well to suit the sober judgment of the man on the street who read with some amusement and probably a touch of contempt that 'the future Premier of Great Britain' would lecture on his South African experiences. At 8 o'clock the hall was packed with probably the most stylish audience which ever assembled in Montreal to hear a lecture or address. About two thirds of those present were ladies and probably three fourths of the whole audience was in evening dress.

"As he had done literally nothing in South Africa which counted, it is not easy to explain such a fashionable turnout on other than social grounds. He lounged on the platform after keeping his audience waiting an unconscionable time, in a manner which was either studiously affected or horribly bored. For a young man of 27 he had the most blasé and indifferent air. He did not attempt ornate delivery or indeed anything more than a 'sotto voce,' unanimated, desultory talk about himself and his

doings. It might fairly be called a rambling description and contained few ideas or conclusions. My recollection is that it added nothing to one's stock of knowledge on South African affairs."

Thus a writer named William Blakemore described his first encounter with another writer named Winston Churchill.

"Leave you—to what?"
"To death, ruin—I don't know what. If I'm strong enough I will die. If I am weak, I will sink into the mire. Oh, and I am only a girl, too, a young girl!"
"Berna, will you marry me?"
"No! No! No!"

GOODBYE OLD BROOM—I have no more use for you." Is it not worth a cent and a half a day to do your work with a vacuum cleaner? DON'T DRUDGE. Use the EUREKA at \$2.00 a year.

... We must admit that the percentage of women writers who deal with unwholesome and unclean subjects is far greater than the percentage of men writers... It is unnecessary with these books to glance at the binding to learn that a woman is responsible.

The greatest, most bewildering change of all in the pre-World War One years, was the change in the status of women. Men were fighting a back-to-the-wall battle against a new kind of female, and they knew it. There was a sense of mild panic in the first issue of the magazine, which listed fifty-five jobs, normally held by men, which women had usurped. They ran all the way from bootblack to stevedore. "The employment of women in the tougher sorts of labor is exceedingly distasteful," the article declared. Two years later the woman wage earner was described as "the nation's most serious sociological problem, its most insidious menace." But the women were also given their say in Maclean's. In 1912 Laura B. McCully, BA, MA, was upholding the violence of the suffragettes in England: "There is no particular reason why a woman whose life is spent between child-bearing under adverse conditions and labour in a sweat shop should be either too refined or timid to throw stones at windows." Dorothy Dix, the following year, was quoted as saying more mildly that the right of a woman to propose to a man was even more important than her right to vote.

And about the same time the editor himself hit out at the exploitation of women workers: "If some employers would take more interest in their employees and less in... the latest improvements in motor cars, their boast that 'no girl receives less than five dollars a week in my employ' might be turned to shame. For what girl can live on five dollars a week...?"

Yet in spite of the suddenness of the change the Maclean's of half a century ago often reflected a Canada as familiar as this morning's head-

lines. There were articles bewailing the fact that so many Canadians had moved to the U. S. (there were more than a million below the border in 1905); there were articles asking What Kind of a Flag Should Canadians Fly? (answer: the Union Jack); there were articles about the building of the Trans-Canada Highway which, fifty years later, is still being built, articles about the Maritime Grievances, articles about the traffic problem and, of course, articles about Senate Reform.

* * *

Busby cleared the table with a jump and before the other knew it, his throat was in a grasp of iron.

"You dago swine! You mention the name of God's best woman! For two pins I'd tear your head off your beastly little carcass."

ROMAN STONE WILL ORNAMENT YOUR BUILDING giving it a solid, impressive, artistic and "good-looking" effect . . .

Is it not pitiful to look upon a little girl, perhaps seven or eight years old, snapping her fingers, swaying from side to side, and lustily singing, as if her heart was in every note, 'Everybody's doin' it, doin' it, doin' it? . . . Glance at the sheet music displayed in nearly every home. Do you see any songs like Annie Laurie, Ben Bolt, or the Last Rose of Summer? No, you see the Devil's Ball, the Dippy Rag, the Baboon Baby Dance, the Tango Trip . . .

Could You Think of Anything Nicer for a Christmas Gift for father, mother, sister or brother than this elegant rocker?

If girls had a faint idea of the disgusting sights they present us . . . as they pass along the street clad in transparent waists, or one of these outlandish, tight-fitting, hobble skirts, they would feel so ashamed that if they had a spark of virtue left in them they would go to their rooms . . .

* * *

If there was wonder at business, wonder at machines, wonder at

change, there was also wonder at the land itself. In the early days of the century Canadians were only beginning to discover their own country and this sense of revelation glowed from the pages of the magazine. Three railway lines had been flung across the continent and "The West" had become a magic phrase full of promise and hope.

In the reports of the great immigration boom, the sense of exhilaration reached its peak. "If you want to see a live frontier town, see Calgary," one writer exclaimed. "It is a sort of cross between Denver and Cheyenne, peppered with the spice of Monte Carlo and London. There is no more sporty town on the American continent."

"Vancouver," another wrote, "is a distinctly modern city without shanties, slums, rotting tenements or tradition. In Vancouver no one says 'it can't be done' . . . These are people who possess energy plus, and the virtues for which man has never found a substitute, the virtues of Industry, Economy and Integrity."

"Winnipeg is a man's town," a third cried. "There is hardly a woman on the streets . . . The broad-bladed paddles and snowshoes, the heavy miners' boots and stout jeans, the leather putties and capotes and the tool kits and disc files take the place of frivolity, and the employment office is crowded instead of the lace counter. Broad-hatted men ride on half-tamed horses. Trappers move gravely along . . . Here flashes the scarlet tunic of a Northwest Mounted Policeman down on leave. A six-foot Cree, wearing a pair of gunnysacks for trousers and carrying a huge pack, slips along Princess street . . . Verily, Winnipeg is a wonderful city . . ."

* * *

Even if they try to they cannot skip FORT GEORGE. Ten Railroads Building or Chartered — some Surveyed — all headed to Fort George . . .

It has been my privilege on occasion to discuss Anglo-American naval policy with Von Tirpitz. He is suavity and frankness incarnate. He confesses un-

if you want a taste of quality

make tracks for

EMU

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WINES and BRANDY



EMU 999 TAWNY PORT

A beautifully blended dessert wine which has won 4 International Gold Medal Awards.

EMU BRANDY

A distinguished aroma and an authoritative taste make Emu one of the really fine brandies.

EMU SHERRY

Well-balanced, medium-dry and skilfully blended and matured in wood. Smarter than a cocktail.

FREE! The superb Emu Booklet about Australian Wines — a valuable guide to gracious entertaining. Write to Dept. M, Emu Canada Ltd., 1126 Sherbrooke St. W., Montreal.



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TAKING THE LONG VIEW...

the giraffe has a natural advantage for protecting his family from danger and providing for himself.

The wide-projecting eyes enable him to see in every direction for long distances without moving his head, making it almost impossible to catch him unaware. This extraordinary vision helps him to see danger before it threatens his family, and to find feeding grounds from many miles away.

With vision, you too, can provide protection for your family to-day and provide for yourself in later years . . . through a new concept in life insurance . . . Crown Life's Special Premium Endowment.

This new idea in life insurance gives your family the protection they need now, creates a savings fund for your later years and gives you a profit on your investment.

Look at this example—if you are a young man 30 years of age.

Annual Deposit \$ 109.05
Immediate Family Protection of \$5,000 3,816.75
If you live to 65 (return of all premiums) 1,505.00
Plus accumulated dividends 5,321.75
Total return of premiums and dividends 9,632.50
OR A lifetime monthly income of 46.56
OR Cash at 65
(including accumulated dividends) 1,795.00
PLUS \$5,000 at 85 (or at death if sooner)

Find out how you can be safe with S.P.E.

Write to-day.

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Toronto, Ontario.

Please send me, without obligation, full details regarding Crown Life's Special Premium Endowment.

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City/Town Province

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CROWN LIFE
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Established 1900 Home Office Toronto

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1602

When coughing keeps you awake!

Don't toss and turn. Take the original green cough syrup.

WAMPOLE'S

CREO-TERPIN

Soothes irritation in the throat instantly—gives prompt, safe, lasting relief from obstinate coughs of colds.

Works from within to loosen phlegm—gets at areas not reached by ordinary cough syrups.

TRY IT . . . PROVE ITS EFFECTIVENESS

*A joy
forever*

Your silverware
is a thing of
beauty, so cherish
it and display
its full glory by
regular cleaning
with Silvo.

—made especially
for silver.



Silverware by Georg Jensen
F-55-1



*There is nothing better than
Perfection*



McCallum's
PERFECTION
Scots Whisky

SINCE 1807

DISTILLED BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
Available in various bottle sizes.

15-5

reservedly that the Fatherland must
prepare itself as soon as possible . . .

SASKATOON has made more men
of moderate means wealthy than any
other city in the world . . .

. . . and so today, if, before it be too
late, we convince Germany that the
spirit of our fathers is still awake and
that we will not permit the wanton
destruction of the map of Europe . . .
we may yet avoid the final and most
calamitous issue of events . . .

RED DEER Alberta's Next Big City . . .

One has to be brought into intimate
personal contact with the German
Emperor to realize the sterling worth
of his character . . . Those who know
him least refer to him as "the firebrand
of Europe," but nothing could be wider
of the mark. As a matter of fact he
is, and always has been, a great asset
towards assuring the peace of the
world . . .

YORKTOWN is YOUNG but grow-
ing . . .

. . . there will not be in all England
one dweller in a town of any size upon
whose roof the evil bolt may not descend
. . . Each night, as he goes to his rest,
he will realize that he may be blown
into eternity by a bomb from the dark
heights . . . And he will know too,
that to this appalling menace and im-
minent destruction are exposed equally,
himself . . . and his women folk and
little children . . .

CALGARY is solid!

Thus, with mingled hosannahs and
alarums, the lusty decade drew to its
shattering close. It had been a
starry-eyed decade unsullied by the
pessimism of a later era and the
magazine had echoed its cocksureness.
It also faithfully mirrored the
sober and reflective note that began
to insert itself as men's consciences
came to be stirred by the very sym-
bols of the era they applauded.

"The hurry of this age ruins more
careers, destroys more happiness,
wastes more energy and time and
mars life more than almost every-
thing else." So wrote a medical man
in 1912. His remarks were echoed
in various ways in succeeding issues.
It was an age of construction but one
writer demonstrated that the archi-
tecture of the country as yet had no
character or individuality. It was an
age of money, but a Maclean's edi-
torial pointed out that ministers of
the gospel were still being paid a
pittance of seven hundred dollars a
year.

"It is far easier to turn out of our
colleges mechanical experts than it is
to create men who are thoughtful,
men who know themselves and the
world," one writer discovered. And
as the shadow of 1914 lengthened
Admiral Seymour RN, said thought-
fully, "My observation of human na-
ture the world over leaves me to
wonder sometimes whether we have
really escaped its savagery after all;
whether our civilization is much more

than an adornment of the savage.
Human nature has not altered. One
war will probably not make permanent
peace."

Some wars name themselves—the Crimean War, the Civil War, the Franco-Prussian War, the Thirty Years' War, the Revolutionary War and many others. This is the Great War. It names itself.

The mood of rosy optimism that
had been characteristic of one decade
burst into the next like a bullet that
is not quite spent. Maclean's had
seen war coming. In 1913 its political
commentator E. W. Thompson said
emphatically that "an emergency is
perfectly evident" and predicted "an
early outbreak of war, the most tremen-
dous ever waged." But in October 1914 an article hailed, as usual,
the Canadian National Exhibition,
which had unfortunately used the
term "Peace Year" as its slogan.
"Canadian optimism and enterprise
could not however be downed by the
gloom of war," the article reported,
"and in consequence the CNE came
through with flying colors." This
artificial mood soon sputtered out.
There were two revealing dispatches
in 1915 from a Maclean's war cor-
respondent with the Princess Pats.
The first, in April, had the jocund,
bantering air that marked so much
of the popular writing of the era. The
second, written after the writer had
come under fire, was in a soberer
mood:

"A change of face is noticeable in
most, if not all, of the men who have
borne the strain of fighting month
after month, refusing the soft ease
of hospital and convalescent camps . . .
Young men have become old
men, aged in years. Talkative men
have become quiet. Some faces have
become hard, some soft. The camp
visitors would scarcely recognize in
these men, the roisterers of other
days. No more is Tipperary heard
—never in this land."

For the next several years the
magazine's contents were devoted
chiefly to the war. Slowly the disturbing
realization crept in that this was
not an ordinary war. H. G. Wells
expressed it when he wrote in Mac-
lean's that the war had abolished the
civilian. "Entire populations are
fighting now, and fighting with a dis-
regard for the ancient amenities of
warfare for which the German sci-
entific conception of permissible pres-
sure and strategems is directly
responsible." Science and machines,
it turned out, had more than lived up
to their promise.

FORGET THE WAR! You can spend
half a dozen hours in total oblivion
with any one of the following volumes,
all new, fresh, bright and recom-
mendable. **Ralph Connor: The Patrol of
Sundance Trail; R. W. Service: The
Pretender; George Barr McCutcheon:
The Prince of Graustark . . .**

*Two or three years ago there appeared
from no one knows where that series*

monstrosities that came to be called the turkey trot, the bunny hug and a dozen other idiotic names down to the puppy snuggle. There are only six people who cannot tell you where these dances came from: they are the investigators who have tried hardest to find out. It matters not at all: for they are as dead as Julius Caesar—gone as the suns of yesteryear . . .

When war began we resolved to keep our factory wheels moving. And now the new war tax, severe as it seems to some, has only fired our determination. On March 1 we doubled the capacity of our plant . . . instead of raising prices we announced a radical reduction. Yet every particle of material that goes into Goodyear Automobile Tires is subject to War Tax . . .

Not a soul saved!" muttered Troyte-Bullock between clenched teeth. "I wonder what ship it was? By God, we'll make the beggars pay for this devil's work!"

* * *

In 1917 Maclean's pages were enlivened by a series of sprightly, if unorthodox, articles by its publisher John Bayne Maclean, who had been asked by the editors to give his opinions on the war situation. "This invitation is something of a triumph for me," the Colonel wrote in a paternal introduction. "It is an indication that the real truth is at last being absorbed by these young men. Several times since the war began, I have offered to write such a series. I wanted Canadians to know the real facts, that they might see the serious possibilities. I was not encouraged. They said they could not afford to lose subscribers and make the magazine generally unpopular. As I am the owner of Maclean's, all this may sound very funny. It is, however, perfectly true."

Having at last been allowed his say by his own employees, the Colonel plunged with verve and dispatch into a series of articles that flayed the handling of the war. He pulled no punches. One article began with the words: "Get this thought! you non-thinking, small-visioned jealous pinheads . . ."

When attacked by two Toronto newspapers, the Telegram and the News, the Colonel lashed back joyfully:

"Mr. Robinson-Trotzky, editor of the Toronto Telegram, is so worried at the moment with his own personal troubles that I will not add to them just now. Of the News, I am informed that the attacks were handled personally by Mr. Smith, the Editor, on instructions from interests which have been financing that unfortunate paper with its variegated career. The present manager of the News dare not publish the names and sources of all the money which has kept it afloat since the outbreak of the war . . ."

The following month the magazine published this cryptic note:

"Owing to censorship regulations which prohibit all forms of informa-

tion or suggestions that might technically be regarded as a criticism of any members of the Cabinet or of any civil servant, no matter how incompetent . . . it has been deemed expedient to withdraw from this number the article by Lieut. Col. John Bayne Maclean . . ."

The Colonel did not stay squelched. By September his articles were back, with such titles as *We Must Do Something To Improve our Deplorable Diplomacy*. He not only published the news; he made it, as a report of the annual meeting of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association in the issue of May, 1919, indicates:

"For a number of years, Col. Maclean has been criticizing the Association on the ground that . . . its executive direction is in the hands of a circle of Toronto manufacturers of narrow vision . . . Mr. Parsons replied to these charges and was followed by his lieutenant, Sam Harris of Toronto, who attacked Col. Maclean directly, using the term, *yellow cur.*"

* * *

THE PERFECTED UNION SUIT IS IDEAL FOR LADIES. Its glove-like fit is permanent . . .

Shall we slay the Senate? Let me put the reader out of suspense by saying that we shall not slay the Senate. We shall not slay it for two good reasons—because we do not desire to do so, and because the Senate will not let us . . .

TO ALL FORD OWNERS: Stop Cranking. Equip your car with a PERFECTION SELF-STARTER.

*. . . Now there's some as fights for freedom and there's some as fights for fun
But me, my lad, I fights for bleedin' ate
You can blame the war and blast it,
but I 'opes it won't be done
Till I gets the bloomin' blood-price for
my mate.*

You can get true win-the-war economy into your home-cooking with EGGO.

* * *

By 1915 Maclean's had ceased almost entirely to be a reprint magazine and the bulk of its space, except for a section known as *Review of Reviews*, was devoted to original articles, mainly by Canadians. Thomas B. Costain was editor. Frederick Varley and Frank Carmichael were joining other members of the future Group of Seven whose work appeared in the magazine. Vilhjalmur Stefansson, back from five years in the Arctic, was writing a series of reports for Maclean's readers. Robert Service's Rhymes of a Red Cross Man were appearing serially, prior to book publication. A new byline, that of Arthur Beverley Baxter, began to appear more and more frequently.

Names now familiar began to be seen with more and more frequency. R. B. Bennett was introduced in 1918 as a man "rich enough to be as radical as he pleases." Max Aitken, now Lord Beaverbrook, came in for

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periodical comment: "That Max Aitken has not been popular in Canada is a fact that can be fairly stated. Of late, however, Canadians have been wondering about this meteoric young man." The significance of Mackenzie King's second book, the prophetic *Industry and Humanity* was not lost on Maclean's reviewer who saw it as a work of major importance. And the significance of the League of Nations was not lost on several Maclean's contributors, of whom the most distinguished was H. G. Wells.

* * *

BUSINESS THIS FALL? With opinions of leaders widely apart, some saying business will boom while others fear Bolshevism or Europe's bankruptcy, the only basis of judgment is . . . **BABSON'S Barometric Letter . . .**

There is no garden in the house—only a small yard shut off from prying eyes . . . There is a balcony on the house facing east, and here Mr. and Mrs. Romanov obtain their only fresh air. Nicholas and his wife are thus kept really prisoners in their flat . . .

GOOD OLD CHICLETS! They steadied our nerves and eased our thirst in some pretty hot corners overseas. And they go just as good back here . . .

. . . for when an entire continent reaches out its arms and parentally whispers "Our Mary"; when they make her face better known than was the face of Caesar to the Empire of Rome; when they imitate her as they once imitated Marie Antoinette until our towns are full of "Mary Pickford curls" . . . when this new-born, million-throated democracy of shadow watchers figuratively drops to its knees and murmurs "I love you," it is about time for the object of that diffused adoration to be, in all seriousness, subjected to the cathode ray of analysis.

Help The YMCA Finish its work for the soldiers! Help the 'Y' Construct the Manhood that will Reconstruct Canada!

*Let's slip away quietly, you and me
And we'll think of our chums out there
You with your eyes that'll never see
Me that's wheeled in a chair.*

* * *

The war was hardly won before the jazz age burst upon the continent with all the force of a cannon shot. Whisky officially vanished—as did bosoms—and words like "mah-jongg," "gigolo" and "Barney Google" were on everybody's lips. The pent-up emotions of the war years were unleashed and the giant binge that followed was viewed with widespread alarm. Jazz, flappers, and a new sport delicately known as "petting" were all the subject of stern articles. "Where Does Jazz Lead?" the magazine asked in 1921. It quoted a Dr. Henry Van Dyke who called the new music "an unmitigated cacophony, a combination of disagreeable sounds and complicated discords, a wilful ugliness and a deliberate vulgarity." The following spring a second writer took

on jazz. It was, he said "a moral small pox" and, besides, a field representative of a national welfare organization had said that "jazz music amounts to a physical stimulus of a degrading kind."

An article addressed to parents in September 1920 heralded the age of the flapper: "If you would drop around to the dressing room of the high school where your own blossoming teen-age daughter attends . . . you might get the shock of your motherhood. You'd be sure to find as many girls as could crowd around the mirror as active with powder puff and rouge and lipstick as a vaudeville chorus. You would see girls of fifteen and sixteen wearing the French coiffures shown in the movies and you would see clothes—well, like nothing you wore when you were sixteen."

"The automobile," another writer declared, "has profoundly altered our social life. With it went the chaperone, the last check we kept on our youngsters, and with the departure of the chaperone came an opportunity never hoped for by the individuals who profit by exploiting our youth—came the roadhouse, the jazz band, the hotel and restaurant dances; came the unrestricted association of the sexes . . ."

In June 1922 Maclean's published, not without trepidation, a report by Gertrude E. Pringle titled *Is The Flapper A Menace?* "This article is startling," an editor's note began. "There is no gainsaying that . . ." Mrs. Pringle's most daring paragraph described a dance at "a nationally known prep school." She reported that "parking checks" were not allowed, "but in spite of this, some of the girls were occasionally seen trying to put their faces up against their partners—and one could see the boys edging away from their partners' efforts."

* * *

Like a fine violin, the BRUNSWICK'S oval horn is built entirely of choice wood . . .

I once had a day vision. I saw at my feet in a huddled heap all the trappings and paraphernalia of my screen clothes—that dreadful suit of clothes!—my mustache, the battered derby, the little cane, the broken shoes, the dirty collar and shirt . . . That day I resolved never to get into those clothes again, to retire to some Italian lake with my beloved violin . . . but the instinct to be other than I really am, which is universal, is too strong in me, so I went in for just one more picture . . .

TWO QUALITIES NO OTHER FOUR POSSESSES! 58 miles per hour; 30 miles to the gallon; 5 to 25 miles in 8 seconds: The New Good Maxwell.



The deeds of the Fascisti range from the mere pulling down of red flags . . . and the destruction of inscriptions hostile to war . . . to the looting and thrashing of socialist deputies . . .

MISS MAE MURRAY, lovely movie star, believes that a corn is excess baggage . . . *

Golf, a Maclean's article reported, was sweeping the country. Sports, wrote Lou E. Marsh, was becoming big business. Marriage, declared Dr. Beatrice Hinkle, wasn't what it used to be: "With none of the old restraining influences, marriage is entered into lightly and carelessly; even trial marriages and trial separations are frequent . . ."

A Maclean's poll of the Twenties listed Sir Frederick Banting as the greatest living Canadian, with Dr. Charles E. Saunders second, and Sir Robert Borden third. The magazine reported with alarm that Canadians had become the fourth highest taxpayers in the world. And the automobile had become such a problem that Maclean's printed a vaudeville joke about a woman whose husband had been missing for a month: he'd been looking for a place to park.

The "maddening incompetency" of domestic help enraged one writer of the era. "Why do young women flee domestic service as they would the plague?" he asked. "The nation that pauperizes itself in domestic servants is the land that impoverishes its home life. And a country without homes

means a race without dignity and honor, a mere organized rabble . . ." But the nation went right on impoverishing itself to the tune of the newfangled radiophone, which was playing, among other things: Who Takes Care of the Caretaker's Daughter While the Caretaker's Busy Taking Care?

In 1924, In The Editor's Confidence reported that two of Maclean's illustrators were doing most of their work with headphones clamped to their ears. Hardly a month went by without some reference to the new medium. One article wanted to know if "radio will have anything to do with our national consciousness" and said it was "unfortunate that nine out of ten radio fans in Canada will pick up more American than Canadian stations almost any evening in the week." By 1926 radio had more than arrived. "It will only be a short time before television receivers will be placed on the market," a Maclean's writer predicted, a little optimistically as it turned out. But with prices as high as skirts, optimism had suddenly become fashionable again.

* * *

ARE STOCK PRICES HIGH? If You Are An Investor in Canadian Securities, you will be interested in comment on current market conditions in the new Greenshields Review.

THE STORY THUS FAR—"Rebbie" Woodruff, cultured, wealthy, thirty-one, industrial and commercial dilettante—says au revoir to Natalie Stillwell, to

Make all the storm sash for a 6 room house in one weekend



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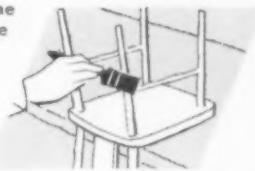
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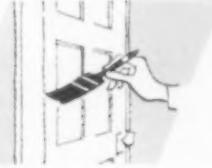
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whom he has been proposing for years. Natalie, daughter of a Wall Street "plate" encourages "Rebbie" to fathom the mystery of the "Hammer of God," threatening typewritten notes her father has been receiving. MacGirr, ex-con, Black-Hander, a visionary Italian youth and a beautiful girl enter the story . . .

Climb the chart of investment today by investing in Canada's assured future!

As Liberals, we are determined to tackle the age-long question of Senate reform . . . Personally I believe that the great majority of the Canadian people feel that some sort of measure looking to Senate reform is long overdue . . .

We created this Chiffon Hose especially for dancing!

The First War, as a host of writers pointed out, had begun to teach Canadians that they were a separate and distinct people and the first faint stirrings of the nationalism that this produced could be seen in the pages of Maclean's. In 1926 the magazine launched its first contest for a distinctively Canadian short story and the question of exactly what this meant caused a lively discussion, as it still does. Wrote one subscriber: "To define a distinctively Canadian type . . . is impossible in a land where people seldom remain in one spot longer than a generation . . ."

The editor disagreed. "Love," he wrote, "is common to the people of Spain and the people of Canada. But put a Calgary youth in Madrid and call him Don Fandango. Does he become a Spaniard? The romance of Canada," he declared, "whether it be the days of Port Royal or the business conquest of the Saguenay; whether it be of the Royal Canadian Mounted or the wheat pool . . . belongs to Canada."

In 1927, marking the sixtieth anniversary of Confederation, the magazine editorialized: "Even after several centuries, physical Canada is not yet fully discovered. That process is now going on. It may take another century and the soul, the spirit, of Canada is just beginning to emerge."

The decade was marked by more and more articles concerned with the Canadian soul and the Canadian character. John S. Ewart advocated in Maclean's in 1928 the appointment of a Canadian-born governor-general. The same year Grattan O'Leary wrote a trenchant article deplored the fact that there was no such thing as Canadian citizenship. Arthur Irwin, then associate editor and later editor, wrote a series about the perennial problem of Canadians leaving for the U.S.

The Group of Seven had come into being as a controversial and virile school of art and two more of its members, A. Y. Jackson and Franz Johnston, began to do illustrations for Maclean's. So did such other noted painters as Charles Comfort and A. J.

Casson. Norman Reilly Raine's first sea stories appeared in the magazine, as did William Hazlett Upson's early tales of Earthworm Tractors. Raeburn Van Buren, who now draws the comic strip Abbie and Slats, was a Maclean's illustrator. George Drew was commencing a notable series of articles on Canada's part in the Great War. The byline of the rising Progressive MP, J. S. Woodsworth, appeared on an article titled What Does Radical Labor Want? Frederick Banting reported on Canadian medical research; Geoffrey O'Hara of Chatham, Ont., told how he wrote the famous war hit, K-K-K-Katy, and a new byline, that of W. Bruce Hutchison, appeared in 1927.

Like everybody else in that giddy, gaudy era, Maclean's was riding high on the frothy surf of prosperity. Its issues were fatter than ever, its advertising lineage and circulation broke new records and its price was up to twenty cents. In the summer of 1929, one of its contributors, Leslie Roberts, was taking a careful and critical look at the bubbling mining stocks on the skyrocketing market. But his article, published in November, came a month too late. The magazine's price would soon be down to a nickel in the glum decade that lay just around the corner.

FEEL MEAN? Don't be helpless when you suddenly get a headache. Reach in your pocket for immediate relief. If you haven't any Aspirin with you, get some at the first drugstore you come to . . .

Sir Oswald Mosley's New Party would appear to be the most original of the new groups and tendencies which have come out of the present condition of political upheaval . . . Its politico-economic philosophy is something new in English political thought, which probably accounts for the fact that although its critics are numerous they are far from unanimous.

LIFE IS UNCERTAIN. Few know whether life will lead them—whether to prosperity or poverty. Isn't it better to make sure your old age is protected from want? The Canadian Government Annuity System will do this . . .

Whatever the past or future may mean, there is no doubt now that Stalin has adopted the capitalistic concept that industry must be run for a profit . . .

I Always Recommend Fresh Yeast For Sluggish Intestines.

Like most of the country Maclean's at first saw the Depression as a temporary slump. Optimism had become a habit and it was a hard habit to break. In a January 1, 1930, editorial the editor wrote that "The stock market flop was a good thing. It got things down to brass tacks. The year 1930 will be exactly what sound thinking makes it." This whistling in the dark prevailed for almost three years before the realities of the new decade became clear.

But anyone who reads his way through the Maclean's of this period



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must be struck by the fundamental reversal in attitudes that occurred in the early years of the slump. One writer summed this up as early as 1931 when he wrote of "the rebirth of social consciousness in a world dominated for more than a century by rampant individualism." Several articles called for the establishment of unemployment insurance and other social benefits, and one attacked the system of spare-time piecework which had Canadian women working for a few cents an hour. One writer even professed to see some value in communism. "I think this Soviet scare has been beneficial, barking at the heels of capitalists and speeding up urgent reforms. Real progress is being made in the matter of wages, insurance, profit-sharing, of the socialization of the earth and the fullness thereof."

Some of the optimism of the earlier era continued to spill over into the pages of the magazine for a time.

On January 1, 1931, Maclean's said that "a few people have accused us of deceptive bluntness, misguided optimism. We decline to be dampened." In the following issue an editorial urged Canadians to "reverse that state of mind . . . loosen up. Keep buying." A few months later an article appeared titled *Things Might Be Worse*.

The following winter, the editor wrote, "As far as we are concerned, we believe that a really good depression is not wholly without merit." The same issue carried an article titled *The Depression Is Officially Over*. "It was a splendid depression," wrote the author gaily, "I cannot call to mind a better or more serviceable depression . . ."

Then, suddenly in 1933, this false mood vanished and a tone almost of despair replaced it. "Across Canada thousands of young men are idle and others are graduating to join them in idleness," a Maclean's writer reported in May. "Equipped for life's great adventure . . . they face a nation and a world that virtually have no use for them."

The same month, the Hon. E. C. Drury wrote in Maclean's that the optimists "knew no more about the recovery they hailed than a chirping sparrow . . . After nearly four years of depression conditions grow worse instead of better. There is no sign of recovery, nothing apparently in the existing situation that can bring it about." By 1936 one writer was asking: "How many men over fifty will ever get work again?" and adding that "unemployment must be regarded as a permanent problem." And on the blackness of depression was superimposed the dark shadow of drought. A curiously dramatic photo appeared in *In the Editor's Confidence*. It showed a young child in Scott, Sask., reveling in his first mud puddle. He was more than four years old.

AGAIN STATLER HOTELS PIONEER. Think of it! No more tips to check room attendants at our public res-

taurants. No more dimes slipping away. No more tribute to an irritating custom. We've banned these gratuities . . . for once and for all.

I've just spent a week in Washington watching President Franklin D. Roosevelt building his New Jerusalem. In a city that is a continuous exclamation point, which has history shouted at it in headlines nightly, I watched the new prophet of recovery assume political leadership . . . It has been an unfor-

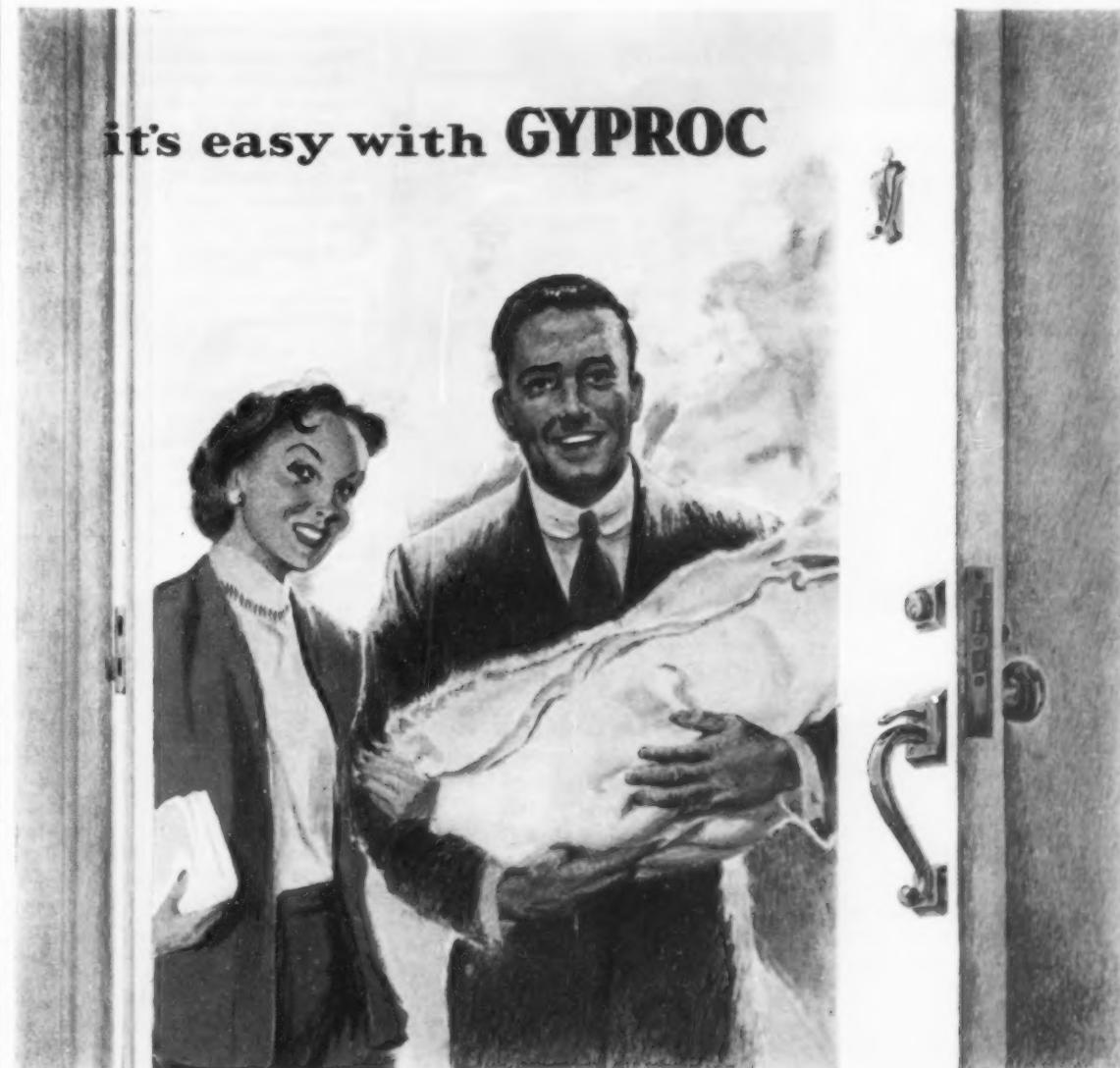
gettable experience. Roosevelt is unlike any other political leader that I have ever heard or observed in any country in twenty-five years of journalism. Unorthodox, unique, with methods and manners and a deportment all his own, it is doubtful if there is today another statesman in all the world with his outlook and mental processes, his gambling instinct, with his determination and his capacity to start all over again with an entirely new deal . . .

Lester Patrick of the New York Rangers says, "I switched to Williams years ago."

Is Democracy in Canada a delusion? Are our governments merely puppets of Big Business? Many a Canadian asked himself such questions as he read the evidence brought out by the committee investigating Beauharnois . . .

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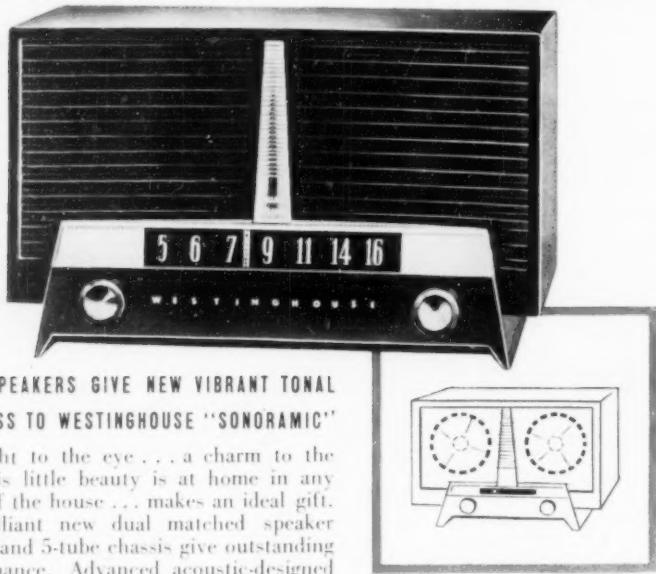
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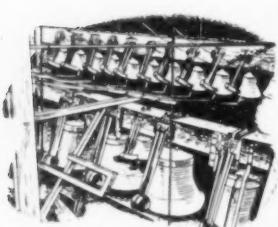
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YOU CAN BE SURE...IF IT'S Westinghouse

HOGMANAY OR JUBILEE



Days of pomp and circumstance, as Queen Victoria's Jubilee, when these carillons first were heard in Aberdeen, or festive Hogmanay night, which is New

Year's eve, bring forth traditional peals of carillons in Scotland. Some of the bells still in use date back to the very early sixteenth century.

Grant's

Grant's Scotch Whisky is the International Label of the house of Grant's, a worthy partner of our Best Procurable, for generations a most respected name in Canada.



TIME WILL TELL

It was the era of the Dionne Quints, the Millar Stork Derby, the chain-letter craze, contract bridge, miniature golf and a plethora of radio comedians who had the nation asking "Was You Dere Sharley?" and "Wanna Buy a Duck?" "They seem to be taking the foot out of football," wrote Ted Reeve, in a slashing attack on the introduction of the forward pass into the Canadian game. Bridge clubs, one writer reported, fostered jealousy, created petty enmity, were a hotbed of gossip, wasted good time and caused mental agitation. B. T. Huston, editor of Canadian Grocer, asked in 1930: Has the Chain Grocery Come to Stay? and asked again, in 1937: Is The Chain Store Slipping? Hector Charlesworth, the chairman of the new Canadian Radio Broadcasting Commission, promised to take programming out of the advertisers' hands. Maclean's examined the up-swept hairdo and reported that it had no effect on ninety-five percent of Canadian women. "Streamlining" became a favorite word with article writers.

A non-Torontonian wrote that "Tonto Gives Me a Pain" and a Torontonian replied that non-Torontonians gave him a pain. Mary Lowrey Ross went to the movies for Maclean's and discovered that "in at least seventy percent of them women usually get the better of men." A Canadian girl, Norma Shearer, was the toast of Hollywood and the magazine loyally reported that "her story would be the perfect Cinderella plot except for the fact that our heroine has . . . brains, driving force and courage." Mayor Camillien Houde was talking about Montreal seceding from Quebec and the magazine suggested facetiously that Toronto secede from Ontario and Rosedale from Toronto. Writers and businessmen went to Russia and returned to write articles with such titles as Is Russia A Menace? Stockbrokers, jailed in 1930, emerged in 1933 to recount their experiences. Charles Vining, under the pseudonyms of R. T. L., published a series of biting thumbnail sketches that spared nobody from Vincent Massey to Agnes Macphail.

Meanwhile, a puzzling affair was taking place in Alberta. A series of writers trekked out to Edmonton and returned to confess that the entire business of Social Credit confused them. W. A. Irwin wrote of "a fantastic jumble of bitter conflicts, fanatic credulity, wild unreason, passionate hopes and hysterical hatred" and said that "all this and more is to be found in Alberta in the third year of the rule of William Aberhart, the prophetic premier." H. Napier Moore, the editor, told how in Edmonton he had dined with a family all agog over the fact that the maid next door had walked out. "Her girl friend and she had decided that with fifty dollars in Social Credit dividends between them, they could take up an apartment and live at ease. The girls were Finns and either ignored or

didn't understand even Aberhart's warning that at least eighteen months must elapse before the dividends could be paid."

Money was a compelling word throughout the penniless Thirties. Maclean's began one series titled Want To Make Money? only to find that the entire work had been pillaged from a book by another author. But so great was the demand from the readers that the series continue that the magazine purchased the original book and ran the whole thing.

* * *

FIRST — SEE PONTIAC. This big straight eight is low in price—low in upkeep.

. . . so Mr. and Mrs. Dionne sit in the kitchen of their home, brooding on the strange fact that they aren't allowed to rear their own children. They take short drives in their car, usually at night, and they do not open their house door to anyone unless it be a visitor desirous of buying a tinted photograph of the Quintuplets . . .

Give Your Bridge Coat the Paris touch. Add hand embroidery with the loveliest of silk threads.

To call the Spanish struggle an ideological one, a conflict between two political systems, is absurd. It is a death struggle between the downtrodden masses and the ruling classes—and in such a struggle there is not the mercy of the jungle. Nothing in history exceeds the cruelty and savagery of the reprisals taking place on both sides.

* * *

In 1936, Beverley Baxter who for twenty years had been contributing articles, short stories, novels and plays to Maclean's, began his London Letter which, with scarcely an issue missed, has been a feature of the magazine ever since. Almost immediately its author became a figure of controversy—as he has remained. In an early column Baxter wrote: "To cheer myself up I have just read two letters from Maclean's readers. The first one says that he looks forward eagerly to my London Letters and is keeping them in a scrap book. The second one says in brief that I make him sick and he cannot understand why Maclean's publishes such rot."

The following year, January 1937, Baxter caused a sensation with the frankest article published up to then on the abdication of Edward VIII. It was titled Why Edward Quit and resulted in an unprecedented demand for the magazine. Maclean's was quickly sold out and became a collectors' item. Phone calls jammed the company's switchboard. Thousands of requests for the article poured in. It was reprinted in two sister publications, The Financial Post and Chatelaine. These also sold out and the article was then republished and distributed by the thousands in booklet form. But when Baxter included the substance of the piece in a book of reminiscences titled West-



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EXPORT
CANADA'S FINEST
CIGARETTE

minster Watch Tower, the Duke of Windsor successfully secured an injunction preventing the book's circulation.

In the early hours of the morning, while the skies were still black with night, he stood alone on a destroyer and watched the dark coastline of England fading from sight. Napoleon on the Belleroophon was a less pathetic figure. There were still thousands of Frenchmen who would have died for the fallen emperor. Yet, a few hours previously I had sat in a theatre when Edward's farewell broadcast was relaxed and not one cheer greeted the last words of the former king. A little before that, I was in the House of Commons when Col. Wedgwood, with tears running down his face, declared that some time he would drink a toast to "the king across the water" and the House received it with rigid silence.

Perfect Harmony in the Beautiful CORONATION DESIGN . . . newest creation of Community Plate craftsmen.

The search for the Canadian soul, not unmixed with a healthy measure of self-criticism, which runs steadily through the decades of Maclean's, continued. Bruce Hutchison reported in dismay from Europe that "hockey is the only truly unique and distinctively Canadian contribution to the world's store of culture." A. R. M. Lower bemoaned the "haemorrhage which year after year drains away the country's best loved to the south." There was a discussion on whether or not Canadians had a sense of humor. The magazine held a limerick contest to find out and received hundreds of submissions. And there was another article urging the reform of the Senate.

Mazo de la Roche took a long look at Canada for Maclean's in 1936 and reported that parochialism was on the way out. "When the depression is over—and surely it shows some signs of lightening—Canada will emerge from it stronger and of more importance in the world than ever before," she wrote. "She is steadily moving in that direction. I notice more space is being given in her newspapers to world affairs and less to crime in Chicago and scandals in Hollywood."

Stephen Leacock, in a companion article, agreed. The war, he wrote, had given Canada its soul and "this elevation of the spirit of the country is our supreme gift to those who fought and fell. But," he added, "we have no dreamers."

"In the long run nations live on their dreams. The dreamer is a man whose thoughts are without purpose, are not directed toward gain; thought for thought's sake is the soul of art, the basis of what is truly culture. We have education but not culture . . . We still lack the indefinable spirit of civilization that rests on older lands."

This had been the cry of thoughtful men in the first decade of Maclean's.

The meal is over. There is but one final touch, the mark of a perfect host. Guests retire while he pours for each a glass of rich, full-bodied Paarl Imported Port. Yes, Paarl, product of the sun-drenched valleys of South Africa, a name revered the world over for quality and flavour . . . adds that final touch of distinction after dinner. Always serve Paarl Imported Port.

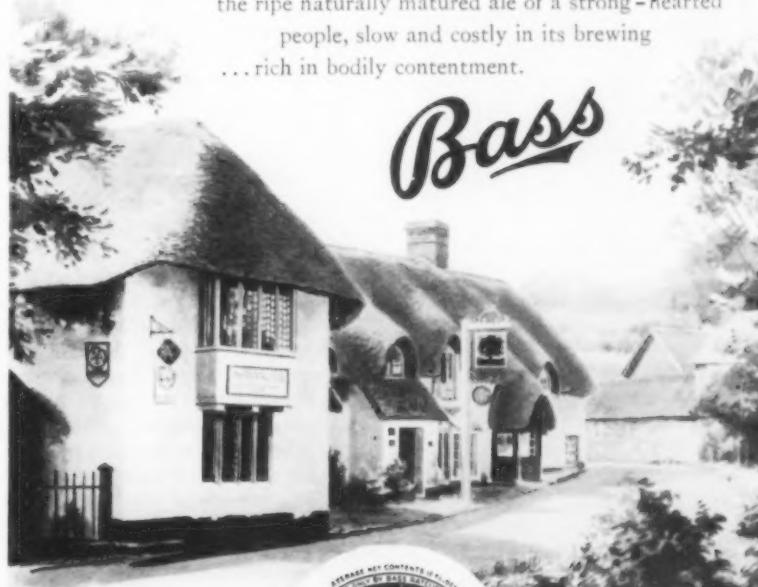
...and now,
the final touch!

For every occasion, luncheon, cocktails, or dinner—formal or informal—always insist on Paarl Imported Brandy, Port or Sherry. Paarl wines and brandies are among the finest in the world, yet they are delightfully inexpensive.

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MEET AN OLD FRIEND . . . That great ale of England called Bass. No casual refreshment this, but the ripe naturally matured ale of a strong-hearted people, slow and costly in its brewing . . . rich in bodily contentment.



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SINCE 1777



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The terrifying reality of an ocean storm brings to life a tempestuous and passionate story. A woman's presence on the S.S. Bulinga brings trouble to this world of men and to the ship's captain who drives himself to the borders of madness and his crew to the verge of mutiny.



It remains the cry of thoughtful men today.

... Palmolive, you know, is the soap the adorable Dionne Quints use regularly. Dr. Dafoe chose Palmolive because it is made with Olive Oil ...

Although we in the House were silent, it is impossible not to feel a great warmth for the young ex-minister who had tried so hard and had endured so much, but who had at last thrown in his hand—a man who had gripped the imagination of the world and aroused the maternal instinct of a hundred million women. Fifteen minutes later, Eden rose to make a statement. Once more the opposition cheered to the echo, and Chamberlain, from the front bench, sat and stared into space.

It is with pride that we acknowledge the great honor conferred upon us... that of providing throughout their entire visit to Canada and the United States, all table water used by Their Majesties ...

All through the troubled decade there chorused the troubled debate over peace and war. As always, the sides were not clearly drawn. Men who genuinely sought peace called for larger armies; men who had fought gallantly in one war cried out for total disarmament. Two ideas marched side by side down the corridor of the decade: the yearning for peace and the feeling that war was inevitable.

In 1933, Maclean's began publication of Beverley Nichols' famous book, *Cry Havoc!*, an all-out attack on the armament makers. There were immediate retorts against its "sloppy pacifism." "Pacifist writers will not prevent war by prattling of its horrors," one writer declared. At about the same time George Drew was writing a series of forceful articles attacking the profits made by munitions makers. These, too, came in for both praise and criticism. A typical comment was contained in an article by Arthur L. Phelps in September 1934.

"Except by a miracle," Phelps wrote, "Canada can no more stay out of the next war than she can stay out of the rain... Col. Drew can add up the ghastly total of the compounded cost for the last war. He may visualize the degradation and ultimate nihil of the next. But he is really doing nothing about it because he can do nothing about it."

This sense of frustration and futility was reflected in many of the articles that appeared in the magazine at this point. Canada was a lesser nation with little power to shape world destiny, and Canadians were painfully conscious of this truth. Phelps struck a note of bafflement and indecision that was typical of much of the writing about the coming conflict.

"What would they fight for?" he asked. "For the life of me, I don't know, and that is why I try to write this article for Maclean's. I believe a lot of people are bothered just as I am. I wish we could somehow clear

up our thinking. The thing is coming; a year hence or ten years hence, the thing is coming. I think there is no shadow of doubt of that anywhere. Privately we have all of us accepted it already. We have done it before our mirrors if not before our fellows... But why? For what end?"

The same year, 1934, Willson Wood-side reported to Maclean's from Germany that "the truth is inescapable that Germany can only support a population of sixty-five million by having a large export trade or possibly by conquering new territory." In 1937 Frank H. Underhill urged in Maclean's: "Keep Canada Out of War" but admitted that "there is nothing much a small and distant country like Canada can do to stop this terrible drift toward war in Europe." The following year, immediately after Hitler's march into Austria, Beverley Baxter wrote that "Hitler never wanted war... But he overplayed his hand and in the end he may be forced to fight."

On April 1, 1939, a Maclean's editorial titled *Clearing Skies* echoed the mood of high optimism that swept over the country after the Munich conference. "Since the black September of 1938 there has been plenty of reason for lack of confidence. But the skies are clearing. Mr. Chamberlain's umbrella has kept us dry." It was an inauspicious moment for these sentiments to be published. Six days after the editorial was written—to late to withdraw it from the magazine—Hitler occupied Prague. The following issue carried an editorial titled "We were fools, but—" and it was typical of the nation's feeling of bewilderment and sense of betrayal: "What will happen between the date of this writing and the appearance of this issue we don't know. We aren't going to bank on any opinion."

That clouded summer, as George VI and his smiling Queen crossed the nation, Maclean's unleashed the bombshell of the Bren Gun Scandal in the form of a series of queries by George Drew that pointed to grave irregularities in the awarding of government defense contracts. A royal commission followed and a cabinet shake-up. This was the first time that most Canadians had heard of that serviceable little light machine gun, the Bren. But in the years that followed, it was to become as familiar as a Ford V-8.

HUNTER AND PALMER Biscuit Shipments Will Be Resumed When War Conditions Permit...

One detects a certain fear of Mr. Gordon, a fear of what he may grow into. Gordon is one of the most formidable figures blown up by the war in Canada... what if this man should some day appeal to the country over the heads of the government?

Every day after I've done my washing in my EASY I buy War Savings Stamps with the money I used to spend on laundry bills...

He is a Killer Incarnate—hard, cold, ruthless when engaged in air fighting. Beurling will tell you that his superb record is partly due to luck, but actually it is due to the fact that he has studied his job of killing the enemy and keeps constantly studying it...

A Victory Diet for your Family—Canadian General Electric presents a plan for getting the most out of your food dollar.

My typewriter is set up in the living room of a broken French dwelling close to the battlefield before Caen. The walls shudder to the incessant boom of big guns; fighting planes are roaring low overhead; the whine of our naval shells lends an eerie overtone to this macabre symphony. History is standing astride these rolling Norman fields and resolving its own direction for perhaps a thousand years to come. We mortals who sit below can only be awed by its mighty presence...

CONGOLEUM is doing a great morale job!

The rest of the story of Maclean's half century is still new enough to be familiar and not old enough to be nostalgic. In the mixed bag of magazine fare a host of strange new expressions began to appear as war drew to its close and a new age dawned—words like jeep and jet, zombie and gremlin, B-girls and bebop, black market and bikini, 3-D and the \$64 Question. Everything from blondes to delivery wagons came to be called Atomic and everybody, in one way or another, got the New Look.

The story of these recent years does not need to be recollected here for it is still on the near side of the hill of memory. It belongs, really, to another anniversary issue of Maclean's. Then, in the year 2005, if the magazine still exists, a new writer in a newer office can start to leaf once more through the yellowing files. He will undoubtedly look on the Fifties as a quaint era when women wore queer pony-tail hairdos and still clung to the upper halves of their bathing suits, when men wore jackets with lapels, automobiles were hand-operated and magazines were still published on paper. He will be able to report too that it was a buoyant era, heady with optimism, when the country was only beginning to discover itself, when immigrants were filling up the empty spaces and no magazine was complete without exclamatory articles about the West; that it was an age of Faith—in nostrums, in money, and above all of faith in machines; that because of the war Canada was slowly gaining a national consciousness and was even talking of reforming the Senate; that the great hallmark of the era was change—blinding, bewildering, disturbing, unbelievable; and, finally, that in terms of a later era this twilight decade of the Fifties seems as far away and as obsolete as an old-fashioned television set or a drive-in movie.

★

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SPECIAL
Anniversary
ISSUE
The best of
MACLEAN'S
since 1905

IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE



Our First Editor Looks Us Over

THE TWO gentlemen in the photograph above symbolize the half century of this magazine. The one with his back toward the camera is Ralph Allen, the present editor. His companion is W. A. Craick, who was editor fifty years ago when the magazine began. They are surrounded by the bound volumes of the last half century.

Mr. Craick joined the Maclean Publishing Company in 1903, and when Col. John Bayne Maclean started his magazine (it was first known as the *Busy Man's Magazine*), Craick was named editor. He held the post until 1910 when he left to become a free-lance writer. From 1915 to 1919 he was an associate editor of *The Financial Post* and following that he was, for twenty-five years, editor of the publication *Industrial Canada*. He still holds his long-time post as honorary secretary-treasurer of the Canadian section of the Commonwealth Press Union.

Three other early editors, George B. Van Blaricom, Britton B. Cooke and Frank Mackenzie Chapman, are now dead, but we are happy to report that six others, besides Mr. Craick, are not only alive but probably in better health than the incumbent editor whose nerves have been badly jarred by the problems inherent in producing this

special fiftieth anniversary issue.

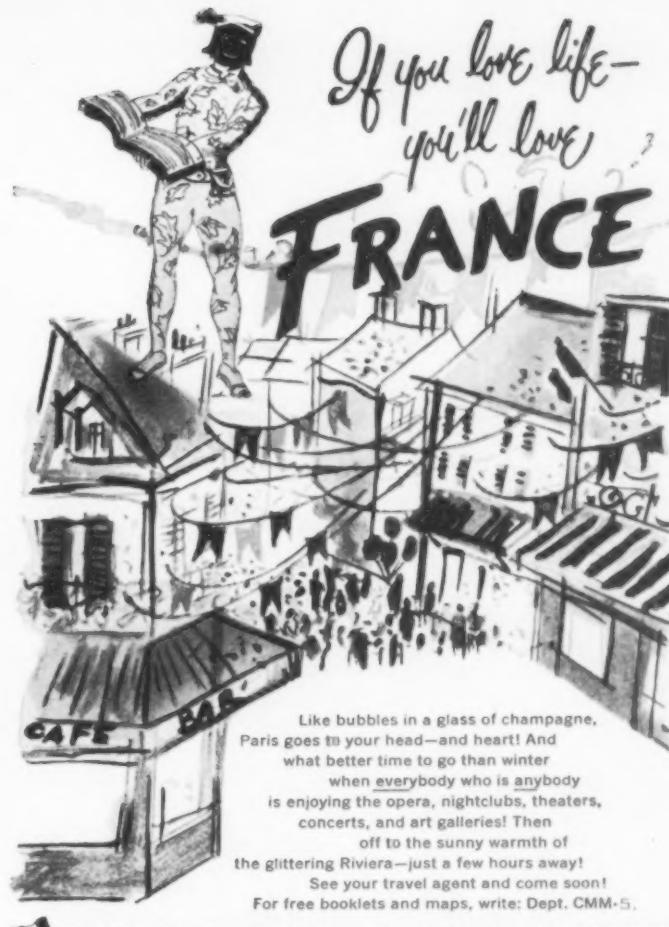
Roy Fry, who was editor from 1911 to 1913, lives in Winnipeg. He is a member of the board of governors of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. Thomas B. Costain, who was editor from 1914 to 1921, lives in New York where, as a world-wide audience of tens of millions knows, he still continues to write best-selling novels and histories. J. Vernon McKenzie, who was editor from 1921 to 1926, is now head of the faculty of journalism at the University of Washington. H. Napier Moore, who was editor from 1926 to 1945, recently retired as editorial director of the Maclean-Hunter Publishing Company but has been retained in an advisory capacity. W. A. Irwin, who was editor from 1945 to 1950, is Canadian High Commissioner to Australia.

Mr. Craick, the first editor, tells us that in 1905 he was not only the entire staff of the magazine but he also had chores on several other publications. We took him on a tour of our editorial offices the other day and we could hear him muttering to himself that young fellows nowadays had things pretty soft. Maclean's now has twenty-six on its staff. All of them hope that, by the time another fifty years roll on, they'll look as young as the first editor still does. ★

MACLEAN'S

An Attic is for Remembering

One of the more common ideas held by housewives is that an attic (or basement) can be "straightened up" from time to time. Artist Franklin Arbuckle found this young Montreal matron engaged in such a task. Then she discovered a stack of old Maclean's. Naturally, she had to reread Beverley Baxter's 1937 report on Edward VIII's abdication, and there was that 1924 issue with the delightfully corny flapper on the cover, and... Well, there's always tomorrow for cleaning.



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[A small inset image of a White Horse Cellar bottle label is shown, featuring a white horse and the text 'The Old Blend' and 'WHITE HORSE CELLAR'.]

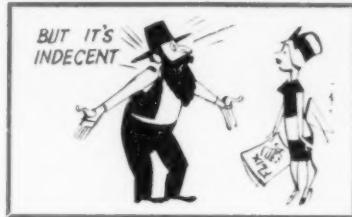


VANCOUVER'S irrepressible Mayor Gerry McGeer proclaimed a special Sunday day of service, humiliation and prayer, and ordered a cleanup of the police force in the same breath . . . The seismograph at the Toronto meteorological bureau rang up an alarming number of earth tremors—one early every morning for a week—before learned scientists discovered it was registering the milkman's daily arrival instead of earthquakes . . . An Edmonton man claimed a world record by keeping his pipe alight for one hour and thirty-four minutes, or about an hour and a half better than the average pipe smoker . . .

That was the current Canadian scene as reflected in Parade in the year 1935, when this column first turned up in this very space. The heading above was one of the first.

• • •
Parade never could have got marching, of course, without the ubiquitous American tourist, one of the earliest noted having turned up

combs, dress goods and Hollywood movie magazines in the quarters of two hundred and fifty Doukhobor women, exiled there for parading in the nude near Brilliant, B.C. Sure enough, first one feminine heart capitulated, then another, until soon



one whole dormitory paid Hollywood the strange compliment of copying it by wearing clothes.

• • •
Born bang in the middle of the Depression, Parade made one hopeful attempt to boom it out of existence by reporting that Vancouver city council had freehandedly upped the public library grant to \$70,000.09 from the previous year's \$70,000. From then on it was content to record the lighter side of the great slump. Such as the item from the prairies, where the Depression started earlier and lasted longer than anywhere else. One young Winnipeg doctor became convinced of this after he sent out bills to all the overdue accounts inherited from a retired predecessor. A young family man turned up bearing one of the accounts and wearing a concerned expression. He said he wasn't technically responsible for the account because it had been sent to his father who was dead but he felt the least he could do was pay it, since it was for services rendered at his own birth.



at Queenston, Ont., after traveling all the way from the northern reaches of New York City to see General Bronx' monument.

• • •
In those faraway prewar years Parade's five little drum majorettes were the Quinns. Parade duly noted when they had their sixteen hundred and twentieth picture taken (they were barely a year old), and the head-shaking fact that their visiting public had swiftly zoomed to four thousand visitors a day.

• • •
Thirty-five was a vintage year. Wily prison officials on Piers' Island, off the B.C. coast, craftily planted

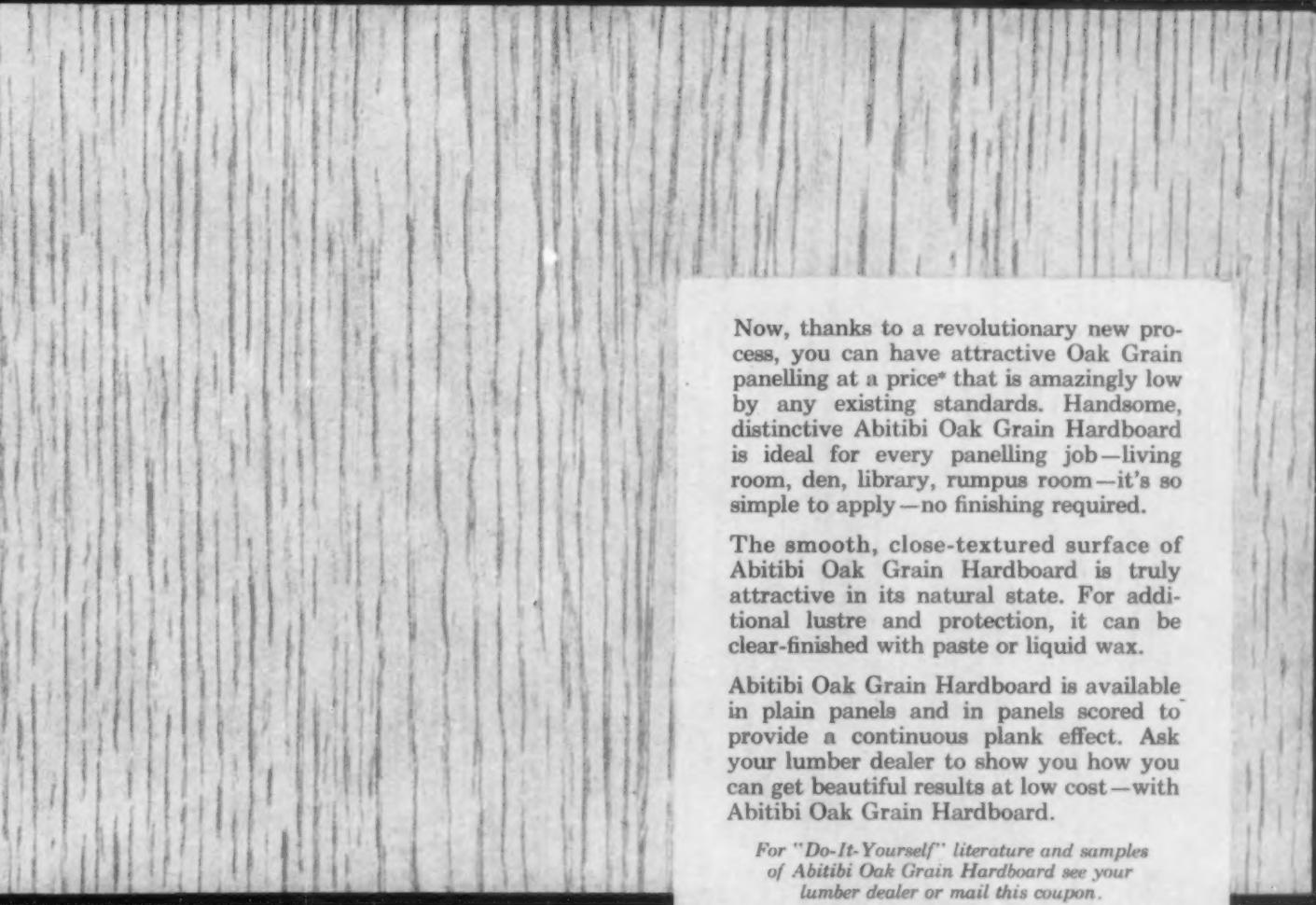
• • •
In retrospect, however, it's only fair to say Parade probably never would have survived its own first route marches if it hadn't been for the repeated and unfailing help of parsons from coast to coast who invariably announced the next hymn would be Lead Kindly Light, just as the power went off. A minister in Saint John, N.B., gave it a new twist by reading at the proper moment the text for his sermon on the five foolish virgins who neglected to fill their lamps with oil.

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, OCTOBER 15, 1955

